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CREATION IS REVELATION.*

Darwin did not adopt materialism as a philosophy: he simply abstained from philosophizing. He became so completely absorbed in the observation of nature, and in the endeavor to establish his theory of the gradual evolution of one species from another, that he seemed to lose all power to see either mathematical or metaphysical truths. In March, 1863, he writes to Hooker (vol. ii. p. 202): "I have long regretted that I truckled to public opinion, and used the Pentateuchal term of creation, by which I really meant 'appeared' by some wholly unknown process. It is mere rubbish, thinking at present of the origin of life: one might as well think of the origin of matter." In February, 1867, writing to the same (vol. ii. p. 244), he expresses strong dissent from a position of the Duke of Argyll, which position is really that of Erasmus Darwin, and identical with Maupertuis's grand dogma, so fruitful in all physics,— that an infinitely wise God will waste no force. He says, "It is foolish to touch on such subjects." In December, 1874, in a letter to John Fiske (vol. ii. p. 371), he says: "I find that my mind is so fixed by the inductive method that I cannot appreciate deductive reasoning. I must begin with a good body of facts, and not from a principle (in which I always

* See the article on "Charles Darwin" in the May number of this *Review*.

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suspect some fallacy), and then as much deduction as you please."

These quotations are sufficient to show that the position of his mind, with reference to religion, was not at all that of disbelief in God, but only that of abstinence from all abstract thought, and particularly from the thought of Him as a creator. He thought it "foolish to touch on such subjects." He never rose into the sphere of reason, but always contented himself with his "England of the senses and the understanding."

But, in this voluntary exclusion of himself from the fairest portion of man's intellectual field, he did his own powers a grievous wrong. The spiritual man, like the bodily, is a unit: if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it. In a letter to Hooker, December, 1866 (vol. ii. p. 239), he speaks of Herbert Spencer as "about a dozen times" his own superior, "even in the master art of wriggling," and adds, "If he had trained himself to observe more, even if at the expense of some loss of thinking power, he would have been a wonderful man." This judgment on Spencer might be well supplemented by saying in like manner that, if Darwin had trained himself to think more, even if at the expense of some loss of observing power, he would have been a still more wonderful man. It is sad to find him so frequently making such confessions as that to Lyell, February, 1860 (vol. ii. p. 84): "I could make nothing of Dana's idealistic notions about species; but, then, I have not a metaphysical head." A little more breadth in his thinking would have shown him that John Fiske's reasoning was that of the true inductive type; that Fiske did not reason from a single principle, like the correlation of the dependent and the absolute, or of effect and cause, but that he really started "with a good body of facts." The majority of theists, both Christian and non-Christian, have distrusted all attempts to establish the being of God by *a priori* argument, and distrusted equally every appeal to innate knowledge or instinctive faith. They have usually been in perfect accord with Darwin, so far as that goes.

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They have relied rather upon an induction from a great body of facts, from the numerous adaptations in nature of means to ends, and from the innumerable instances of symmetry, both in space and time, which we may almost say constitute the universe, indicating that the universe is the embodiment of thought. In the chapter on religion (vol. i. pp. 274–286), his biographer has clearly shown us that Darwin felt the strength of this theistic induction, and that even in the last year of his life it sometimes came over him with overwhelming force. But the same chapter shows us, with equal clearness, why at other times "it seemed to go away again" and leave him in a state of passive agnosticism. His view of natural selection had confused his perception of the teleological argument, and his want of mathematical and metaphysical power had prevented his ever grasping the morphological. Some of those who accept his theory of gradual variation perceive that it does not really affect the teleological argument. "The beautiful hinge of a bivalve shell" remains as strong an evidence of an intelligent purpose in the organic world if it was produced in one way as if it was produced in another: it is certainly no chance production. It is only upon the morphological argument that gradual variation has a bearing: such variation would banish laws of symmetry and interrelation from the organic kingdom. And it is this introduction of lawlessness into the highest department of the material universe which makes Darwin's view seem to us discordant with all the analogies of science, and, therefore, in the highest degree improbable. In regard to its theological bearing, it simply gives us a particular way of looking at the method of procedure in the formation of the universe. That may divert our attention for a time from the more fundamental questions; but it cannot produce, upon sound thinkers in general, the paralyzing effect which it seems to have produced upon its author. The great body of facts set before every man with his eyes open will always testify "with overwhelming force" to an Intelligent Source of all things.

Darwin's view of the descent of man had assisted, through

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his lack of sharp metaphysical discernment, in making him incapable of appreciating the higher side of theological speculation. In a letter to W. Graham (vol. i. p. 285), he expresses his "inward conviction" "that the universe is not the result of chance," and then adds that, with him, "the horrid doubt always arises whether the convictions of man's mind, which has been developed from the mind of the lower animals, are of any value or at all trustworthy." In 1876, he wrote (vol. i. p. 281) that he could not "see that such inward convictions and feelings are of any weight as evidence of what really exists." We say that he betrays in such sentences a lack of sharp metaphysical discernment; for were his theory — that the human mind has been developed from an animal mind — true, it would not follow that it remains an untrustworthy, merely animal mind. It has been developed into something higher,— just as a baby's mind is developed in the course of twenty or thirty years into a man's mind.

As for his failure to perceive that inward convictions are any evidence of real existence, it is a failure to recognize the real basis of all knowledge. Even were his theory, to which we cannot assent, true,— that apparently instinctive knowledge and instinctive desires are an inheritance of ancestral experience,— it would be also true that such convictions and feelings are the safest guides to further experience. The new-born mammal, the newly hatched bird, are seldom deceived by their instincts. Even the individual cases in which they are deceived do nothing toward showing that the instincts are not, in general, safe guides to truth. A sound induction leads, therefore, to the conclusion that the religious instincts and convictions, which come over men with such "overwhelming force," are, even on Darwin's theories, very strong evidence that religious verities really exist.

In 1879, he was tortured by a German youth into writing (vol. i. p. 277), "For myself, I do not believe that there ever has been any revelation." But we must remember that men would differ very much in their definition of the word

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"revelation." Joseph Henry, who retained to the end of his honored life the attitude of a devout believer in Christ, also retained, from early life to the end, the conviction that every discovery in science is an intelligible answer received from God in reply to an intelligent question. Under that aspect, the whole universe is a volume of revelation. Darwin confesses that the general impression, made by the study of the external world, of the presence of intelligible order in the universe was so strong upon him that he never for a moment denied the existence of God. Some passages in his writings imply, on the contrary, that he had a profoundly reverent faith, and that his objections to the statements of professedly religious writers (the Duke of Argyll, for example) were based on what he thought the littleness of their views of the Divine Being.

The creation, therefore, is in itself a revelation from God. The primary use of this outward world is to serve the spirit. Nature serves as commodity for our bodily needs; but how charmingly Emerson has shown us in that first little volume, which he has never surpassed, that she also serves, even more effectively, the spirit. She opens to us the mysteries of our own intellectual powers. She furnishes us with symbols of speech. She disciplines and invigorates our moral character. She touches and sanctifies us by her beauty. She lifts us up to the vision of eternal good, through her constant growth and decay of perishable forms. The external world is thus a school-house of God's building. According to the word of the prophets, quoted with approval by our Lord, we are therein all taught of God. All science, all literature and art, are but the fruit of the exercises in that school. Our Divine Teacher is perpetually giving us varying object lessons, which we interpret to each other as he gives us ability. When children, we rest in the external, and more obvious meaning of these objects. We are pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw. Meanwhile, we are unconsciously and gradually gaining better knowledge and deeper wisdom. Scholars in this school, as in others, differ from each other in capacity and ability. Some rise more

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rapidly than others to the higher truths. But the direction of all faithful students is, on the whole, upward. Gradually, but surely, we learn that these things, which perish with the using, are leaving in the faithful mind things which are unseen and eternal. Gradually, but surely, we learn that, although the visible, sensible universe is a shadow that is passing away, it is a shadow of an intelligible world that passes not away. The lessons of nature thus do for us what the lessons of religious and philosophic teachers, attempting to interpret the words of nature, may fail to do. Nature herself at length teaches a man that the flower fadeth, the grass withereth, but the word of God endureth forever. Heaven and earth may pass away, but the word which created them shall not pass away. The external world has its highest value in the cultivation of the heart and the intellect; and it has its power to cultivate the mind and the soul, from the fact that it is a partial revelation of the divine thought and of the divine love. We are by no means omnipotent. We could not draw such rich treasures of knowledge and expression from the universe, were there no wisdom and love embodied in it.

It must, nevertheless, be admitted that in some minds religious hopes and aspirations remain very feeble and weak. There is a vast difference in the religious and moral, as there is in the artistic and scientific endowment of men. There are multitudes who seem incapable of receiving scientific truth, of shaking off superstition and belief in magic. There are multitudes apparently incapable of appreciating beauty, whether in form, in color, or in tone. In like manner there are multitudes who appear unable to appreciate a high morality or to grasp firmly spiritual truth.

If we adopt the theistic faith, and believe that an infinitely wise Being, creating us men to be happy, and making our nature such that our highest happiness is in the interchange of thought and in the mutual expression of affection, has also created the outward world to be a means of our communication with each other and with him, we must be ready to adopt the conclusions which will logically flow out

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of that view. But it would seem that, if we and the universe are the creation of an infinitely wise and infinitely good Being, then the recognition of that fact would be a source of high joy. The return of thanks to him, the remembrance of his goodness, the endeavor to carry out his purposes, the discipline of our will into submission and even into unison with his will, the hope of further knowledge of him, and a better service of him, would indeed seem to be sources of joy greater and purer than any others. It is not credible that an infinitely wise and good Being would suffer such hopes and aspirations to be kindled in human hearts, without permitting their fulfilment also. "Whatever is really desirable is possible; and whatever is really desirable and possible will," under the administration of an infinitely wise and good Creator, "be one day actual."

Effects are a revelation of their cause, and the highest and best effects most adequately reveal the cause. We judge of the quality of a Newton, not by anecdotes about his absent-mindedness, but by reading his *Principia*. John Milton is not to be judged by any weakness in his argument concerning divorce, but rather by his noble defences of civil liberty, his acute writings on Christian doctrine, and his marvellously perfect *Paradise Regained*. In the great poem of the universe, we may perhaps say that all parts are equal; that nothing can be superior to any other thing, because all are perfect. Yet we must recognize a difference of grade in the objects of the universe. We cannot, in the external world, help regarding crystallization as being a higher phenomenon than shapeless massing. It is a more distinct embodiment of thought. We cannot but regard chemical change as more interesting and higher than mechanical effect. Again, we must admit vegetable growth to be on a higher plane of action than chemical changes, and animal life as superior to vegetable. In the animal kingdom, the phenomena of consciousness rise grade above grade, until in man they take a sudden rise far above the highest animal. The ground on which we base this judgment of gradation is still the distinctness with which the phenomena embody comprehensive thought.

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Man's will, his spontaneous self-determination, is a cause. We cannot go behind it in the chain of causation. We may give reasons for a choice, but the reasons did not cause the choice. The choice selected, from the reasons; those to which it would allow weight. The selection was more or less arbitrary. The human will is, therefore, a veritable cause. But it is not a self-existent being. It is a dependent being. It is limited and restricted in its action. Its range is finite in time, in space, and in power. One year before the child was born, that particular cause, which now manifests itself in the child's nascent will, was hidden in the abyss of potentiality. The human will, therefore, is not a self-existent cause. It is an effect of the first cause, and yet it is a cause; and, to us men, it is the most wonderful, also, of all the effects of the first cause. In the magnitudes of space, time, and mechanical force, other things in the cosmos far exceed man. The old philosophers therefore called the external world the macrocosm, the internal world the microcosm; but, if we measure by dignity, by the grandeur which appeals to reason rather than by that which appeals to sense, the names should be reversed. It is philosophy which deals with the great world of thought, affection, wisdom, and love. It is science which deals with the little world of matter and motion. Matter and motion are glorified only by being the medium through which the Eternal Mind communicates expressions of thought and affection, wisdom and love, to the finite mind. If "stars and tides and matter and motion" do not reveal to us the thoughts of an infinite God and unfold within us powers of thought akin to those of the great Creator, if they do not express to us the paternal love of God and awaken in us holy sentiments of grateful loyalty, then let the physical sciences be given over to the ridicule of Swift in his voyage to Laputa, to Johnson's ponderous censure in the *Rambler*, and to Coleridge's contemptuous supposition that the stars were created "to make dirt cheap."

The physical sciences are of interest and value to man only because the external world is the embodiment and illus-

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tration of the very same ideas of space and time, which are developed by us in *a priori* speculation. They thus prove our kindred, not to the things which perish, but to the eternal, uncaused, self-existent Cause of all causes. Take the so-called positive view of physical science,— that is to say, assume that science is simply a generalization of the facts of material existence, not an interpretation of the ideas and meaning of the Author of nature, derived from a study of his autograph works,— and you have made physical science a mere array of statistics put into formulæ, only as into mnemonics. The distinction between empirical and rational formulæ becomes under that view obliterated. The distinction between magnitude and greatness vanishes. It must have been to star-gazers of this kind, to whom the ephemeris of the heavens was the end and crown of astronomy, that Schiller addressed his indignant lines: —

"Talk not to me, astronomers, always of stars and of motion!
Worlds had never been made simply for Science to count.
Grand is heaven's host doubtless. In space there's nothing sublimer;
But, good friends, the sublime was not embodied in space."

The sublime lies in the act of the mind, reaching out beyond all space and time, grasping at the infinite and eternal, expressing, through the fleeting finite, that which is stable and immeasurable. The value of the external world, as interpreted by physical science, lies in the light it pours in both directions upon the Infinite Mind, which created it, and upon the finite mind, which studies it. This finite mind of man is itself the grandest thing which it can lay hold of, and make any approach toward understanding. It is grandest in itself, in its actual manifestation of intellect and heart and will. It is immeasurably the grandest when you perceive that in this power of thought, of affection, and of volition, is the evidence of our sonship to God. In the human mind, as the grandest product of the great First Cause, we find the surest key to the nature of that Cause. No eternal flow of mechanical forces, however great the variety of physical effects which it might produce, can be

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imagined as having produced this human mind, asserting itself to be more than a flow of mechanical force. No result of mechanical force can be imagined to include the evolution of a new consciousness, conscious perception, emotion, volition. The ultimate cause of this evolution must itself be a conscious Being, of infinite knowledge, holiest affections, and almighty will. We acknowledge that we can form no imagination of an infinite degree of these attributes. But reason is higher than imagination, and may demonstrate the existence of that which the imagination cannot paint. Reason shows that perception may exist in a degree which sees all the past and all the future as present. Reason shows that love may exist in an infinite, all-wise benevolence. Reason shows that a will may exist at whose single fiat the whole universe could spring out of eternal potentiality into eternal actuality. Reason goes even further than this. From the necessity of a cause adequate to produce all the effects of human intelligence, human affection, and human enterprise, she declares that such an Infinite Personality does exist, that it is his word which produced and sustains creation.

The creation is sustained by the word of God, and in one sense is his word. It is a revelation of his being, of his thoughts, and of his purposes. The duty of a created being, says Jouffroy, is defined by the design of his Creator; and the design of his creation may be discovered from a study of his organization. Of course, Jouffroy here uses organization in its largest sense. The normal plan of animal life may be discovered from the bodily organization. Agassiz, in lecturing to farmers, showed them how, from the mere skeleton of the horse and the ox, we might infer that the latter could bear confinement in a stable with less injury than the former. The very bones of their frame showed unmistakably that the horse would need an abundance of daily exercise, the ox would need but little. The body of man shows, to a thorough student, the proper rules for preserving bodily health and strength. The time required for its growth to maturity indicates the normal limit of life. With equal

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certainty, the mind and soul of man will show, to the careful and thorough student, the best means of educating and developing its powers. This is a more important and more difficult study than the study of the body; and its progress is, on that very account, much slower. Man learns more slowly than the animals. They all come readily up towards the mark which is set by the best specimens of their species. In other words, the differences in the habits of animals of one species are trifling compared with the differences among men of the same race.

The capacities of a species are to be judged by the attainments of the best specimens,— the best individual specimens. The highest attainments of the best men indicate the grade to which mankind is to be elevated. The power of self-determination in man, his moral insight, his capacity for religious ideas, and his capabilities of religious emotion are very highly developed in men of the highest character. But, even in men of the lowest grade, these high powers are unmistakably present; and it is these which set man so incomparably above all the animals. They are parts in his moral or spiritual organization. They indicate the end for which he was destined. They mark out his duty. Their possession is equivalent to having sealed orders from God,— a direct command from him to walk by their light. As these powers are unfolded in us, we feel ourselves under obligation to govern ourselves by the highest moral law, to consecrate ourselves in a religious obedience. But, when we attempt to obey this virtual command, we find immense difficulties in the way. We see constantly that a better life is possible. We labor year after year with ourselves, not trying to do what more gifted neighbors may have done, but trying to live as well and to rise as high as we think that we can and ought. Yet the progress is slow; and, in many of the best men, it goes on to the very end of a long life. When we have learned how to live, and are just beginning to live as we feel that we ought to live, we are interrupted by death. Is that the end? Darwin (vol. i. p. 282) calls it an intolerable thought to suppose that man is doomed to annihilation.

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This is the third great revelation in creation; God, Duty, Immortality. A majority of the great philosophers of the world have believed that man is immortal. They have held that, at death, man passes into a state of being where he retains consciousness, memory, and all spiritual faculties. Yet they admit that, in this new state of being, we cannot have such a body as that which we now have. To this faith in immortality, Jesus gave such new emphasis that in the Christian Church it became a doctrine new in its life-inspiring power. He does not, however, appeal to it as to a postulate. He rather develops it as a corollary. He virtually says to the Sadducees: You admit that God exerted a special providential care over Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, and that he revealed himself to Moses. Do you not see that this intercourse of the infinite God with men proves man to be immortal? Does it not show man to have been made in the image of God, capable of intercourse with his Maker, and therefore partaking in his Maker's eternity?

This virtual reasoning of Christ with the Sadducees is, in fact, the strongest of the natural evidences for the immortality of the soul. When a man has once clearly seen and admitted that the universe is a revelation of its Maker's wisdom, love, and holiness, he very seldom fails to see that this proof of the attributes of God shows that man was made in the image of his Maker. He very seldom fails to be at once lifted by this thought into a faith in his own immortal nature. It is sometimes modestly objected that this is making God in the image of man, and degrading the Infinite Cause of all to a likeness of our earthly frailty. The objection is not of real weight to one who overcomes the false modesty out of which it arises. We are under an invincible necessity of assuming a cause for the universe. We are under an equal necessity of assuming that our best type of that cause is to be found either in conscious or in unconscious being. But it is manifest that consciousness is higher than unconsciousness, and therefore a better type of the Highest. Moreover, we also clearly see that the only real, finite cause known to us is conscious will. This, there-

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fore, is the only just type of the infinite First Cause. The very process, therefore, by which the idea of an infinite God is brought out in our minds, and contrasted with the things that he has made, leads us to see that we ourselves, in our spiritual powers of mind and heart and will, are the nearest likeness which we can have of him who is not in the likeness of anything conceivable by us. (Vol. i. pp. 282, 283.)

Philosophers have also found, in various spiritual considerations, further confirmations of this faith that man is made in the image of God's eternity. The indivisible unity of the self-conscious spirit has been used as an argument for its indestructibility. The power of the mind to see and lay hold of ideas of the Eternal, the Infinite and Unchangeable, is an evidence of its own independence of change and motion. The moral instincts also, our ineradicable faith in God's truth and justice, demand an immortal life, wherein the inequalities of this life shall be rectified, and the righteous and the wicked dealt with more exactly, according to their deserts. This necessity of a future state for reward and punishment has been strongly felt by all nations who have shown in any marked degree a sense of moral right or any faith in the existence of a moral government of the universe. Another argument is drawn from the ever-expansive power of the soul of man. There is no limit to knowledge discernible in any department. The works of God are inexhaustible, the curiosity of man insatiable. We want an eternity in which to pursue science. The heart also expands as widely as the horizon of the mind. Art is as progressive as the arts. Social affections, social pleasures, are capable of rising continually to higher planes and taking in continually wider circles. The language of strong feeling always inclines to expressions which are called hyperbole. They surpass the present occasion. But no expression can exceed the nature of the soul that utters it. The heart has illimitable capacities for happiness, and its longings reach after an infinite love. Can these longings of the feeble human heart be greater than the riches of this whole universe? Can a feeble creature, like man, lay out in his

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thought and imagination a future grander, greater, more blessed, than the totality of all existence in which he is but a part? In other words, can a small part contain immeasurably more than the immeasurable whole? Surely not. That which is really desirable for man, and which is revealed to man as desirable, is also possible, and shall one day be actual, even though it take an eternity to accomplish it.

But, in our comparative ignorance, we do not always know what is desirable. Neither is it always safe for us to pronounce upon what is possible. All philosophers of note, even those most confident of the glorious reality of spiritual things, and most firmly believing in God and duty and immortality, have nevertheless confessed the weakness and fallibility of human reason. Like Cicero, in his Tusculan Questions, they have acknowledged that they were simply arriving at the most probable conclusions, not at demonstrations. But, it may be asked, How is it consistent with faith in the wisdom and love of God to say that he allows these truths — the knowledge of which is so essential for our highest happiness — to be so obscurely revealed? Why did he not make them as plain as the plainest axioms of geometry?

In reply to this doubting inquiry, let us first recollect that we do not know anything of the limits of possibility. There are men who find it exceedingly difficult to grasp even the simplest truths of mathematics with any firmness of conviction. There are also men who lay hold of spiritual truths with a firmness that cannot be shaken. The cause of such differences in human minds, the possible limits of such differences, the possible elimination of them, and the advantage of their existence or of their elimination, are all alike unknown to us. In the presence of facts, we are simply to bow before the sovereignty of God, pleased and happy when we can understand the borders of his works, or reverently silent and studious when we reach the confines of our present knowledge.

We do not know why spiritual truths are not made more

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obviously certain to all men. But we see that, in this difficulty and obscurity of moral questions, man may find a clear test of his own moral wisdom and purity.

There can be no high happiness without a sanctified will; nor can such a will be revealed unless there is an opportunity of choosing between right and wrong. There is no opportunity for choosing between right and wrong, unless there be times and opportunities when, at the parting of the ways, it may seem to admit of doubt which is the right way. There was a time when the Christian pulpit pressed most earnestly upon its hearers the doctrine that this life is a scene of probation, wherein men are tried whether they will choose evil or good. The teaching was full of error, and capable of gross misrepresentation; yet there is also a true sense in which life is a scene of probation. God does not tempt us to evil, but he gives us opportunity to choose good, which of necessity implies the possibility of our choosing evil. He gives the opportunity to choose good; and in that free choice of good lies the highest good for man, and the road to his highest happiness. Thus, also, with the perception of truth and of the greatest of all truths, our highest happiness comes from our free action. We rejoice in the truth, but especially in that truth which we have sought and found for ourselves. The moment of discovery is the moment of rapture. May not this be one reason why the God of infinite love is, nevertheless, a God that hideth himself? Spiritual truth, like mathematical and physical truth, is more highly prized and of more real value, when we discover it for ourselves.

In the scriptures of the Jewish and the Christian faith, it is constantly implied, and sometimes distinctly asserted, that man is made in the image of God. When the reason by intuition sees this clearly, and the understanding has confirmed it by induction, and the will distinctly accepted it as a guiding and controlling law, then the heart finds in it a source of illimitable peace, immortal strength and unspeakable joy.

THOMAS HILL.

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NATURAL, UNNATURAL, AND SUPERNATURAL.

Supernatural religion only needs a new master of diction. To attempt to strike out and coin such diction might indeed be a sign of presumption; and, in the affairs of the spirit, the servants of God cannot too guardedly beware of presumptuous sins, lest they get the dominion over us. But it may be of no mean service, now when the minds of men are under a contrary spell, to set forth the reasons for believing that, when such a finished vehicle of religious thought is vouchsafed and acquiesced in by the large body of Christian thinkers, supernatural religion will be as strongly intrenched in the world of speculation as it ever has been in the world of duty and worship.

No one who confesses any loyalty to the essential spirit of Christianity could endure to be understood as not satisfied with the language of the Gospels. The religion of the New Testament is supernatural religion, and the language of the Gospels and Epistles is the language of supernaturalism; and there is no getting around or away from it. But the Bible, if it makes any pretension, pretends to offer no material for the schools. It bears only that relation to our set doctrines which the finished bridge, with its bounding arches of beauty and its curves of living strength, bears to the formulas of tension and of strain. But, while the Bible does not, and gives no evidence that it was ever intended to, consolidate itself into doctrine, doctrine is indispensable; and it is the clear duty of man to put into close, shrewd expression the flowing spirit of God's revelation. That such an expression of doctrine, when freed from all partial truths and merely personal apprehension, will be a fading out into natural religion, is here squarely denied; and that, when all unnatural matters of fact are abandoned, supernatural religion must likewise be abandoned, is here squarely affirmed.

It may be as well to reckon at once with a certain class of people, who take it quite for granted that supernatural religion is hopelessly antiquated. Regard for truth obliges one to turn away from these blandishments of liberalism. If there

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is any one to be had in derision, it is he whose mind is so feverishly filled with the various novel theories and momentous discoveries that he can with difficulty tolerate any mention of the faith by which the men of a former generation stayed their steps. Let it be freely granted that a part — often the most obvious part — of what goes current as supernaturalism has been outlawed by closer observation and reflection. But there are ignorance and literalism in unbelief as well as in belief. That out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God has ordained praise is not a gratifying word to those who have so laboriously worked out or wiped out the problem to their satisfaction, but still it is near the truth. The fruits of righteousness often save, where copious learning and prodigious ingenuity utterly fail. Even for the most abstract truths there is no providential assurance that they shall not prove false in their application. The axioms of Euclid, for example, pertain to a world of surfaces without depths, lines without thickness, points without extension; and, so long as we keep under these conditions, its air-line method, its path as the bird flies, is well and good. Very serious modifications, however, are needed as soon as we come to deal with a world,— not a plane, but a sphere, a surface returning on itself: more than a sphere,— a corrugated earth, pimpled with hills, depressed into valleys, ploughed up and furrowed, and mountained with Pelion on Ossa. These geometers of thought drive their business of general theories, not as though they were dealing with the subtile and elastic substance of mind, with the effervescing fluid of the self, but as though they had boards to plane. It seems now to occur that the questions they are treating in so cavalier a manner have depth as well as surface, organism as well as mass. You can't fire thought at a mark, as a ball from a gun. Thought must feel its way, and obey its purified instincts. "This kind cometh not forth but by prayer and fasting."

An article of supernatural religion or a matter of belief is one which plainly requires the presence and assistance of a power added to the operation of the already existing

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forces. Such articles in common Christian belief are the creation of the world, the inspiration of the Bible, the doctrine of sin, involving conscious moral freedom, the idea of Providence, prayer, the doctrine of the incarnation and immortal life. Naturalism, which endeavors to find only a matter of fact in such of these Christian elements as it can sanction, regards them as the unassisted outcome of pre-existing conditions. Supernaturalism sees in each the presence and direction of a new spirit,— a something superadded to the mere composition of causes. My purpose will be served if three of these doctrines are separately examined, and it is then determined whether the natural interpretation is equal to the case.

Christian belief uses the word *creation*, which it claims tenaciously as an article of faith. The doctrine of evolution might perhaps be made to refer only to matters of fact, if it hinted at nothing farther than a redistribution of the elements of things; but then it abandons just what it is most anxious to keep,— the idea of development, the progress of human life. If evolution is more than a shifting of the parts into new but chance relations, if it allows itself to talk of a scale of existence, an animal kingdom which is more than an ill-assorted herd, then even the diversity of operation of natural forces is unequal to what is put upon it. Then the world is a creation, a growth, under the pressure or attraction of a power other than itself. All that the Bible has to say about the method of creation may be ungrudgingly handed over to the trustees of fact, for it is in the sphere of fact; but all that evolution has to say about the world as process and awakening should be as ungrudgingly handed over to belief, for it is in the sphere of belief. The lifting up of human life from the brute estate, the leading out of tribes and hordes till the national sense is aroused in them, the rise of new and more spiritual kingdoms, the dawn of the sense of law, order, duty, the birth of consciousness, the belief in God, the setting our affections on eternal things, — are these less a part of the scheme of creation than the changes in the horse's foot? That there is one steady up-

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ward intention, one process of self-revealing, is outside the domain of the prince of this world, and is a matter of religious belief. The evolutionist may abandon this part of his idea, but he would surrender over three-fourths of his influence and hold on men, and might cry his wares in vain. Only the dash and bravura of a new theory could keep us from seeing at once that evolution leaves untouched the supernatural element of the old creation.

So with the next great article of the supernatural creed, the doctrine of the inspiration of the Bible. Prune off all the miracles and prophecies, gratify the full lust for inconsistencies and glosses, this belief remains in the same glaring antagonism to the method of the naturalists. M. Renan reads out of the Bible his philosophy of the religion of Israel. The case, as he presents it, will not be made any easier for the believer. His influence is of the deadliest kind, because added to his unrivalled critical acumen and stores of information will be a soiling touch of moral indelicacy. The fruit of his study is that the primitive religion of Israel was a worship of the forces of nature, finally and hesitatingly conceived as forming a supreme power. In the long migrations and struggles for entrance into Palestine, such a conception became more integrated, more truly monotheistic, until in good time the prophets changed its low and narrow conception for the noble one of a God of righteousness, a God of all the earth, to be worshipped in spirit and in truth. Belief in the inspiration of the Bible needs for its justification nothing more. The Bible is the continuous record of the struggles of the Jewish race to purify its faith. We read it as the history of the slow awakening of the consciousness of God and dependence on him. Every book is a new witness of the faith of Israel; every psalm brings out into sharper relief the spiritual image they had formed of their Lord of hosts. All scriptures are, indeed, written for our learning, and are inspired by God; but the Bible is the complete revelation of God to the human soul, from the earliest and crudest apprehension of him to that final, unreserved self-disclosure in the

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Gospels of Jesus Christ. It is no book of broken lights, of fragmentary teachings, but an organic revelation, a spiritual world. It takes and deserves the name the WORD OF GOD, the BOOK OF LIFE.

It is the doctrine of the incarnation around which the thick of conflict has concentrated itself, and by which the deepest passions of men have been aroused. At once misunderstood and misconceived by its advocates and adversaries, nothing save the inevitable quality of its trust and the indispensable comfort and assurance which it brings could keep the faith from disrepute. To get at the eternal truth of the incarnation, look at the plain and great Bible facts, and see how they irresistibly draw together to make the pattern of this faith. The plain great facts of the Bible are a God of righteousness who yearns over men, as a father pitieth his children; man, feeble but aspiring, with instincts which qualify him to know and be known of God. As soon as the mind sets itself to deal with these facts, alone essential to the problem, and turns away from seductive inquiries about the gospel narrative and the miracles which probably never happened, then it finds itself drawn into so powerful a current of inference and conclusion that there is no escape. If our lives cannot get rid of the conviction that we have a father, even God, so we cannot get rid of the conviction, born of the former, that such a Father would declare himself to his children in some full and sufficient manner. We are not able to live so perfectly as to know God; we need to know God, in order to live perfectly. We see in the Bible the steady training of the Jews so as to receive some such final revelation. As fast as they are able, he dowers them with a new spiritual consciousness. Their history is marked by the evidences that they awaited a great event. How the history of man is maimed if is denied finding in the Christ that perfect witness of God's love to men! We cannot help expecting that somehow, somewhere, in our human flesh, that is under the conditions of humanity, God must have freely made himself known to men. He must have put himself into the theatre of our humanity. He must

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have infused some mortal circumstance with a divine character, and some hour of human history with an energy which was plainly God's. This word of our faith in the spirit, hitherto so halting, so doubtful, must, in the providence of God, have been made flesh and dwelt among us. In the advent of the Christ, God visibly turns the current of human history, and breathes into the form and mould of man the breath of his living spirit.

Such is the doctrine of the incarnation not as it is tortured out of a few trivial predictions, but as it rises naturally out of the belief that finds its strength in the Bible. It is the great flowering of the Bible, bringing to light all that was hid in God. The scribes and lawyers, with their Bible erudition at the finger-ends, straightway arrive on the scene, show us their penny, and tempt us with its image and superscription of Cæsar. Are we to believe in the miraculous draught of fishes, and the feeding of the five thousand? and the answer is, Believe whatever you are compelled to believe on the evidence God has granted you, praying that your light be not darkness. God who had been preparing mankind through so many and great trials and pilgrimages, now makes in the Christ a distinct and complete gift of his Holy Spirit to human life.

It will do to rest here. Certainly only a portion of the arc of belief has been described, if, happily, enough to show the curve. New tasks of belief will be laid on men seeking a new country; that is, a heavenly. The solemn question which presses on this generation is, What is your life? What is the kind of nourishment you are seeking? Those who have accustomed themselves to the exercise of faith have the least to fear in the coming days. They will never be wanting in the boldness wherewith they may appear before the judgment-seat of God. Yet they must be pardoned a look of mixed dread and chagrin that the self-sufficiency, the self-assertion, the pride, the cruelty of naturalism could ever be all that was offered their soul's hunger for "the bread which cometh down from heaven."

JOHN TUNIS.

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HAMPTON.

"In May (1861), at Fortress Monroe, Gen. Butler refused to surrender, to the claim of masters in rebellion, slaves liable to be employed in the service of the enemy, as *contraband of war*, which phrase has nearly supplanted every other in familiar talk, where refugee slaves are spoken of. From this time, the fortress has been the resort of a population of several thousand fugitives." * This pitiful and vagrant population, gathered upon the plain between the fortress and the old village of Hampton, made the first visible issue out of the enormous and seemingly hopeless mass of barbarism covered by the term "American slavery." It presently gave to the Christian philanthropists of the North the nucleus and the hint of what has been developed into one of the most interesting and hopeful efforts to solve the questions involved in the civilizing of the two great subject races upon this continent,— the negro and the Indian. The moment of transition, a year or two after the war, we cannot describe so well as in the words we listened to a few weeks ago (May 24), among the graduation exercises at Hampton, from a young colored woman, a former student of that school, and a graduate of 1882: —

These Hampton grounds and their surroundings have been the scene of important events in the history of this country and of the negro race. A quarter-century ago, rude barracks stood upon sites now occupied by imposing buildings, and near to where these youth assemble for instruction a motley crowd of contraband refugees used to gather to receive their weekly dole of government rations.

Let us go back in our imaginations to a certain spring morning of this period of barracks and contrabands. The usual line of dusky pensioners is drawn up before a large barn which has been improvised as a government storehouse, to receive their weekly issue of rations. The government officials perform their task of distributing with surprising rapidity; then a young officer in military dress steps forward, and announces in quick, decisive tones that in the following autumn the issue of rations

* *Christian Examiner* of July, 1862, p. 104. The term "contraband" (we are told) was first used in self-defence by an officer who was charged with insubordination by Gen. Butler for refusing to surrender fugitives, and was at once adopted by the general and by the public.

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will be stopped. Dismay follows the announcement. Some give way to their emotional impulses and break out in pitiable lamentations, but the officer is unmoved. He has seen that to this people, now in a transition state, larger aid from the government would be misplaced kindness; and, with the interest of the freedmen at heart, has carried out the order from Washington, left to his discretion, to withdraw the rations. In the summer that follows, with the aid of interested friends, he procures work for the able-bodied, and they begin a new life of self-dependence. They are not left to stand entirely alone, nor were the old and decrepit left uncared for; but they are gradually led to self-support. That this institution should have been founded *here*, where such scenes have transpired, and that the same officer should have been called to its head, seems in its peculiar fitness to have been divinely planned. This connecting link between the past and future of the race is surely not the result of chance.*

Praise for the wisdom, timeliness, and practical skill with which the work has been carried out is due, first of all, to the American Missionary Association † of New York, which had the direction of it at the start. The controlling board of sixteen trustees is composed of the representatives of six different religious bodies, including our own, who have executed their trust, as we have reason to believe, with scrupulous fidelity and entire harmony. The "Hampton Normal and Industrial Institute" has grown until "the limit as to numbers, five hundred blacks and one hundred and forty Indians, is now reached." Its property consists of about seven hundred acres of rich land (including the "Hemenway Farm" of five hundred acres) and an invested fund of $157,000, giving an annual income reckoned at $7,000. From the State of Virginia it receives, as an agricultural college, an annual appropriation of $10,000, and from the United States, for the education of Indians, one of $20,000. Its annual expenses are estimated at $97,000, so that it looks to the public (not in vain) for yearly gifts of $60,000, which

* In this and other extracts which we give from these Commencement exercises, we do not alter a word from the papers as written and delivered by the colored graduates.

† This Association "was formed in 1846 by those friends of missions who declared themselves aggrieved by the countenance given by some other philanthropic associations to slavery, polygamy, and kindred forms of evil." Since the war, "the pressing needs of the freedmen of the Southern States have absorbed almost all the means at the disposal of the Board."

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keep it, its directors think, desirably near to the heart and conscience of the community, though an endowment fund of half a million is greatly to be wished. A large part of the students' expenses is paid by their own labor, for which they are paid wages to the yearly amount of more than $40,000. This labor includes sawing and cutting up of lumber, framing and building of houses, printing, book-binding, blacksmith's, wheelwright's, and tinsmith's work, besides farming, baking, laundry-work, etc.: we find twelve distinct industrial establishments enumerated, which include the teaching and practice of nineteen useful trades. How important all this is, in laying the basis of a genuine civilization for the two races, it is needless to say. It is encouraging to find that the Indians, in particular, show a remarkable aptitude in the handling of mechanical tools. No jealousies or rivalries, that we could learn, show themselves between the two races — whose relations, as well as those of the sexes (perhaps one-third of the students being girls), are regulated with excellent judgment. Not to fail in any of the lessons of civilized life, the Institute has a row of three-room cottages occupied by young Indian families, father, mother, and child; and it was a fine lesson of the higher courtesy when the young men marched in military order, in full school uniform and with their own regimental band, opened ranks upon the lawn, and stood with uncovered head while the girls passed in procession between them to the daily meal. The precision, neatness, and self-respect taught under the forms of military discipline — without carrying of arms — are a strikingly effective and valuable feature in the school. The intellectual instruction, given under thirty-two teachers in a three years' course, comes well up to the standard of our English High Schools; and the practice has been in use (how extensively we do not know) of breaking the course by sending the students away for a year of practical experience in teaching, and so getting a higher and graver idea of their vocation before their final year.

Besides the facts and figures, which one learns at second hand, there are certain impressions the visitor receives,

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which make his personal testimony. His first impression is, perhaps, of the locality itself: the grandeur of the system of inland waters made up by the Chesapeake and its confluents, the Shenandoah, the Patapsco, the Potomac, the Rappahannock, the York, the James, and the Elizabeth,— every mile of it historic, and chief of all "Hampton Roads," which witnessed, almost under the guns of Fort Monroe, the most dramatic and the most critical event of our whole naval history, the repulse of the "Merrimack" by the "Monitor," and the birth of a new era of naval warfare. One feels that these names and memories have a special fitness as marking the spot of this moral and civilizing invasion of the South. Then, as he approaches the verdant levels at the school landing, he is amazed to see, not the plain college structure or two which he may have looked for, but what seems a clustering, handsome, and prosperous village, with chimney-stacks that tell of busy industry, and church-tower, halls, and dwellings that define the higher meaning of the place, thirty or more edifices in all. Then his imagination is struck by the thought that all this costly equipment and generous outlay represents one phase of an enterprise which, with its controlling motive, was (we may say) wholly unheard of and impossible until this very period of Christian civilization we live in now,— the enterprise to uplift, instruct, and provide with all helps to civilize and improve those two races, darker than our own, cast upon our mercy, the one standing in our past for our darkest terror and hate, the other for our wickedest injustice and contempt. What former age could ever have conceived in its heart the possibility of such an enterprise as this? These, we may say, come as fresh first impressions, as if there were something new in them, upon one who floats up, across those wide waters, to that placid, crowded, and busy shore.

But it is a matter of still greater interest to know what response is made by those for whom all this effort is expended, what success it has had already upon the minds it was meant to teach, and what hope there is of the wider

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work it aims at. As the best answer we can give at present to such questions, we copy here from a few of the exercises we listened to the other day: —

Hampton Girls.— Many of these girls have been in the pursuit of education for three or four years, in order that they may be better prepared to help their people. They feel that there is a great work before them, a work such as God has never put into the hands of our girls until recently. Many of them know well, if not from personal experience by hearing their parents tell, of a time when our race in the South lived under a cloud; when a colored man dared not call his home or his labor his own; when colored women took no pride in teaching their children habits of truthfulness and cleanliness. But those days have passed away, thank God for it; and with new days they take new courage.... No grander mission could be given any one, nor one in which she could do more good in her day and generation, than that of educating our people, and thus helping to place them on a true equality with other races.

In many of the towns and counties where these girls go, the people are very, very poor, ignorant, and superstitious. Often there is not a single colored man in the whole town who owns a home of his own; they farm on shares, and a large part of their share goes for groceries. The children are kept from school perhaps two days out of a week. John "had to pick tobacco"; James "had to carry water for mother to wash"; Mary "had to nurse the baby"; and very little progress is made where pupils are irregular in attendance. In a few instances there has not been so much as a school-house belonging to the town. In one of the counties a school-house was unknown until 1874. In another, the school-house was built by a poor colored woman, who dragged the logs from the top of a mountain, in order that her six children might have the advantages of an education. In places where there are schools, they are generally very rudely built and poorly furnished. Imagine a house twenty-five by thirty feet perhaps, built of rough material in the beginning and still rougher now, having withstood the storms of several winters, one or two broken steps leading to the door, which hangs on one hinge, a window in one end, with two or three panes of glass, the other holes filled with rags, one or two planks nailed together as an apology for a table, a half-dozen backless benches, a stool, a leaky bucket, a broken dipper, and a very small stove,— these are the *conveniences;* and twenty-five or thirty ignorant, half-clad children, with soiled faces and uncombed hair, the *materials* with which most of the Hampton girls begin their work.

It is not uncommon for Hampton girls to find no Sunday or church organization; but, knowing that they are sent from God to bear good tidings, they soon begin to plant seeds of love and kindness in a soil that is naturally rich, but unproductive because uncultivated. These seeds do not always spring up immediately, for their growth is often retarded

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by thorns and briers; but, when they once get above the ground, they seem to grow out the faster, and their fruits show more plainly amidst the thorns of ignorance and vice. In my own city, when the election for "local option" was going on, no one took a more active part than the Hampton girls. They gave temperance lectures and exhibitions; and, when the final election day came round, they were stationed near voting precincts, with lunches of biscuits and hot coffee for those who held tickets, in order that they might not lose votes by going to dinner. And, though the city did not go "dry," yet these women were not discouraged: the thought that there is always a resurrection of the just comforted them, and they hope that, when the next election comes round, the hopes of their labors shall have been ripened.

In looking at the stars on a map which mark the schools taught by Hampton graduates, we find them scattered all over the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Dominion of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, but chiefly in our beloved Virginia, the State which leads the South in giving education and equal opportunity to all.

Way down in Georgia.— You have but to mention south-west Georgia, and I think I am safe in saying there is not one ex-slave in all that State that could not tell you something of its horrors during slavery. I have heard people who spoke from experience say it would have been easier to die than to be sold down on one of those plantations. Slaves in other places were often sent there when they were rebellious to be subdued, and they were subdued or killed. It is said that a long time after the slaves there were declared free, they scarcely knew any difference.... My first year out of school I taught at my own home, and then I was asked to go and teach in a town in that dreaded south-west Georgia. It almost took my breath away. All of my childish dread of the place came back, and I felt that I could not go; but, after thinking longer, I decided it was foolish and unworthy of me to feel that way about it, and so made up my mind at once to go.... I soon found that my boarding-place was a fair sample of many of the colored people's homes there. They told me that, at first, the white people refused to sell them any land, and it was not until many of the colored people succeeded in getting away from the place that they consented to it. Those who left had to run away by night, though they were free in name. It was pitiful to hear how those who remained struggled, and what sacrifices they made to get a little land where they could raise their own cotton; but they said, when they once got a little, it was not so hard to get more. At first, they did not give education a thought: their own desire was to have something to live on; but, when they did turn their attention in that direction, they went to work to support the school six months themselves, as the county only gave them three months, and so employed a teacher. He had been there a month, they said, when one Sunday he got up in church and told the colored people that they were free, and it was time

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for them to begin to act like it, and stop being so afraid of the white people. The next day a number of white men told him that the sooner he left the place the better; they said they did not object to his teaching, but did not approve of the advice he was giving the colored people, and did not mean that it should be repeated. "We advised him to go," the colored people said, "for we knew a crowd would go to his house at night, in disguise, and kill him, so we have not been able to get much of a teacher here since." This intelligence certainly made my fears much greater, but since I was there I resolved to make the best of it and stay.

My Field of Work (by a graduate of 1874).— Graduates on the eve of Commencement are to be pardoned for air-castle building. The matter-of-fact world generally brings them around all right, and Hampton graduates generally light on their feet very quickly when they discontinue their operation in the air. I began my work as teacher in the beautiful valley of Virginia, in a quiet little hamlet named Bansacks, in October, 1874. The conception formed then, that my work was moral and spiritual as well as intellectual, has remained with me. The work inspired me with zeal, because I looked at it in this threefold sense.... I found the sentiment among the whites here favorable to education. Our people generally were striving to obtain property and to improve their homes. From that school have come several young men to this institution, who are proving an honor, I believe, to their former teacher and to this their *Alma Mater*. The pulpit, rising in intelligence, is also proving a great auxiliary of public and higher education among us.

The public schools in the country districts of North Carolina are exceedingly defective, and their sessions very short. I spent a short time in the north-eastern part of that State, in the summer of 1876, and found that the authorities felt no serious concern as to the ability of the teachers whom they employed, nor as to their payment. I returned to Virginia in the fall of 1876.... The white citizens generally were favorable to the education of the negro. A young white merchant, a graduate of Roanoke College, said to me that the white people of the South ought to submit cheerfully to the taxation necessary to support excellent public schools for all the children of both races.... Virginia at this time was passing through those financial throes which came very near wrecking her public schools and all other public institutions. Our salaries were generally promises to pay. We rarely collected them from the treasurer. Our drafts, being sold at a great discount, were sometimes collected several years afterward by a second or third party. Still we tried to do our work faithfully, and several of the young men and women taught by us have taught acceptably in the schools in that locality.

Passing in 1883 down to Staunton, I taught there two years. The schools had been in the hands of all white teachers. I took the principalship, with six assistants. The wisdom, on the part of a liberal Board,

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of putting the schools into the hands of colored teachers was very seriously questioned by the city superintendent. He had previously said that he did not think that a sufficient number of competent colored teachers could be found to do the work. We began to teach the 15th of September. Before December the superintendent was thoroughly converted, and he has never fallen from grace. We not only converted him, but a great many of the white citizens and many of the colored who, lacking race pride, had looked upon the change with gloomy forebodings. The superintendent was a teacher of long experience and wide observation, had in various parts of the country, and is now a prominent officer of the Richmond public schools; yet he said that one of my assistants, an *alumna* of this school, was the best primary teacher that he had ever seen. The closing exercises in June, 1884, brought together an audience which crowded the spacious opera-house from bottom to top. Several leading white citizens said to us the next day that the exercises surpassed anything in the history of the public schools, ergardless of race.

Mission Work in Tennessee.— Soon after my graduation, I was sent by the Woman's Home Missionary Association of Boston to teach in a district in middle Tennessee, where there had been few advantages for education since emancipation. There were many who, even under these unfavorable circumstances, had made some progress; and, what seemed to me very pathetic, there were some who endeavored to impart their small store of knowledge to others less favored. This was illustrated in one of their Sunday-schools which I visited. There had been an attempt at organization in this school. There was a secretary, who with much tribulation succeeded in writing the names of the scholars, only to find the task of reading them equally laborious; and there was a superintendent, who, in deference to his ministerial calling, was the instructor of the Bible class. 'Tis true that he stumbled over the long words, and sometimes found it necessary to skip them altogether; but his teaching had at least the quality of originality. I recollect one of his quaint comments on Christian living: said he, "Did you ever notice an old hen that has had one wing clipped to keep her from flying over the garden fence? She will fly up a little ways one-sided, and then flop down; and I have seen some people start up in the Christian life in the same one-sided way, and by and by they flop down, and that's the end of their Christian living."

Another interesting way of employing my time outside the schoolroom was in visiting in the homes. Some of them were wretchedly poor places, built of rough logs and daubed with clay. There was always an ample fireplace, which was invaluable as a means of ventilation. Often in my round of visits I would carry pictures to brighten up the bare rough walls, or even more substantial gifts of clothing with which the kind Northern friends kept me constantly supplied. It was a great pleasure to add in this way to the scant comforts of these poor

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people. It always seemed to lift the burden of their every-day lives a little to have me sit and talk with them or read to them, and I count among the happiest hours of my life those which I spent thus in those far-off Southern cabin homes.

Often the united efforts of the father and mother were insufficient to support the large family with the small wages they received for their unskilled field labor, and small children had to be taken from school to help as bread-winners, or to keep house and tend the baby while the mother worked in the field. There was an earnest desire for education among the young people, and the larger girls were able to attend school chiefly through their own efforts, not because their parents were unwilling to send them, but because they were too poor to support them. Some of the girls would take in washing and work early and late that they might attend school. Others would do the milking and other chores for white families for their board, and attend school between times. The homes grew perceptibly brighter as these girls progressed in their studies and tastes. One lovely girl, after reading *Little Women*, aspired to have such a happy home as that of the March girls, and used every effort to make her own a brighter place. Before the dream was realized she was called to heaven, but the earthly home was always better for this inspiration,— the house was kept clean and neat, and the flower-garden tended, because Jenny loved it so. And the poor tired mother used to love to talk of "Jo" and "Beth" after the dear voice which had made them household names to her was silent. Thus through her writing, the life of that noble woman touched those humble lives and lifted them nearer to her own; and in that lowly cabin, as well as in the homes of the rich, Miss Alcott is held in loving remembrance.

We have copied somewhat freely from these addresses, because they are the clearest first-hand evidence we have heard, both as to the actual work the School is doing upon its pupils, and of the spirit and success with which they are following it out among their people. Having before published some less encouraging testimony as to "The Negro's Need in Education," * we are the more glad to be able to certify how the need is met, and how the better qualities of that race are called out. In listening to these words, as they come from the lips of those colored young men and women, another impression deepens, and becomes very significant. The frankness is very noticeable with which they speak of their own race and color — and do it not only with no sense of humiliation, or even of past wrong, but rather with a cer-

*See this *Review* for February, 1887.

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tain hopeful pride. This is very interesting to one who can look back to the time when it was bitterness to remember and an affront to recall the very existence of that fact. The race-consciousness, which is marked and noteworthy among them, is coming to be the sentiment of race-pride, which with the birth of a new hope conceives that a great future lies before it.

Whatever may be true or whatever may be false in this anticipation, at any rate the phenomenon is one to make us ponder. Two alleged facts, in regard to it, press themselves strongly upon the mind. First, the black population in the Southern country is said to be increasing in a ratio more rapid than the white; and an ordinary collection of colored persons is said to be perceptibly darker than a similar collection a few years ago. The latter is what we might naturally expect under the new *régime* of liberty: it tells well in the direction of morality and self-respect among the blacks. But, politically, it is a matter of grave significance. It shows that, physiologically speaking, the two races which occupy the South are *moving apart*, while that which is inferior in intelligence and force is gaining a formidable preponderance in numbers. We do not undertake to speculate upon the reasons or consequence of this phenomenon, or what it may possibly betoken in a far-distant future. It revives, however, the well-known opinion of Agassiz and other anthropologists to the effect that there will slowly come about, as the consequence of emancipation, a physical separation of the two races, each, by a sort of instinct, gravitating to the locality for which Nature has best fitted it: the one darkly fringing coast and valley, a population of the lowland, while the other comes more and more to occupy the open plain and upland. Such theories may serve to amuse our fancy; but what we see in fact is that the two populations stand face to face and closely intermingled, and that leading men among the whites — as Governor Wade Hampton in a recent number of the *Forum* — frankly declare their resolution that, come what may, the blacks shall never rule by force of numbers. All sorts of

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possible dangers lurk, no doubt, in such a situation. There are some who look upon it now with anxiety and even alarm; and some went so far as to point out to us the other day the spot where collision seemed to them likely to occur,—some blow struck in passion to resent the particular form of insolence most apt to come from pride of race, affront to wife or daughter, with a vague hope of support from the North in any struggle that might follow. Their hope would surely be as vain as it is vague; and the best that could be looked for in a conflict of races would be a hated and disfranchised majority, held down as in Ireland, in Hungary, in Egypt, by an inexorable master-race. From all such possibilities the best defence that could be devised is just such an outwork as that at Hampton, just such an advance upon barbarism as is made by the trained forces of the Christian intelligence of the North.

It is worth noticing that, while the instructors of the blacks recognize the great, if not formidable, future opened up to them as an independent race, and are doing their utmost to prepare for it, the best friends of the Indians look to their merging and disappearance in the body of our population. The government school at Carlisle, we were told, adopts the policy of keeping back its pupils from a return to their own people, seeking chances for them to follow their trades and industries in the East. At Hampton, where Indian pupils have been received only for the last ten years, the other policy is followed, of training them to go as teachers, or as civilized and industrious citizens, among their kindred of the Plains: with "land in severalty" for an entering wedge, it is hoped that they will take their place there worthily, and all traces of race-difference at length pass away. This is the hope expressed to us by the lady (a physician by education) who works most intimately upon them and among them. The Indians are said to show more character, more self-respect, more mechanical skill, and more sense of humor than the blacks: fluent speech and the gift of melodious voice are not theirs, and their ways of expressing themselves are characteristically different. Thus in a dramatic *tableau*

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of their own devising, at the close of the literary exercises, they exhibited in procession, two and two, the arts of skill they had actually learned at Hampton, in addresses to the Great Father — one of their own number who came upon the stage in full continental uniform, representing Washington attended by his staff — who adopted them, one by one, into his family, presenting each with the national flag, which they waved in concert with patriotic song; while an Indian hunter, with his demure squaw, attired in full savage costume of buckskin and feathers, with bow and arrows, appealing for adoption in his barbarous tongue through an interpreter, was duly made to understand that his rude toils and savage sloth were no longer in demand, and was admitted on probation only, to share the privilege of the rest. This quaint and touching symbol seemed to tell the true purpose of those taciturn and impassive youth, whose faces, still as masks, seemed to look rather loftily upon the more child-like and effusive gayeties of their duskier fellow-students. We have heard, indeed, most pathetic stories told of young school-bred Indians, who, returning to their native encampment in the wilds, found no companionship and no toleration for their civilized ways, who would stop and dismount to pick up a chance bit of newspaper so as to freshen some memory of happier times, and who found themselves with a sort of despair drifting compulsorily back to the inhumanities they had once unlearned. Such stories tell what relief there may be in the yearly re-enforcements of civilization which go out into the wilderness from such a school as this.

A familiar talk of General Armstrong — who moves as an honored hero and a beloved father among his dusky charge — with the graduating class of perhaps fifty or sixty seemed to bring out in a genuine way the temper and motive which the School had inculcated, let us hope had thoroughly wrought into the mind and character of its pupils. All appeared, naturally, to look to teaching as their occupation, and to being the educators of their race. All, if so fortunate, hoped to teach for as much as three months or six months of the year. But all, or most, were ready to fill out

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that task by downright labor of farm or trade. And all, or most, expected to work in the country, among the blacks, who are very poor. They knew the money chances were better in large towns; but to the question why they chose the country one of them promptly answered, "In the city we should be waiters, and dependent; in the country we shall be farmers, and independent." And we thought we had never heard the antithesis more neatly or more hopefully put.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

"Among all the men whom I have known, I have known no polygon with so many sides as Freeman Clarke." This was the remark of a careful observer, who had had a very large knowledge of men. It may be added that the sides were well cut, and the angles sharp and distinct. Thus, his colleagues on the Board of Education of Massachusetts knew him as a well-informed educator, with decided convictions, and reasons for those convictions. So, too, his colleagues on the Board of Overseers of Harvard College knew him; and so, too, his associates in the practical administration of the great Boston Library, with its cluster of branches. So was it, indeed, with every one with whom he was thrown into practical relations. By that habit of his to which he alluded in the notes of autobiography which he wrote out for the celebration of his seventieth birthday, the moral purpose of the man dominated his effort, and his choice of a field of effort. "He did the duty next his hand," quite indifferent to any reputation which he might win in doing it; and, doing it with the very highest motive, the result was that he did it well. In the midst, therefore, of a crowd of memories in which men express their gratitude for one or another of his many gifts, there is this uniform expression of grief that we have lost a man so useful to the Church, to the city which was his home, to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and to the country.

Without attempting the least sketch of his work in other

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directions, I am glad to say something in this journal of the direction which his life has given to the organization of the Unitarian Church, and of the gratitude with which that Church rightly regards him. These fifty years of his active life are the very half-century which followed on the critical and exegetical period of the history of the Unitarian movement, in which the American Unitarian Association was founded, and in which it was ordered that our Christian work should be done as by a separate communion. The young Unitarians who entered college when James Freeman Clarke entered had been trained in a school of controversy against Calvinism. They were used to preaching which turned on accurate and sound criticism of the New Testament; and their religious teachers had a certain scorn of the effusive, introspective, and self-abasing processes of what began to call itself "evangelical religion." The whole body of them detested cant, and were very shy of eager or even devout expressions with which it was possible that cant might be connected. It is not too much to add that, whatever their confidence in the present inspiration of the Holy Spirit, they were shy of expressing that confidence, from their fear of misleading the people into absurdities and exaggerations of which the so-called religious world around them was daily exhibiting the folly. They had led men out from a manufactured and superficial ecclesiasticism which had had a certain pretence of devotion; and they were very unwilling, by any accident, to lead them back into any similar entanglement.

Mr. Clarke and his contemporaries entered the Unitarian ministry with the distinct feeling that much was to be done by their generation in changing the theology of the whole country. In his case, and in the case of many of his contemporaries, before their studies at the Divinity School were over, they found that their own theology was enlarged. Men who had begun their studies with the idea that they were to sway the world by their accurate criticism of the New Testament came into the pulpit sure that they were to move it by translating to it the present voice of God's

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spirit as it spoke to them. Not to speak of others, Mr. Clarke saw at once that in such address of the preacher to-day, every tender hymn of the church, every eager expression of its mystics,—nay, every real formality of its ritual,—might be as valuable as ever. So soon as he was well in the ministry, anybody who knew his work knew that, with him, the "meeting-house" was not a place for criticism merely, or mainly for discussion or appeal, but that it was the house and the place of prayer. His new-founded "Church of the Disciples" might well have been called an evangelical church. I think I have some recollection that it was so called, though not by itself. People there were not afraid to speak of a prayer-meeting. They comprehended the value of religious service. They did not think they went to church to hear a sermon. It was "the church" which settled the minister, not the congregation; it was "the church" which sung a hymn; it was "the church" which organized a charity; it was "the church" which welcomed strangers. In all this, the religious genius of the founder of the church showed itself. His perfect consciousness of his communion with God infused a devout spirit into the life of the whole organization.

The life and work of such a man were of course reflected and repeated outside his own pulpit, or the congregation which sought him on Sunday. It is hard to say how early his published sermons and his little books found their way into all the religious circles in this country. It is quite certain that their circulation has been very much larger in the so-called Orthodox ranks than it ever was in the Unitarian ranks, for the simple reason that organized Orthodoxy outnumbers organized Unitarianism twenty-fold. This intimacy with God, to which he summons men, is a matter quite beneath the lath and plaster partitions of human ecclesiasticism; and people who "had never heard of the Unitarian plan," and do not know to-day of its existence, have been blessed by his suggestion of their nearness to God, of the simplicity of prayer, and of its eternal foundation in the very nature of God and man.

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In our own communion, it would be difficult to say how far his present influence has been at work, as a part of, and in the midst of, the great providential tide which makes ours the "Church of the Holy Spirit." For I suppose it would be safe to say that no preacher of our body ever came in his journeyings within fifty miles of Boston, that he did not, like steel drawn to the magnet, go to report himself to James Freeman Clarke, to receive at least his blessing, and, if might be, his instruction and counsel. It would be safe to say that if, by any device, Mr. Clarke's assistance could have been obtained for any man's ordination in our pulpit in the last forty years, preacher and congregation would have thought his presence a blessing. It is certain that nothing which our publishing societies have published has been more welcome in the cause of pure and simple religion than his tracts or his controversial writings or his different books of devotion.

For some years, when the Unitarians of the country chose to administer their missions on a very modest and economical scale, he was an active secretary of the Missionary Board. It is a pleasant thing now to go back and look over the correspondence of those years. Absolutely unselfish,— one would say untiring,— ready to put his hand to any work, the eagerness with which he struck his blow, or said his word, or laid the foundation stone, or put on the pinnacle of a spire, gives to his correspondence of those years an interest fairly dramatic. It is like reading a history of the time to read a file of his old letters. There is never a word wasted, they blaze with humor, they are always wise, they are even judicial in their careful balance of both sides, and always they recognize the truth that something is to be done, and is to be done at once, and show that he is more than willing to take his part in the doing.

In those charming biographical notes which he furnished for his own seventieth birthday, he says that he had thought, in early life, of studying law. The thought was wiser than the thoughts of men often are when they choose their professions, for he certainly had an eminently judi-

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cial mind. As I said just now, he looked on both sides of every question carefully. He did so with a passionless freedom from prejudice; and he was apt to begin his presentation of any subject by a careful statement of what might be said on either side, before he proceeded to balance arguments against each other. Looking back on his life, it is easy enough to see that he saved himself a great deal of trouble and anxiety by looking at both sides of the shield before he pronounced with regard to it. But it is not every one who has such self-control. The deep regard in which he is held by people who think they are widely separated in theological convictions is to be accounted for by the certainty which all men had of this passionless impartiality.

In the biographical notes which were read at his funeral, he also speaks of his readiness to "do the next thing,"— to do the duty next his hand. The moral purpose dominated the act. He was absolutely indifferent to his own reputation. He probably never wasted a minute in fifty years in considering whether a sentence or paragraph sounded well, or had literary finish, or, in any sort, whether it would reflect credit upon him. The business of word, sentence, paragraph, sermon, essay, or book, was to do a certain work which he had in his mind as something necessary to be done. He did not see that anybody else was likely to do it, and therefore he did it. "He did one thing with just as much alacrity as the other: the moral purpose entirely controlled such mental aptness or physical habits as he could bring to bear, with a curious indifference as to the nature or field of the particular duty to which he was assigned" by the Ruler of this world. Not but that he had a fine literary taste and critical ability. When he amused himself or pleased his friends by writing verses, when he translated a passage from some German poet, he could file as well as the best machinist with words. But, in his every-day work, he addressed himself simply and squarely to the thing that was to be done; and here is the reason why his every-day work is done so well. In a little note of

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his own, of the year ——, he expresses, by accident, the principle of his life: "I wish to be counted in in every good work. . . . Tell me my share, and I will send it."

He used to tell an amusing story of the way in which he learned Latin, by accident almost, by reading in his grandfather's library some of the classical books, which he thought he was not meant to see. I think it turned out that old Dr. Freeman had left them in his way on purpose. However this may have been, the accident of a growing boy reading Latin "for the fun of it," even though it had the additional stimulus that he thought he was not meant to read it, is an interesting illustration of what there was in him. For he was a native student. He was a very accurate student. He knew how to work very well, and he wasted no time on anything he had in hand. It is an advantage to the world that he had the courage to establish his home three or four miles away from the riffraff of mappedlers, and other people who have axes to grind, who draw so much blood from most of the working ministers of a large city. Thus, to his own courage, and, let it be added, to the loyalty and skill of the members of his household, the world owes a great amount of scholarly work, such as the world has ceased to expect from ministers in the thick of professional duty in cities. If grumbling were ever in order, it would be worth while to ask, in passing, whether it is the best use to make of a man who has shown his powers for scholarship to put him in a place where the door-bell may ring two hundred and fifty times a day, and he be asked by two hundred and fifty tramps how they are to earn their living. Mr. Clarke, with all his readiness to lend a hand, has succeeded in saving time for thorough books, which he has added to the literature of religion and theology. He made the time to carry on a careful course of instruction in the Harvard Divinity School for the years between 1867 and 1872. His course there was a course on Christian Doctrine. And he is probably as widely known among readers for his two volumes on the *Ten Great Religions* as he is by any of his printed works. One would like

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to go into some analysis of the literary and scholarly character of these books, but for that this is not the time.

If he had not shown it anywhere else, he was in the service of the Unitarian Association long enough to assure them that he had some of the most desirable requisites of an executive officer. It is of course to say of him that he was not afraid to tell his mind to anybody. He was a good judge of men: he knew where the round peg belonged, and he knew where the square peg belonged; and these were faculties very needful to a man in that position. From a hundred such letters as I have spoken of, as wise as they are entertaining, all of them, I venture to copy a part of one: —

"William H. Channing once said, 'What shall be done with an artist who is not an artist?' So I say, 'What shall be done with a minister who is not a minister?' Essays on the true, the beautiful, and the good are in no demand out of the vicinity of Boston.

"But certainly there is a place for every one. This is my unwavering conviction. But two things are necessary: first, to find the right place; second, to be willing to go to it and work in it.

"—— has ample culture and discipline, and ten times the knowledge of the young men just out of the Divinity School; but, if he does not 'get preaching,' it is evident that he cannot preach. As to the West, men who cannot succeed here are sure not to succeed there."

I have never forgotten the zeal with which we congratulated him when he had brought to one of the anniversaries, of which he had had the supervision, a spirited preacher from another communion whom he had lured into our decorous pulpit by his ready sympathy. Some one told Clarke then that, if he could find ten other preachers who spoke as bad grammar as that man did, he would have given to the Unitarian Church the one thing it lacked. In all his administration of that office, he was wise, hopeful, energetic, and successful. I am disposed to think that his colleagues on other boards will say the same thing. He

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was always on the alert and on the advance; he always showed his confidence in men and in our institutions; he was always sure to be recommending large things, and yet knew the importance of careful attention to details.

In fewer words, this is a great man. He has been willing to bring to the "duty next his hand" distinguished power. The unselfishness of his life, of course, helps, not to say compels, success. He chooses to give to the duty in hand the faculty and energy which a selfish man would give to personal advancement, or to something else suggested by ambition, or the wish to advance himself. The duty in hand is therefore driven forward, by a hand so steady and a blow so firm that the bolt has to enter where it is bidden. He succeeds, because the service he renders is whole-hearted.

And, to return to what I said in the beginning of this paper, his success has been side by side with the advance of the Unitarian Church of America in the last half-century. That Church has advanced in fifty years from the honorable duty of maintaining a theology to the duty, even larger, of proclaiming and extending Absolute Religion. Who dares say how much that advance has owed to Dr. Clarke? Whoever writes the history of religion, two centuries hence, will observe that, in real religion, the last half of this century is far in advance of the first half. He will see that in America men feel the Real Presence as they never did before,— that they commune with God more cheerfully, and worship him more simply. He will see that they mean to do what is Right; that, more or less blindly, they feel that the Right is no incidental matter, but the law of the universe; and that they feel this more sensitively than some of the generations just before them. As he studies this for New England, he will find that, in the same years, the Unitarian Church passed from confidence in the letter to confidence in the spirit, and left the attractive battle-ground of controversy for a larger field of religion,— the field of the battle with disease and ignorance and selfishness and

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other weeds sown by the devil. As he traces its success in this endeavor, he will find the work of one author not forgotten,—epigrams, prayers, poems, essays, and books, all worth reading in the new times as in their own time. In that day, as in this day, thoughtful and large men will have reason to be grateful to James Freeman Clarke.

EDWARD E. HALE.

LEA'S HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION.

The engagement of men of business and affairs in literary pursuits would afford material for an interesting chapter in any history or discussion of the literary life aiming at comparative completeness. Grote, whose history of Greece was the avocation of a London banker, would be one notable instance of such engagement. Another, hardly less remarkable, is furnished by the researches and the published works of Mr. Henry C. Lea, whose vocation is, I believe, that of a publisher. The amount and quality of his literary production would have done no discredit to his industry, had it been the only outcome of his time and strength. For his present work * there was much of preparation in its predecessors. The questions to which they were devoted, such as sacerdotal celibacy, the "benefit of clergy," the various forms of ordeal, the use of torture, have a very close relation to the development and methods of the Inquisition.

But Mr. Lea's latest is by far his most important work and not merely his most voluminous, though it is also this. *Sacerdotal Celibacy* was an octavo of nearly six hundred pages. *A History of the Inquisition* is in three volumes, each as large as that. The style, without having any special charm, is clear and strong. The research has evidently been very wide. The notes confirm the testimony of the text to this effect. The arrangement of the matter is prob-

* *A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages.* By Henry Charles Lea, author of *Superstition and Force, An Historical Sketch of Sacerdotal Celibacy, Studies in Church History.* In three volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1888.

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ably as good as any that was possible. In the first volume, we have thirteen chapters on the origin and organization of the Inquisition. In the second, we have eight chapters on the Inquisition in the several lands of Christendom. In the third, we have nine chapters on special fields of inquisitorial activity. But, in all these chapters, we have only *A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages.* Of the Inquisition *par excellence*, at least in general estimation, and certainly in its completest organization, the Spanish Inquisition, the Inquisition of the Jesuits and the Anti-Reformation, we have nothing here. But for a history of this, also, Mr. Lea has collected much material; and let us hope that life and strength will be allotted him for bringing it into literary form.

Of the three volumes, the first is much the most interesting and important, because it gives the general view and deals with causes and results to a degree the others do not reach. In the opening chapter, the character of the Church in the twelfth century is presented in a clear and vivid manner with a few vigorous strokes. The picture is by no means flattering, the prominent features being simony and favoritism, the military character and worldly disposition of the great prelates of the Church, the abuse of papal and episcopal jurisdiction and of the patronage involved, the neglect of preaching, the corruption of the monastic orders, the building of cathedrals from the price of sin, the sale of sacraments, sexual disorders in the priesthood, so common and so gross that guilty men were forbidden to name their partners to the confessor lest he should hasten to misuse his knowledge. The forms of heresy in the twelfth century were related very closely to the corruptions of the Church, springing from them by force of opposition, with more or less of violence and exaggeration devoted to ideals contrasting vividly with the general practice of the time. A general chapter upon heresy is followed by one on the Cathari, the principal offenders, against whom the Albigensian crusades were stirred up, and, these proving ineffectual, the energies of the Inquisition. Mr. Lea is no apologist for

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the intellectual Manichæistic dualism of the Cathari, nor for the extravagance of their asceticism growing out of this. Catharism was a miserable fanaticism, but the sincerity and the morality of its victims shamed the general insincerity and corruption of the Church. Theirs was a very practical kind of heresy. That it affirmed the nullity of the sacraments in polluted hands was a sufficient reason for the energy of persecution that rose up to put it down. If the sacraments failed, the pillared firmament of the whole ecclesiastical system was rottenness; and the base of social comfort and security was indeed built on stubble. The love of place and power joined with the superstition and fetishism of the popular worship to make any impeachment of the soundness of the sacraments *per se* a monstrous infidelity and crime.

A chapter on the Albigensian crusades is necessary, as showing to what proportions heresy had attained in Languedoc when even these did not avail to root it out; and it is a natural preface to a general chapter on the rise of persecution in the Church. Mr. Lea has been too wide and close a student of the course of history to attempt by any single cause to account for this development. That bloodthirstiness and the lust of power had much to do with it is certain. So, too, had the assumption of infallible belief and of no salvation without that. So, too, had the survival of the notion of tribal solidarity, on which Mr. John Fiske has very much insisted in an essay on "The Causes of Persecution." Mr. Lea is not inclined to insist on this with anything like Mr. Fiske's assurance. He also differs from Mr. Fiske in his view of the relation of persecution to the cruelty of the times in which it was most violent. The cruelty was effect as much at least as cause. The secular arm executed a villany that was taught it by the ecclesiastical courts, and it seldom bettered their instructions. But why were the ecclesiastical courts so cruel? "There is no doubt that men of the kindliest tempers, the profoundest intelligence, the noblest aspirations, professing a religion founded on love and charity, were ruthless when heresy was con-

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cerned, and were ready to trample it out at any cost of suffering." And they were so from fear of the heretic as the emissary of Satan,—fear that he would unsettle everything and establish the kingdom of Satan upon earth. But, whatever the original motives, it is certain that as they advanced they drew along into their current many others of the most monstrous character; that selfish considerations of place and power were prominent; that the plundering of heretics for the enrichment of the State and Church was a powerful motive; that cruelty became through constant exercise a passion seeking new occasions with relentless zeal. With many of the best men of their times, it is not to be doubted that the Holy Office (what irony is there like the unconscious nomenclature of institutions and events?) attracted to itself a larger number of the most cruel and rapacious monsters that ever cursed mankind.

But it was not so much to the Innocents and De Montforts that the Roman hierarchy owed the rehabilitation of its toppling fortunes as to the Mendicant orders,— the Dominicans and Franciscans. Mr. Lea's chapter on these is a monograph of great interest, and, if somewhat fuller than was perhaps necessary for the elucidation of his general subject, not fuller than his readers will agree to praise. He has done well throughout to conceive his subject largely in its relations to the various movements correlative with the rise and progress of the Inquisition. An important matter is the relation of the Mendicant orders to each other and to the secular clergy. It was inevitable that there should be a rebound of orthodoxy as well as of heresy from the scandals and corruptions of the Church. This found its most important representatives in the Mendicant orders. It was by no means in the minds of Dominic and Francis at the start that they should furnish from their following the principa- officers and servants of the Holy Office. But in many rel spects, not in this only, they builded better than they knew, or worse. Francis set out to establish a contemplative order secluded from the world. The preaching function was not at first within the scope of his idea. Dominic's original

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scheme did not include poverty with chastity and obedience as a factor of his rule. It was forced upon him by the rivalry of the Franciscans. Mr. Lea effectually disposes of the notion that Dominic was deterred from this inclusion at first through fear that Innocent would not give his confirmation. He had already given it to Durán de Huesca's scheme, to which poverty was essential. Mr. Lea traces in a clear though rapid manner the steps by which the Mendicants became everywhere the emissaries and police of the papal *curia*, largely superseding the bishops, getting more and more independent of the local clergy, bringing the body of the people into ever closer relations with the Roman see. More briefly, he traces the steps by which they rapidly descended from their primitive simplicity into sordid luxury and bestial vice. It is easy to see how naturally such an order as either Dominicans or Franciscans became an instrument against heresy admirably fitted to the papal hand. No tradition of the Church rests upon a slenderer basis than that Dominic was the founder of the Inquisition,—a glory which Dominicans have arrogated to themselves and a stigma which they have endeavored to escape with equal ardor. But, unquestionably, the first inquisitors were Dominicans; and it would be very hard to overrate the part they played in the management of the Holy Office as time went on. Southern France they divided with the Franciscans; but, in many sections, they enjoyed full sway, undisputed save by the secular clergy, and by them without effect.

Mr. Lea's first volume reaches the acme of its interest in the chapters on the founding, order, and process of the Inquisition. Strangely enough, it was reserved for the Emperor Frederick II., the arch-enemy of the Church, to make practical the canons against heresy which Innocent III. had imposed upon the Lateran Council of 1215. The whole course of inquisitorial procedure was foreshadowed in these canons. It was only when Gregory IX. found that he could not rely upon the bishops for enforcing these canons that he substituted legatine for episcopal inquisition, and chose his first legates from the Dominicans in 1233. The

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bishops resenting such an invasion of their domain, a compromise was effected, varying in its significance with the independence of the episcopate upon the Roman see,— the source of many bitter quarrels. But, if the bishops could appropriate the lion's share of confiscated goods, they were generally willing that the Mendicant legates should carry on the inquisitorial process. It would be hard to find in literature a chapter more difficult to reconcile with the dignity of human nature than that on the "Inquisitorial Process," with the supplementary chapters on "Evidence," "The Defence," "The Sentence," "Confiscation," and "The Stake." The identity of the accuser and the judge was the most glaringly unjust of many features of intolerable wickedness. The universal method was to assume the guilt of the victim, and then entrap or worry him into a confession of guilt. Defence was practically impossible. Condemnation was almost inevitable. Favorable testimony bred "suspicion of heresy" at once. The testimony of heretics was received against heretics, though refused in every civil process. The penitent heretic was liable to imprisonment for life, not as a punishment, of course, but as a means of fitting him for the divine pardon. The terror of the stake must have been immense, or the recantations would have been less numerous, so horrible was the event of life-long incarceration,— that of the present time "paradise for hell" in comparison with it. During the period of the ante-Reformation Inquisition, the stake meant burning alive. Hanging before burning, or burning with a bag of gunpowder tied about the neck, were tender mercies of a later time. The confiscation of the goods of heretics was unquestionably the most pleasing feature of the process to the ecclesiastical and civil powers. Pope, bishops, kings, and princes might quarrel over their respective shares; but a half or quarter loaf was better than no bread. For this method of persuasion, Mr. Lea gives all the credit to the Church. The civil courts had never confiscated the goods of innocent wives and children on account of the heresy of husbands and fathers. Here was the most effectual weapon

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of the Inquisition; for it supplied the means by which the heretics maintained the organization which hunted them to death.

In his second volume, devoted to "The Inquisition in the Several Lands of Europe," Mr. Lea treats first of Languedoc, the field which afforded to the Inquisition the widest scope for its activity and the fullest opportunity for developing its powers. There, too, its success was most complete. Catharism was rooted out. But at what expense! Where the crusaders of Innocent reaped, the inquisitors of Gregory gleaned; and there was not much left standing of any fruitful sort when these were done. They made a wilderness, and called it peace. The country was left ruined and impoverished, with shattered industry and failing commerce. The promise of the Renaissance had passed away from it to other lands. But the immediate success foredoomed the ultimate collapse. The centralization of the royal power was greatly fostered by its acquisition of the confiscated lands of Languedoc. And this meant the arrival of a force upon the scene that would one day reduce the Inquisition to the merest wraith of its original self. The pressure of space on this review forbids that it should follow Mr. Lea into any of the details of his chapters upon the working of the Inquisition in France apart from Languedoc, or in Spain, Italy, Germany, Hungary, and Bohemia. The interest of the narrative generally increases with the biographical element that is interfused; and, consequently, the chapter on Bohemia is the most interesting of all, for its account of Huss and Jerome of Prague is very full. We have nowhere a better instance of the inquisitorial method than in the case of Huss. The relation of Huss to Wiclif is clearly brought out. That Wiclif was permitted to die a natural death is, when we consider the boldness of his heresies, a striking testimony to the weakness of the Inquisition in England, which requires no separate chapter. Everywhere, the Inquisition was weaker as it was further off from home, until it was revived in Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella. For their revival they had almost virgin soil. In Aragon

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the early Inquisition accomplished very little, and in Castile it was not introduced. For this remissness the later Spanish Inquisition made complete amends.

The opening chapters in Mr. Lea's third volume indicate the difficulties that attended the working of the rule of poverty in the Franciscan order, and that astonishing decadence through which the spiritual Franciscans, faithful to the original ideal, became heretical to their laxer brethren and to the papacy until John XXII. issued a bull declaring it a heresy to assert the poverty of Christ. The utilization of heresy by the Church and State, to further the ends of their ambition and their greed, is set forth in a brace of chapters, the suppression of the Templars furnishing the most striking illustration. Under this head, the trial of Joan of Arc furnishes an episode of painful interest. The chapters upon sorcery and witchcraft are convincing evidence that the blood of the martyrs is not only the seed of the Church, but of her enemies. The prosecution of those accused of sorcery and witchcraft had an opposite effect to that intended. It stimulated fresh developments. The outcome of Mr. Lea's study, as a whole, emphasized in his chapter upon "Intellect and Faith," is that neither the moral nor the intellectual heresy, as such, was most obnoxious to the Holy Office. The most obnoxious heresy was that which affected the standing and prestige of the ecclesiastical order. Where this was unaffected, the most heinous immorality was a less offence than the slightest aberration from the faith delivered to the saints.

Mr. Lea's volumes are a record of such inhumanity and cruelty as could with difficulty be paralleled in the history of the civilized world. But more cheerful reading it would be hard to find. It is impossible to read these volumes, and not be thankful that you are living now, or at least that you were not living in the thirteenth or fourteenth century, when, if you had not been a heretic, you might have been much worse,— the destroyer of his happiness, his liberty, his life. To the ecclesiastical sentimentalist who is ever sighing for the sweet simplicity of the mediæval church,

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this work can be commended as a bitter tonic that may brace his spiritual fibre to some manlier strength. It would be hard to find a better commentary on the comparisons between the present and the past with which Ruskin has affronted modern irreligion. "We have seen," says Mr. Lea, "that the ages of faith, to which romantic dreamers regretfully look back, were ages of force and fraud, where evil seemed to reign almost unchecked, justifying the current opinion, so constantly reappearing, that the time of antichrist had already begun. Imperfect as are human institutions to-day, a comparison with the past shows how marvellous has been the improvement; and the fact that this gain has been made almost wholly within the last two centuries, and that it is advancing with accelerated momentum, affords the sociologist cheering encouragement." Mr. Lea finds here a moral for the impatient theorists who imagine that the present time is more miserable than any other, and that the millennium can be established by the *fiat* of an anti-poverty association. But, as we read his pages, we feel the need of some encouragement concerning the past, of which he writes, as well as for the future, towards which we are tending. We would fain believe that the excesses of fanatical heretics and of their fanatical persecutors did not exhaust the life of mediæval Europe; that there were many who were not involved in the meshes of this web of misery and shame. It must have been so, or the social fabric could not have withstood the disintegrating influences of the time. It is a great misfortune that the evil that men do and suffer lives after them in the records of the annalist and on the historian's page, while the good which they enjoy and do has no memorial of corresponding faithfulness, to round into completeness our impression of the distant past.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

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EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

RELIGION IN THE UNIVERSITY.

We have referred more than once in this record to the very interesting experiment that has been going on in Harvard College for the past two years. The experiment involves two things: first, to make the attendance of students upon all religious exercises purely voluntary; and then, while keeping up these exercises in a stated and formal way, to conduct them so as not to conflict with the strictly *undenominational* character which it was decided that the university must take. Both these had their difficulties. For the first, daily prayers have been from the beginning a recognized, steadying, and important part of the daily discipline of life,— how important, we may judge from this, that, when it was proposed some years ago to make the attendance voluntary, Mr. Emerson, it was understood, voted as Overseer against the proposal. For the second, we may likewise infer something of the difficulty, by recalling the very natural and proper anxiety that was felt, a few years ago, when it was announced not only that the college church would be given up, but that the Divinity School would no longer be known as Unitarian. The church had been founded under President Kirkland, in 1814, in the full tide of the earlier serious and cultivated liberalism which was the forerunner of the Unitarian movement. Inevitably, the church came to be closely associated with that movement; and, as its ecclesiastical relations must be with some one religious body apart from others, both it and the college came to share the prejudice that beset the Unitarian name; and there was, besides, the graver injustice of connecting a great institution of learning with any denominational body whatever. It was useless to plead that Unitarianism was not a sect, but a standing free of all sects. Especially after the war, as Harvard University came to regain its hold upon the country at large, and to take with stronger claim than ever before the rank and character of a *national* university, it was felt that the theological prejudice, however unjust, should no longer be allowed to stand in its way. Those reasons were urged with characteristic force by President Eliot, in the spring of 1882, and, with scarcely a remonstrance or a dissenting voice, the college church ceased to exist.

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But it was the full intention, which has been steadily carried out since, not to secularize the university by this change, but to give a wider honor and a more genuine life to the religion which it should represent. How this has been attempted, and with what success, we hoped to exhibit more fully through the exposition of the Plummer Professor, to whose hands the general direction of the experiment has been confided; but, instead of this, he has put into our hands the following, which will be found none the less interesting for the fact that it was originally written at the desire of the students themselves, and printed in their own *Monthly*:—

What is the proper attitude of a university toward the interests of religion? This is a question which, as the history of the universities shows, has been felt to be of peculiar difficulty. It seems strange that it should be a difficult question. One might suppose that so fundamental and comprehensive a thing as religion would unite the universities instead of dividing them. One might imagine that out of the common purpose and principle of university life there might be soon developed a plain and single view of its religious relations. The facts, however, tell a wholly different story. That which should be the great uniting power has proved the great divisive power. The colleges of this country, and the universities of Europe no less, are distinguished from each other quite as much by their different attitudes toward religion as by their different academic methods. Thus, curiously enough, we define any special college among us not so much by its intellectual opportunities as by its peculiar religious connections. We speak of it, not so much as a place where Greek is well taught or where laboratories are well supplied, but rather as a place where Presbyterian influence, for example, is dominant or where infidelity prevails. Is there, then, no natural relation to religion which grows out of the principle of university life? Is religion to present itself forever, in the course of university development, as a perplexing problem instead of as a natural ally? Are the universities to go on asking themselves, "What are we to do with religion?" instead of asking the much more fruitful question, "What can religion legitimately do for us?"

Two methods have hitherto presented themselves as open to the universities in dealing with religion. The one is the method of compulsion: the other is the method of abolition. Compulsion has been the rule of most American colleges. It has great advantages. It insures some degree of attention from every student for all-important themes. It makes it certain that, if a student repels religious influence, it shall not be because he has not heard of the power and persuasiveness of religion. It presents the beautiful spectacle of an entire body of youth beginning their day with a united expression of their religious depend-

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ence. But these advantages, imposing to the spectator and to the imagination as they may be, are not always real advantages. It is said that an American professor, travelling in the interior of China, met a man who was distributing Bibles broadcast among the people. "There is no use in your doing that," said the professor; "for they won't read them." "I understand that," answered the colporteur; "but I am determined that, if these persons are condemned at the day of judgment, they shall not be able to blame me." It is with the same formal satisfaction of conscience that a university may maintain religion by compulsion. It may believe itself doing its duty, when it is only maintaining an unreal and an undesired form. Still further, the method of compulsion comes at once into conflict with the first principle of university life. The transition from a school to a university is, or ought to be, the transition from obligation to opportunity, from study as a task to study as a privilege. A university comprehends persons of the most various tastes, tendencies, and convictions, gathering them together in the single bond of intellectual ambition. When, therefore, it prescribes a single system of religious instruction and a single channel for religious expression, there at once ensue the friction of interests and the unreality of worship which some American colleges unhappily exhibit. Compulsion in form and liberty in fact, nominal uniformity and practical variety,— these are the difficult combinations which seem next demanded. The history of the English universities illustrates this phase. Starting with a strictness of regulation which forbade all dissent, the later legislation on university religion has been a repeated tinkering of the principle of uniformity, until the tests and subscriptions of the past are left with just that appearance of unreality which is most injurious to all religion. The same story might be told of compulsory methods in this country. Religion, instead of being honored by such forms, has sometimes run the risk of being permanently dishonored. Compulsion toward religion in the life of youth has bred repulsion from religion in the life of many a man. He has come to regard religion as an obligation rather than an opportunity, as a system of police which he may try to evade rather than as a spirit of life which he should be encouraged to seek. Finally comes the easy descent from such reluctant obedience to unworthy subterfuges. Fictitious excuses, indecorous services, and ill-clad congregations, a roll-call instead of a prayer,— these are the depths of degradation toward which the system of compulsion sometimes brings the sanctities of the religious life.

A natural escape from these calamities appears to be found by the method of abolition. Religion in a university, being thus beset by difficulties, may be replaced by a university which shall be neutral toward religion. Let the churches, it is said, take care of their own interests. Let the universities limit themselves to their own natural sphere,— the interests of the intellectual life. This secularizing of university life, which we may call the principle of the German universities,

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has found great favor in the later American colleges. They have seemed to themselves to escape a great difficulty by having no chapel, no pastor, and no worship. Not knowing how to handle these problems, they have simply dropped them; and then they have believed themselves to be strictly neutral toward these embarrassing interests of the religious life. Of this neutrality through abolition there are two things to say. First, it might well be urged that a university ought not to be neutral toward any great human interest. If a circle of studies is to deal with the whole of life, it is certainly most incomplete when it refuses to deal with the great arc which religion represents. Here is a world of great men, of great ideas, of great literature. What right has a university to its name, if it cannot guide young minds into this high region of reflection? It is like admitting to its curriculum all experiments in small details of physics, but refusing to guide students into any contemplation of general laws. The university lays its basis of instruction broad and deep, but leaves the whole structure truncated at the top. It has not advanced through a difficulty. It has simply retreated before a difficulty. Secondly, however, there is a much more important thing to say of the principle of abolition. It is not only untrue to the principles of a university, but it is also impossible. Religion is not a thing which can be barred out of the world of study. If its problems are not admitted at the doors, they will return through the windows. If they are not dealt with under the title of religion, they will none the less reappear in courses of philosophy, of art, of science. In the preface of Dr. Martineau's last and greatest work, he quotes an eminent English positivist, in a most entertaining episode, as saying, "You cannot make the slightest concession to metaphysics without ending in a theology." One might say much more than this in speaking of a university curriculum. There is hardly a single department of study to which one can make the least concession without being brought into immediate relation with the interests of the spiritual life, and out of which does not necessarily come either confirmation of conviction or increase of uncertainty. It is in vain that a university or an individual attempts to be neutral in such a matter. Religion is too large and too penetrating a thing to be shut out. Agnosticism toward it is not a neutral position either in a university or in an individual. It is a position of positive and direct influence. "He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad."

If, then, neither compulsion nor abolition is a satisfactory solution of the religious problem in colleges, what is there left? There is left the only method of dealing with religion which would seem to be worthy of religion or worthy of a university,— the method of privilege. Those who believe in religion should desire nothing for it beyond a fair chance. They should think it degraded when it is thrust upon unwilling and unreceptive minds; and they should regard it as honored only when, among the many persuasive interests of the academic life, it is given its

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opportunity to persuade. Those, again, who believe in the university principle should expect to see such a method succeed. They have seen, in the history of universities, studies losing their *prestige* as they were made compulsory and regaining their dignity as they were made elective; they have seen a gain in standard as the work of the class-room and the work of the gymnasium have been changed from the method of compulsion to the method of privilege; and they should look for the same revival of respect toward the affairs of religion which they have seen in the affairs of the body and the mind. Thus the voluntary system in religion is a twofold act of faith. It is a faith in the power of religion, and it is a faith in the impulses of young men. The other systems of religion in colleges seem to proceed not from faith, but from doubt. The system of abolition doubts the power of religion, and assumes that a university can get on without it. The system of compulsion doubts the impulses of young men, and assumes that they cannot be trusted in their deeper leadings. The system of privilege assumes two things: that religion, rationally presented, can hold its place among the competing interests of the time, and that the hearts of young men are naturally receptive and responsive to its call. This act of faith does not suppose that religious interest will take care of itself any more than a chemist supposes that his department will thrive without wise plans and fresh methods; but it believes — just as the chemist believes — that, if the best methods are used and the zeal of the enterprise constantly refreshed, there is power enough in the subject to give it a respectful hearing and a large loyalty in a college world. Nor does such an act of faith expect too much. It does not suppose that all students in a university will have an awakened religious interest any more than scientific teachers expect from all students a scientific interest. It is content with the position of one dignified department among the many departments of university life, and it is sure that more will be accomplished by the natural turning of responsive minds to the leadings of such a department than by the compulsion of the unwilling and the exhortation of those who have not ears to hear.

We of this university, who have for two years accepted this principle of faith, have great reason for gratitude. We may confess that there are not a few members of the university who have not been led into our chapel, but we know that more *worshipers* have gathered there under our new conditions than when all our students were present. We may regret that among such a concourse of young men there should be some whose religious life has been unawakened; but we rejoice much more deeply in this fact: that, if a sense of the seriousness of life begins to touch any man among us, he need feel no solitude in his experience, but is naturally led into healthy and unaffected sympathies. We may deplore the froth of vice and folly which floats conspicuously on the surface of our college life, just as it is to be seen on the surface of every other college community; but we observe each year, with greater distinct-

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ness, a deeper current of sober responsibility sweeping through the main channel of our life. We have thrown ourselves into a great experiment, whose basis is a faith in the power of God, and whose hope is in the character of American young men; and there is no man among us — we may safely say — of any shade of religious belief or unbelief who would desire to change the main lines of our advance. We put away from ourselves, therefore, all ambitious attempts at numerical success and all sensational efforts at artificial persuasion, and content ourselves with the judgment of the Scotch apostle, Prof. Drummond, who, after his visit to all our chief seats of learning, frankly declared that our daily service of worship seemed to him "the most *religious* service, public or private," he had ever seen. F. G. P.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

It is in our heart to add one word of testimony to the many that have been spoken in memory of this beloved name. In a wider way it has long stood, wherever the liberal faith is known, as representing whatever is purest, wisest, and noblest in the spirit born of that faith. But there is a special impression which has been revived and much deepened of late years, when all excepting himself were gone of a remarkable group of men among whom he belonged. These men in various ways, but with singular intensity and fervor of spirit, gave us the finest living examples of that religious and ethical *idealism* which was the peculiar inspiration of their epoch. To some of us, who were a few years younger than they, this group of men made a "bridge of light," which brought over the finest faith of an elder generation into the new intellectual conditions by which we found ourselves surrounded; and the generous interpretation they gave to that faith saved many a mind from the sterile doubt which a period of rationalizing criticism might else have carried with it. It was something, in that day, to be a herald and interpreter of the new light that (to the deep misgiving of some of our best teachers) was breaking over upon us out of Germany — to be a loving expositor of Schleiermacher and Goethe — and at the same time to keep all the pure single-heartedness of "the faith which was once delivered to the saints," through such apostles as Freeman and Channing. This Dr. Clarke more than any single man has done for us, but in doing it he was one of a goodly company; and it seems as if no one who had not felt in its prime the glow of that quickening movement of the Spirit could quite know how much that group of men have been to those who came a little

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after them. One who had so felt it was moved to express to him the sense of this peculiar debt, when the death of William Henry Channing had just left him the sole survivor of that group; and he values few things among his epistolary treasures more than the following reply: —

I received your very kind letter, and it gave me very great pleasure. Your description of the interest in the group of which Theodore Parker, William Henry Channing, James H. Perkins, George Ripley, and others, were members, and with which I also had the pleasure of being associated, was peculiarly pleasing and touched me nearly. How strange are the influences which act on us! There was our poor little *Western Messenger*, which found you out in ——, and found our dear brother Conant in Chicago, and in which we put the best life we had. How well James H. Perkins wrote! When it was printed in Louisville, I had to be publisher, editor, contributor, proof-reader, and boy to pack up the copies and carry them to the post-office. But I enjoyed it. And you read "Theodore" too, and went to Amory Hall! I have scarcely ever heard of any one's reading "Theodore," but, if you liked it, perhaps others also liked it. Every man who writes a book or preaches a sermon casts his bread on the waters, happy if he finds it again after many days. It was very kind of you to write to me as you have done, and your kindly appreciation of some of my past efforts warms my heart. We do not care for praise as we grow old, but we always are made happy by sympathy.

"Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever."

It should also be said to his honor that, while his method of controversial discussion was extraordinarily conciliatory and dispassionate,— and while of his many and choice gifts the greatest was charity, which we may here interpret as that fine and rare quality which drew men to him in confiding sympathy,— he could be valiant for the right with a courage as invincible and obstinate as any champion of the sword. We remember a strange scene in Faneuil Hall in 1846, when, without hesitation as without effect, he pressed his word of "sweet reasonableness" upon a stormy crowd; and in these later years one can point to at least three distinct issues, of political note, in which that serene conviction of duty, backed by no little hardihood of temper, left a definite mark upon the event. But in general he has left the impression of one averse to contention and the strife of tongues. No one that we can anywhere recall has led the intellectual life in an atmosphere quite so radiant with the gladness and affection of a great host of friends; no apostle of the Word, whom we can

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readily name, has sent forth that word so penetrating and so broadly into the hearts of those waiting to be delivered from bondage to error and fear, who received it in the spirit of glad confidence which was so eminently the spirit of his gospel. So that, in virtue of this rare quality, along with great wealth of mental resource and the gift of clear, facile, and luminous expression, he was probably more than any other one man the popular representative of liberal Christianity, in the form which makes it a possible religion of the future.

CRITICAL THEOLOGY.

A REVISED TEXT OF THE HEBREW BIBLE.

The newspapers state that the sale of the lately revised English Bible has in great measure ceased. There is nothing surprising in this, and I candidly admit that it does not grieve me in the least. The great mass of well-informed Bible readers were perfectly well aware that the work of amending and elucidating the Hebrew text of the Old Testament — to which this paper is confined — began long before the King James translation, and has been continued to our day with (as generally understood) abundant success. This labor of the last two and a half centuries has been confined to no nation, no church, no religious sect. But its results have nowhere been embodied in a form accessible to the general public; and therefore, for many years past, the demand for a new English version that should exhibit them has been growing ever more pressing. It became at last too strong to be resisted, and the recent revision was the consequence.

What the public expected and supposed to be promised, when the announcement of the late council of revision was made, is very clearly stated in the following opening sentence of an editorial paragraph in the Boston *Advertiser*, announcing the completion of the work: "The great work of revising the English Bible so as to incorporate in the new version the results of the critical scholarship of the last two hundred years, in respect of the accuracy of the text, is completed."

It was just these "results of the critical scholarship of the last two hundred years" for which the public clamored, and the expectation of which caused the book, when published, to be pur-

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chased by the hundred thousand. The public was deceived. I do not say by the revisers: I do not accuse them of having "kept the word of promise to the ear and broken it to the hope"; but, if they had made generally known early in their work a fact first imparted in their preface, they would have spared the public the most grievous literary disappointment known to me in history. I refer to this sentence in the preface where the ancient translations and versions of the Hebrew scriptures are the topic: "As the state of knowledge on the subject is not at present such as to justify any attempt at an entire reconstruction of the text on the authority of the versions, the revisers have thought it most prudent to adopt the Masoretic text as the basis of their work, and to depart from it, as the authorized translators had done, only in exceptional cases."

Considering the standing, character, and position of the revisers, their so decided indorsement of the Masoretic text impresses the common reader as the statement of experts that that text is so substantially the ancient Hebrew Bible as to differ only in unimportant points from the copies in use in the time of Ezra and Nehemiah; and a comparison of the revised with the old version does but strengthen this impression.

Another class, those who have studied the subject, feel very differently. They strongly suspect that the revisers, being asked for bread, have given a stone; that there are more reasons than appear in the preface for ignoring the "critical scholarship of the last two hundred years"; and that the "action taken by the convocation of the Province of Canterbury in February, 1870" as described in the preface to the revised New Testament, was intentionally such as to avoid doing precisely that which the public so loudly demanded.

Such suspicions — whether just or not is not in question — are strengthened by finding certain passages of the old version retained unchanged in the revision. Let us glance at one of them, Isaiah ix. 6, "For unto us a child is born," etc. That this belongs to the series of messianic prophecies no one denies. But not primarily, only typically, is it messianic; for no idea of a descendant of David, after a long interregnum and the ruin of the Hebrew commonwealth, arising to renew the monarchy, collect the scattered remnants of the nation, and both restore and increase the ancient glory of the Jews, could arise, so long as the kings of that line were peaceably succeeding to the throne. Primarily

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Isaiah here, as Zechariah in ix. 9, 10, refers to the promising young prince Hezekiah, on whom rested the hopes of the *Yahveh* worshippers, then crushed and persecuted by the idolater Ahaz. To say Hezekiah's name should be called "the mighty God and everlasting Father" would have been both blasphemous and absurd in the mouths of the prophets. Moreover, great Hebraists say that this rendering cannot be correct on philological grounds. Even Luther does not venture the expression "the mighty God." Prof. Graetz gives it thus: "wonderful cherisher of the counsel [the law] of the mighty God, Father of booty, Prince of Peace." Prof. Briggs of Union Theological Seminary, whose orthodoxy none will dispute, reads it: "Wonderful Counsellor, Divine Hero, Distributor of Spoils, Prince of Peace." That the revisers have retained the old reading for any other than dogmatical reasons remains to be shown.

But what claim has the Masoretic text to such authority as to justify its being made the exclusive basis of the revision, only departed from in exceptional cases? The earliest Hebrew records were written in a Phœnician alphabet, in long lines of consonants unbroken by punctuation or even by division into words. The learning to read them — that is, to distinguish the words and introduce the proper vowels — required long-continued study and instruction, and was doubtless one of the principal objects of the priestly and prophetic schools, those of Samuel, Elijah, Elisha, Isaiah, and others. There is no evidence that the oldest records — namely, those of the Pentateuch — were ever written in any other character, though their existence is proved by passages in Hosea, Micah, and Isaiah, until the Babylonian captivity, when the great rolls of the Pentateuch and the history, comprising Joshua, Judges, Samuel, and Kings, were compiled, edited, and written out in the earlier form of the present Hebrew alphabet. Thus, through all the centuries from Moses to the captivity, when the language was slowly changing, the correct reading depended entirely upon the accuracy of tradition. Were no mistakes made? Were no errors made in the later transcription?

A list of the authorities cited in the great rolls by the Babylonian editors is surprising for its extent. Besides the more ancient writings, there were the year-books of the kings of Judah, collections of historical poems, and the writings of the Judean prophets, carried with them by the captives. There were also the year-books of the kings of the northern kingdom and a large

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prophetic literature of the ten tribes. That this was found in Babylon has been explained thus: The captive king and court, taken by Shalmaneser (2 Kings xvii.) to Nineveh, took their public records, and the Yahveh worshippers their sacred books and prophetic writings, with them. Upon the downfall of the Assyrian kingdom, the remnant of the ten tribes was deported to Babylon, taking again their records and literature. The hypothesis has very recently been presented that many of the discrepancies in the Pentateuch had their origin in differences in the historic manuscripts of the two kingdoms, Israel and Judah.

How large a proportion of the Pentateuch was actually copied from records contemporary with the events related is a subject of controversy between even the most conservative and orthodox scholars. At all events, those books contain all that is known to be extant upon the early history of the Jews. Although the rolls were now written in the new alphabet, they were still in long lines of consonants; for "the Semitic writing still retained its original syllabic character in this respect,—that it was vowelless," * and the art of reading them was still dependent upon tradition. Probably "the books of the law," destroyed by Antiochus Epiphanes four centuries after the return from Babylon, were standard copies to which transcripts conformed. From that time, however, the variations in the manuscripts continually increased. Some idea of the extent of these discrepancies within the next three or four centuries is given by the differences in the ancient translations and paraphrases and by citations in early Christian and contemporary Jewish writings. Here is an instance in point. Stephen (Acts vii. 6) agrees with the Targum Onkelos in making the Hebrew bondage in Egypt four hundred years. Paul (Gal. iii. 16, 17) and the Palestine and Jerusalem Targums give the interval between the covenant with Abraham and the delivery of the law at Sinai as being but four hundred and thirty years. Subtract from these four hundred and thirty years (1) at least fourteen years from the covenant to the birth of Isaac, (2) the forty years from that date to the birth of Jacob, (3) the age of Jacob, one hundred and thirty years, when he came into Egypt, (4) the years, whatever they were, from that event to the death of Joseph, and the four hundred and thirty years are very largely diminished. The difference between Stephen and Paul and between the Targums shows the variation in the manuscripts on which they relied.

* Curtiss's version of Bickell's Hebrew Grammar, p. 12.

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So far as is known, no attempt to revise the Hebrew scriptures and correct the text was made during the long lapse of the centuries after the death of Antiochus Epiphanes. Meantime, the Jews had been dispersed into all lands. Besides the colonies in the cities of Western Asia, large communities were established in Europe, from Constantinople to Portugal. All had their copies of the sacred books, no two of which agreed. A curious chain of circumstances now — *i.e.*, towards the end of the eighth century of our era — led to the work. Before the end of the Babylonian captivity, two strong parties had grown up, dividing the exiles: the monarchical, which saw in the return of Zerubbabel to Jerusalem (Ezra ii.) the first step to the renewal of the kingdom of David; and the prophetic, whose object was to restore the original theocratic republic of Moses. This party saw in the general apostasy of the kings and princes, against which the few good kings could effect nothing, the direct cause of the ruin of both the kingdoms, Israel and Judah. On this point, 2 Kings xvii. is instructive,— a chapter written at the time in Babylon. This party prevailed. Zerubbabel was forced to return into exile; while Ezra and Nehemiah established their republic, with the high priest at its head. Through all the vicissitudes of the Jewish nation and people for the next thirteen centuries, Zerubbabel and his descendants had retained a sort of semi-sovereignty over the Jews of Babylon and its immediate dependencies, with the title of *Resch-galuta*, a "Prince of the Exile." That they were bitter enemies of Talmudic Judaism, the outgrowth of the labors of Ezra and Nehemiah, is a matter of course as well as of record.

About A.D. 760, Resch-galuta Solomon died, leaving no son; and his nephew, Anan ben David, claimed the succession. He was set aside: whereupon he departed from Babylon with a company of adherents, and settled in Palestine. He was the founder of the Jewish sect of the Karaites, Scripturalists, so called because they utterly discarded the Talmud, and received no law but that of the Pentateuch. In their controversies with the Talmudists, the Karaites found themselves at a disadvantage; for the variations in the manuscripts had become so numerous and important as to raise the question continually, What does the Pentateuch teach? Thus the new sect was led to its efforts to revise and amend the text. The science of criticism was then unknown, and it is generally understood that their labors were confined to the

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collation of manuscripts and the selection of what seemed to them the best reading. This labor was continued from generation to generation for about a century and a half, but they did not publish the result of their studies. This was done by a certain Ahron ben Mose ben Ascher, born at Tiberias, on Lake Genesareth, about A.D. 900. He is known in Jewish history as a voluminous writer on Hebrew accents and orthography; but his great work was the transcription of the sacred books according to Karaite rules, embracing the results of their researches and fixing the readings by introducing the newly invented accents already used in the Talmud.

What, now, are the probabilities,—that the Karaites in their work made no mistakes? What, that their transcriber wrote out the entire Old Testament without error? And yet the transcript of Ahron ben Mose is the so-called Masoretic text. It was generally accepted, even by the Talmudists; but, before the invention of printing, some five hundred years after, even this text had become so corrupted as to require a wide critical study and comparison of manuscripts for the various printed editions before the authorized English version of King James was undertaken.

Two centuries and three-quarters nearly had elapsed before the late revision was made, during all which time the critical study of the Hebrew text has been prosecuted with ever-increasing apparatus, zeal, and success. Thousands of emendations have been made, which bear every test of correctness. It is just these emendations which the public demanded in a revision, and which the revisers only "in exceptional cases" have acknowledged. Or were they ignorant of them? If so, were they competent to the task? Thus many, very many changes in the text depend upon philological reasons; but a vast number are settled by logical, historical, and geographical considerations. The reader will perceive, on a moment's reflection, that the addition, omission, or change of a single letter in a long line of consonants may produce an effect upon the meaning of a passage that can have no parallel in a modern written language.

For example: possibly some readers of this are old enough to remember the controversy, when the Bible was still supposed to teach science, whether the word "created" (Gen. i. 1) means more than the manipulation of pre-existent matter, coeval with the Deity from eternity, on the ground that the creation of matter is nowhere affirmed or clearly implied in the narrative, the beauty

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and sublimity of which are patent to every reader. But is it logical? Does it proceed lucidly step by step, with no confusion of thought, no redundancy, no repetition of idea? To meet all objections of this kind, it has been proposed to amend the Hebrew text by discarding a single letter. The Biblical conception of the universe must be borne in mind; namely, that the earth is a vast, variegated plain, floating in a level, boundless ocean, and that the heavens above it are a series of vast, concave, crystalline hemispheres. In Hebrew, *sh* is one letter. *Shmim* (read *shamaim*) is "heavens." Dropping the *sh*, *mim* (*maim*) is "waters." The reading then is this: "In the beginning, God created the waters and the earth; and the earth was formless and chaotic (being mingled with and covered by the waters), and darkness was upon the face of the deep." There is now no inducement for or propriety in translating *ruach* in verse 2 by a secondary meaning, "spirit": it naturally takes its primary signification of "breath," or "wind." "And God's wind moved upon the face of the waters." And God said, "Be light!" and light was, light practically standing here for fire. Thus, by dropping the *sh* in *shamaim*, we have the explicit statement that God created the four elements of ancient natural philosophy,—water, earth, air, fire; and then follows an account of the use made of them.

Judges iii. 8 records an invasion and subjugation of the southeastern part of Judah's territory by Cushan-rishathaim, King of Mesopotamia. A glance at the map of Palestine in the days of Joshua and Judges shows the story to be little better than a geographical absurdity. Aleph, the Hebrew A, is both our A and E, as Adm, Adam, and Adm, Edom (red). (The proper name Edom is, in the modern Hebrew, written with the o.) Arm is Aram, and Aram-naharaim is Mesopotamia. The D and R are so like in form, especially in ancient Hebrew, as to be very often mistaken, when not carefully written. Arm is plainly a mistake for Adm-Edom, and the "Naharaim" an interpolation by a later transcriber. Cushan-rishathaim thus becomes a king of Edom, and all difficulty vanishes. Cushan, as an Edomite name, has a certain significance, which will soon appear.

Again, Graetz, in his *History of the Jews* (vol. i., published in 1872), accepts the traditional Sinai; but, after the publication of the explorations of Palmer and Drake, he saw his error, and printed an essay (1878), in which he proves beyond cavil that

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the El Araif of their chart, one hundred and fifty miles distant, directly north of the traditional, is the true Horeb, the Mount of the Law. Not far north of it are En Mishpat, the Springs of Judgment (Gen. xiv. 7), and Kadesh, where caravan routes from the east, north, and north-west then converged. Kadesh (sacred, holy) is supposed to have been so named from its being a neutral ground, where caravans met in peace, any controversies between them being settled at the shrine of the Springs of Judgment. Just north of Kadesh was a group of heights, the Mounts of the Amalekites, the Amorites, the Kenites, etc., and a Mount Seir, — not to be confounded with the Mount Seir on the northern boundary of Judea, nor with the great Seir range in Edom. These mountains were in a strip of country along the southern border of the tribe of Judah, hence known by that tribe as the Negeb, the South Country. This topography at once suggests the correct reading of certain passages.

In Deut. xxxii. 51 is the name Mribth-Kdsh, which the translators retain Meribah-Kadesh. A few lines below (xxxiii. 2), the Hebrew has Mrbbth-Kdsh, which the revisers translate "ten thousands of holy ones." There is nothing in Ex. xx. to justify this; and, moreover, it hardly preserves the parallelism of the passage,— that characteristic of Hebrew poetry. Amend the text by changing the first b in Mrbbh to i, and the reading is: —

> "Yaveh came from Sinai,
> And rose from Seir unto them;
> He shined forth from (the) Mount (of) Param (Horeb),
> And came from Meribah-Kadesh."

The "Song of Deborah" (Judges v.) must have been written at a time when Edom had possession of the desert east of El Araif. I prefer the reading of five different German versions of verses 4, 5, to that of the revisers, and would give them thus: —

> "Lord, as thou movest forth from Seir,
> As thou marchest hitherward in the plain of Edom,
> Then trembled the earth, . . .
> Mountains melted, . . .
> Even this Sinai," etc.

Habbakuk also refers in his magnificent psalm to the memorable scene at Horeb. He employs the word *Teman* (the South) as a synonyme for *Negeb*: —

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"God came from Teman,
The Holy One from Mount Paran.
. . . . . .
I saw the tents of Cushan in affliction,
The curtains in the land of Midian trembled."

The three poets all in imagination stood with the people (Ex. xix. 17) before the great southern bluff of El Araif, and saw the approach of the Deity from the mountains in the north. If we put ourselves in fancy with them, the scene has new life and vividness. We feel how much better is Deborah's expression, "this Sinai," than the "yon Sinai" of the revisers.

The foregoing leads to another and most desirable correction of the Hebrew text.

The Midian of the Old Testament included the desert El Tihs and therefore extended to El Araif, Horeb. Habbakuk make, Cushan a part of it,— in fact, that part contiguous to the mountain; for its tents suffer more from the quakings of Sinai than those of Midian. The prophet, being a Judean, could hardly be mistaken in the topography of a district not sixty miles south of Jerusalem. Moses, escaping from Egypt, came to Jethro, in a part of Midian near Sinai. After the exodus, Jethro brought his daughter Zipporah and her two sons to her husband, Moses, "into the wilderness, where he was encamped at the mount of God." A year later, "Miriam and Aaron spake against Moses, because of the Ethiopian woman" (old version), "the negress" (Martin Luther's), "the Cushite" (the revisers), "whom he had married." Was Zipporah dead? Had Moses — at the age of eighty-one — taken a second wife? Habbakuk makes it clear that Jethro dwelt in Cushan. He and his family were therefore Cushanites. The ancient transcriber has simply omitted an n in the word Kshith. Insert it, and the Ethiopian woman is recognized instantly as Zipporah, the Cushanite, which relieves Moses from the imputation of becoming enamoured at his age with Luther's "negress."

Of such corrections, one may say: "Their name is legion, for they are many. Why should we not have them in a revised version?"

Notwithstanding the length of this paper, I desire to call attention to a few other facts, namely: —

I. That many passages of greater or less extent make no sense, because out of place.

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For instance, can the reader make any good sense of the first two verses of Deuteronomy as they now stand, especially of the second, which should be corrected in the translation to read, "Eleven days (*i.e.*, stations) from Horeb to Kadesh-barnea on the way to Mount Seir"? Both the sense and the form of the Hebrew pronoun "these" show that the first verse refers to the laws recorded in Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers, and should therefore be printed at the end of Numbers. This change being made, there is no difficulty in giving a, if not *the*, solution of the trouble with the second. The copyist, having finished the Book of Numbers, on looking it through, discovered that he had omitted the name Kadesh in verse 25 or 26 of chapter xxxiii. There being no room for its insertion in the closely written long lines of consonants, he makes this note of it at the end of the manuscript. If the reader will count the stations in that chapter from verse 16, he will find that in verse 25 he should read Makheloth-Kadesh, or insert the station Kadesh-barnea after Makheloth. So, too, Deut. x. 6, 7, are utterly out of place, make no sense there, and break the sense of verses 5 and 8. They belong somewhere in Numbers; for they give the stations, lacking in chapter xxxiii. 41, between Mount Hor and Zalmonah.

II. No translation conveys any notion of the corruptions of the Hebrew text, because they who make it twist and torture obscure passages, until some conjectural version brings them into accord with the context. Great Hebraists assure us that in scores of instances the original, as it now stands, is utter nonsense.

III. What right have translators to change the order of the books? The ancient division has certainly a claim to be retained unchanged: I., The *Torah*, the law,— that is, the Pentateuch; II., The prophets,— namely, Joshua, Judges, Samuel, Kings, and Isaiah to Malachi; III., All the other books, excluding Ruth and Esther, which the great Jewish authorities do not consider as authentic history, and the Chronicles, which were compiled a century after Ezra and Nehemiah's time in the interest of the Davidian monarchy.

IV. No revised version can meet the demands of the public which does not give the prophetic writings — Isaiah to Malachi — in chronological order so far as possible, and separate those of unknown prophets from those under whose names they now stand, as in the Books of Isaiah, Zechariah, Hosea. Of Isaiah, Prof. Briggs says in his *Messianic Prophecy*, "The book of

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Isaiah is a collection of several groups of prophecies by Isaiah himself, to which have been attached other anonymous prophecies, which are in his spirit and style, from his own times and also from the period of the exile" (p. 191). This is a long since established fact.

V. Equally important is a chronological arrangement of the Psalms, the dates of most of them being easily, at least approximately, determinable from internal evidence.

I have not the vanity or presumption to think that this paper contains anything new to learned Biblical scholars, nor is it intended for them. I have only sought to show readers, whose minds are occupied with other cares and duties than critical study of the Old Testament, that a revised version of the Masoretic text, as it existed in King James's time, is not and cannot be what they expected. For it is not a corrected translation of a text in which are "incorporated the results of the critical scholarship of the last two hundred years." I have been induced to do this, because I can announce to them that such a Hebrew text does now exist and only awaits publication. All extant Biblical literature, in whatever language; the profoundest knowledge of the Hebrew tongue in all its mutations; the wonderful discoveries of Egyptian and Assyrian lore; the reports of travellers and explorers,— all have contributed to the work. Whatever has been proposed in emendation or elucidation of the text by older or recent German, French, English, American, or other scholars has been tested with an eye single to the great end. Many have labored in the work; but the great leader has been Prof. Graetz of Breslau, the first of living Hebraists, who now, after a long life devoted to Biblical study, and twenty-five years of steady, strenuous, persevering labor in textual criticism, has brought it to a close. He is not one to pretend that all has been done, that no farther progress is possible. He would rather say with Pastor Robinson to the departing Pilgrims, in that last sermon at Leyden, "It is not possible . . . that full perfection of knowledge should break forth at once." But he can claim that, so far as the fallibility of human judgment permits, his text is as correct as is possible in the present state of knowledge.

He now seeks a publisher. One, no doubt, will be found in Germany or France who may undertake the work with or without government aid; but the edition would be small and the book expensive, for it would be viewed simply as a learned work

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for learned men. This would not meet his wishes. He desires the book to be so moderate in price as to be within the reach of every Hebrew scholar; and, further, that, in whatever country it may appear, a careful version of it in the language of that country, free from the critical notes and commentary, may be printed for popular use. There is but one land on earth where the great public takes interest in Biblical studies,— the United States. The enormous sale of the late English revision there points to our country as the one where his corrected text and a translation of it might be a success. He is not looking for pecuniary gain, no sordid considerations move him: he simply wishes to see the great work of his life of seventy years brought out under his own supervision, and in such forms as to be within the reach of all who feel an interest in the Hebrew sacred books. The text, with its learned notes and critical commentary, would require a heavy outlay in the printing. Are there no wealthy men in the United States who would feel it an honor to aid? Could the publication be secured by subscription? That the English version, with comparatively few notes and comments, would find ready and large sale, there seems no room for reasonable doubt.

A. W. Thayer.

Trieste, May 1, 1888.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

JACQUES BRYDAINE.

Longfellow's song, "The Old Clock on the Stairs," is one of the most familiar of the poet's pieces. It has the traits that mark Longfellow so strongly. Seek not among the nine verses for any strong and tense thought or for any great passion, but seek and find very tender pictures of many phases of human life, showing very broad sympathies and true poetic interest in things. "The Old Clock on the Stairs" pictures an old country-seat with antique portico, under poplar-trees, standing back from the street; and in it an ancient time-piece, in massive oak case, on the stair-landing half way up the ascent. By day, it has a low voice little heeded; but in the silence of the night the tick of the pendulum echoes like a foot along the vacant hall, saying always, "Forever — never! Never — forever!" The mansion is famed for free-hearted hospitality; but the clock, like a skeleton

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at every feast, ticks out the solemn warning. Merry children and youths and maidens have played and dreamed there; the old time-piece has counted out the golden hours as a miser his hoard, with the solemn "Forever — never! Never — forever!" The white-veiled bride has been there, and the white-shrouded dead; and over each, in the hush of prayer, the old clock has recited its ceaseless creed. And now all are gone, scattered, fled; and if we ask when all shall meet again who there played, dreamed, married, died, the same ancient "horologe of eternity" answers incessantly "Forever — never! Never — forever!" Now comes the last stanza, which I quote: —

> "Never here, forever there,
> Where all parting, pain, and care,
> And death and time shall disappear,—
> Forever there, but never here!
> The horologe of eternity
> Sayeth this incessantly,—
> 'Forever — never!
> Never — forever!'"

This song of our gentle poet has its source in a sermon of Jacques Brydaine, a celebrated missionary of the eighteenth century. He was born in 1701, and died in 1767. A powerful preacher he was, indeed a mighty apostle, and made a great impression in his time, partly by the number of his missionary journeys, which counted over two hundred and fifty, but more by the success that followed his fervent eloquence. The sermon which gave Longfellow his poem was a discourse on eternity. The text was, "Annos æternos in mente habui,"—"I have kept in mind the eternal years." He divided the discourse into three parts, or propositions, thus: There is an eternity; we touch upon eternity; we are the masters of our eternity. "Tradition," says Peignot, "has preserved the recollection of the prodigious emotion which he made surge through the congregation when, mingling, according to his custom, common and striking images with sublime conceptions, he cried out: 'Ah, on what, my brothers, do you found your belief that your last day is afar off? Is it on your youth?' 'Yes,' you answer, 'I number yet but twenty years, but thirty years.' Ah, you are deceived altogether. No, it is not you who number twenty or thirty years: it is death who has advanced on you twenty or thirty years; thirty years of

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grace which God has given you in allowing you to live, which you owe to him, and which have brought you so much nearer the day when death will claim you. Have a care, therefore! Watch! Eternity marks already on your forehead the fatal instant when it shall begin for you. Ah, do you know what eternity is? It is a clock whose pendulum says over and over incessantly only these two words in the silence of the tombs: Forever — never! Never — forever! During these oscillations, a lost soul cries out, 'What time is it?' and the voice of another castaway answers him, 'Eternity.'" This passage, which is one of the famous specimens of Brydaine's peculiar eloquence, gave Longfellow the poem, as I have said,— the song springing from the poet's mind under the impulse of that picture of the terrible pendulum whose beats utter forever that awe-striking refrain. But the poet gives a gentler and happier conclusion, as I have quoted in the last stanza, than the fervid and terrific preacher.

Brydaine's eloquence was of the rustic style. He sought to cull and arrange no flowers of speech. He was brusque and often eccentric in his familiarities; and he had a voice strong and thundering, by which he could make himself heard by ten thousand persons in the open fields. He was simple in elocution, and yet dignified. He could play upon a great assembly as a musician on an instrument, and make them weep at his will. Once he was to preach in the church of Saint-Sulpice at Paris, and a great congregation gathered, including the highest rank and fashion of the metropolis, drawn by curiosity. When he ascended the pulpit, Brydaine beheld numbers of bishops, a multitude of eminent persons decorated with orders, and a great crowd of ecclesiastics; but this spectacle, far from frightening the missionary whose audiences were common men in common places, seemed to inspire him, and drew from him a superb introduction to his sermon, which has become famous in the history of French pulpit eloquence. Here follows the illustrious passage, which I have translated as simply as I can: —

At sight of a congregation so new to me, it seems, my friends, that I ought to open my mouth only to beg your consideration for a poor missionary who has none of the talents which are needful when one comes to speak to you of your salvation. Nevertheless, I feel to-day a very different sentiment; and, if I show myself humble, be careful not to believe that I abase myself to the wretched disquietudes of vanity, as if I were accustomed to preach only myself! God wills not that a minister of

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heaven ever should think to excuse himself to you. For, whatever you be, you are all, like me, in the judgment of God no more than sinners. It is therefore solely before your God and mine that I am moved at this moment to beat my breast with sorrow. To this present time I have announced the justice of the Most High in poor thatched tabernacles for temples. I have prescribed rigors of penitence to poor wretches, the greater number of whom lacked bread. I have declared the most terrifying truths of our religion to the honest dwellers in the country. What have I done, wretch that I am! I have saddened the poor, the best friends of God. I have carried fear and grief into these simple and faithful souls, whom I ought to have moved and consoled. It is here, where my eyes fall only on the great, the oppressors of suffering humanity, on audacious and hardened sinners. Oh! it is here only, in the midst of such great wickedness, that I ought to sound forth the holy word in all the force of its thunder, and place by my side in this pulpit on the one part the death which menaces you, and on the other the most high God who shall judge you all. I hold now, this very minute, your sentence in my hand. Down, then, and tremble before me, you proud and disdainful men who listen to me! Your ungrateful abuse of every kind of grace, your need of salvation, the certainty of your death, the uncertainty of the hour thereof so terrible to you, your final repentance, the last judgment, the small number of the elect, the multitude of sinners, and, above all, eternity! eternity! — these are the subjects which I shall set before you, and which doubtless I ought to reserve for you alone. What need have I of your suffrages, which perchance might damn me without saving you? God is here to stir your souls as long as his unworthy minister shall speak to you; for I have had long experience in his mercies. It is he, he alone, who in an instant will pierce to the depth your consciences. Struck at once with terror, penetrated with horror for your past iniquities, you will come and throw yourselves in the arms of mercy, weeping the tears of regret and repentance, and you will find me eloquent enough by the power of your own remorse.

This famous introduction — which, if tradition is to be trusted, poured from the preacher's soul at the moment — shows the rugged missionary to have been a man of sturdy courage. His daring was not only personal, but literary, if so I may say. It has been said that "a conventional preacher would be very careful about risking such a flight of eloquence as Brydaine often took, even if he had genius to give him the idea of it; but Brydaine *dared to be sublime.*" Withal he was not without some of the eccentricities and buffooneries which were very common among the old preachers. Being one day at the head of a procession, according to a story, he seized the occasion to deliver an

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exhortation on the brevity of life, and ended by saying to the multitude which thronged about him, "I will lead you now each one to his own house," and then conducted the crowd to a cemetery. Another story of him is that he caused himself to be dragged by his servant with a cord about his neck into the midst of the church, like a victim who was striving to appeal to the mercy of the Lord, thus to quicken the imagination of the people. Even more theatrical still he disdained not to be, for this same purpose, as the conclusion of the story shows. For, having mounted the pulpit, he suddenly disappeared in the midst of his discourse as if dropped through a trap door, and then caused his voice to sound forth and up as if from invisible abysses, acting the part of a condemned soul whom the devils were putting in chains. Happily, such follies have disappeared with the better modern taste, even among rustics; but it were to be wished that the pulpit in country and town alike held more preachers who, like Brydaine, had the double daring to reprove the proud and to be sublime. J. V. B.

IN WINTER WITH THOREAU.*

To the youngest, though first dead, of the three great writers that lie in Concord cemetery, fame came as a laggard. Except by the little circle of contributors to the *Dial*, a few neighbors, and here and there a discerning spirit elsewhere, Thoreau, during his life and for a dozen years after his death, was supposed to be a kind of scribbling Timon, who, disgusted with men, had abandoned human society, and taken to the woods. From editors of periodicals he received little favor, in respect to both contributions and compliments. Save from the late Horace Greeley, he appears to have had no encouragement from any newspaper or publishing proprietor; and his first book was printed at his own expense, the greater part of the edition going to augment his own library. But, notwithstanding the game made of him and his being called a cynic, a skulker, and a rural humbug, his audience has steadily increased both at home and abroad. Many pilgrimages are yearly made to his resting-place, and a handsome edition of his works is regularly advertised in the catalogue of a well-known publishing house.

A recluse Thoreau certainly was, as were the two other of the

* *Winter.* From the Journal of Henry D. Thoreau. Edited by H. G. O. Blake. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

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Concord triad, his reclusion differing from theirs only in degree. If to avoid uncongenial society is to be a skulker, and to look at things as they are is to be a cynic, both Emerson and Nathaniel Hawthorne deserved to be so called as well as he. Their writings abound in reflections which bring him to mind. Their genius was of the same order as his; and, had they not given hostages to it, the lives of these two masters might have been as uncompromising protests against society as was the life of the muser of Walden. Every diligent thinker is more or less of a skulker, or hider of himself, and, if he be in the habit of calling a spade a spade, is very likely to have the name of cynic, be he never so little a snarler. Isolation is as necessary to the business of the thinker as contact is to the business of the man of affairs; and he who would be a writer cannot escape giving offence somewhere, since, as Matthew Paris says, "He must needs choose between offending either God or man, lies provoking the wrath of one and truth the wrath of the other."

But, if Thoreau was a recluse, he was far from being a despiser of men,— real men,— though he had a hearty contempt for fictitious living, as well as for that kind of life which depends for improvement upon anything else but itself. To any who trifled with truth, no matter with how good motive, he was like an iceberg; and to vanity of all forms he was merciless. "A lie," he asserts, "between traders is no worse than a compliment between friends." Neither was Thoreau unsympathetic, but his sympathy was of the bracing rather than of the emollient sort. He was no believer in anything which tended to diminish self-reliance. "We render men," he says, "the best assistance by letting them see how rare a thing it is to need any assistance." Those who accused him of coldness were such as with whom it was impossible for him to have anything in common. The Concord thinkers knew that his sympathy with truth and with justice was always at white heat. The wood-choppers, fishers, raftsmen, and those who laughed at toil and hardship — Paphlagonian men, as he calls them — did not think him cold: it was the time-servers, or the ones who were in love with their own helplessness. "Fire itself," he tells these, "is cold to whatever is not of a nature to be warmed by it."

His career was an exceptional one from the start. With neither place nor patrimony, he appears never to have given a thought to the making of his fortune. He did not, after the

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manner of many distinguished dissentients, set out upon established lines and remain thereon long enough to gain a following, but set out on lines of his own at once. He underwent neither moral nor religious development. In belief and in practice, he was the same at twenty as at forty. He was born with a mind already made up. Determined to lead the intellectual life purely for its own sake, he solved the question of subsistence by reducing to a minimum his material wants. He dispensed with all superfluities, as he avoided whatever drew him from his chosen pursuits. Every distraction was to him a waste of energy, every conventionality an expense.

It is a fair question to ask in what measure Thoreau's life was the result of circumstance and accident. Would he have held the same attitude towards society and maintained so rigorous an abstinence, had he possessed a competence, or had other lives been bound up with his own? The possession of means, be a man never so capable of enjoyment within himself, favors his seeking enjoyment without himself, which otherwise might not be sought at all. Men will deny a desire, when such denial is requisite to the gratification of a stronger desire or to the performance of duty; but do they ever do so when it is not necessary? How far Thoreau was influenced by poverty or by possible disappointment, no one can say. There are certain temperaments which trial of any kind has the effect of forcing back upon themselves for entertainment. If such are able to find it there, they become more independent of their kind than the miser or the anchorite. Among those whose intellects or imaginations have been thus stimulated, it may be, belongs Thoreau. Not that easier fortune or domestic ties would in any wise have lowered his high ideal or lessened his genius; but they would almost certainly have divided his energies, thereby reducing the amount of his performance. Had he possessed the income of Emerson, his mode of life would probably have been very much like that of his more amiable and more charitable townsman. He was as appreciative of congenial companionship as any man that ever lived; and his tastes were fastidious, notwithstanding their habitual mortification.

To the admirers of Thoreau, it is needless to describe wherein the charm of his writing consists. A poet, a moralist, and an affectionate student of nature, he was also a master of words, whose condensed and clear-cut sentences appeal alike to lovers

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of beauty, lovers of strength, and inquirers into the reasons of things. Read them how many times you will, you shall find in them every time something new. The reader feels that no padding is used here. The labor put upon these descriptions, reveries, and aphorisms, in order to make them most expressive, is evident enough. He knows he is having to do with a writer who had given him his best, and fully understands his wish that he "might buy at the shops some kind of rubber which should rub out at once all that in his writing which it costs so many perusals, so many months, if not years, and so much reluctance to erase."

But, as his editor says, "it is the attitude one takes towards the world far more than any abilities he may possess which gives significance to his life," and, it might be added, to his work. It is in his refusal to compromise with any of the makeshifts and casuistries by which men would hide their own weakness or injustice that Thoreau is most irresistible. Emerson somewhere says, "There is no joke so true and deep as when some pure idealist goes up and down among the institutions of society, attended by one who knows the world and sympathizes at the same time with both the idealist's scrutiny and with the confusion and indignation of the skulking, detected institutions." Such a grudge do we secretly bear against a system of society in which, to satisfy our reasonable and necessary desires, we must surrender our better part, that we relish any uncovering of the social Juggernaut, even though, because of inability to establish anything better, we are ourselves committed to its protection. It generally happens, however, that he who ventures to expose any of its solemn shams, or to deride its puerilities, goes about it in a very guarded way,— generally through some allegory or gentle satire, so it may be known that he is not in earnest. He hates the idol, but is loath to give up his share of the gifts of the worshippers, and therefore goes no farther than making up faces behind its back.

Not so with Thoreau. Whatever was hollow he invariably struck at; and, having no favors to ask, he excused or extenuated nothing. Nor did his solitary life and perpetual introspection appear to make him in the least morbid or melancholic. Here was no Obermann, sighing for action and lamenting his lack of will; no Byron, accusing the conditions of existence; no Amiel, pathetic in his uncertainty, regretting his mistakes and lost opportunities. These, however subtile or beautiful, in the

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end depress us; but there is nothing to depress us here. "Who are you," he cries, "whom the world has disappointed? Have not you rather disappointed the world? Make your failure tragical by the earnestness and steadfastness of your endeavor, and it will not differ from success. If a man places himself in an attitude to bear manfully the greatest evil that can be inflicted upon him, he will suddenly find there is no evil to bear." Nowhere among the old Stoics is there to be found one more contented with his lot. Earth was good enough for him, and he wished for no heaven better than the one which lay about him.

Nearly twenty-six years after his death, a tenth volume of Thoreau's works has appeared, being the third of the series made up from his journal by Mr. H. G. O. Blake. The two books published in his lifetime, as well as three of those published afterward, are in the narrative style,— the narrative part, in the *Maine Woods*, the *Yankee in Canada*, and the *Cape Cod*, taking up considerable space of the volumes. Entertaining as his narrative always is, he who values Thoreau for his subjective quality misses in these three books the predominance of that quality which exists in the *Week* and in *Walden*. This same quality characterizes the *Excursions* and the volume of letters, and it has been given especial prominence in the series edited by Mr. Blake.

Had Thoreau lived, he undoubtedly would have woven the store of observations, studies, and meditations contained in his journal into something giving them an objective cast. Journals and bare notes he knew would otherwise be likely to go begging for a publisher. At the same time, he appears to have deprecated what perhaps then seemed to him necessary, as in the book noticed he says: "I do not know but thoughts written down thus in a journal might be printed in the same form with greater advantage than if the related ones were brought together into separate essays. . . . Perhaps I can never find so good a setting for them as I shall thus have taken them out of. Where else will you find the cement for them? How will you ever rivet them together without leaving the marks of the file?"

Most lovers of Thoreau will, save for whatsoever more they might have contained of the same sort, prefer these notes just as they have been published. They are so much descriptive, imaginative, and reflective thought, clear and complete, so far as it goes, whereof one knows there is not a page to be safely skipped.

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Any division of them under separate heads would have broken the connection between the three modes of thought, as in Thoreau every sight or sound becomes a suggestion of something more perfect, of which it is for the time being the type. There is, of course, much to be found, and that often of the best, with which the time of year has nothing to do; but the bits of description necessarily, and many of the moods resulting therefrom, reveal instantly the season in which they were written. Otherwise than to group together the notes made on the same day during different years, the editor has published them in the same form as that in which they were written.

Winter, the third volume of the series edited by Mr. Blake, is perhaps more characteristic of Thoreau than either of the other two. While its botanical, ornithological, and zoölogical records are of needs less than in the two preceding volumes, yet it is surprising to see how much of plant and animal life Thoreau found astir in the depth of a Northern winter. In meteorological observation, in musings upon religion, society, custom, and especially in those fancies inspired by passing phases of nature, it is the most interesting of the series. Winter was Thoreau's favorite season, and he never tires of celebrating it. It roused his spirits, called forth his powers of endurance and resistance, and invigorated his intellect. He loved its cutting atmosphere, its sharp outlines and severe beauty, its character, purity, and silence, as he loved the hardy creatures that sported amid its rigors,— the squirrel, the snow-bunting, and the partridge. Hear him for a moment: —

> It took the cold and bleakness of November to ripen the walnut, but the human brain is the kernel which the winter itself matures. . . . Our oil is winter strained. Now we burn with a purer flame, like the stars. . . . Alone in distant woods or fields, I once more feel myself grandly related. This cold and solitude are friends of mine. I suppose their value in my case is equivalent to what others get by church-going and prayer. I come to my solitary woodland walk as the homesick go home. . . . I am not thus expanded, recreated, enlightened, when I meet a company of men. The man I meet with is often not so instructive as the silence he breaks. This stillness, solitude, wildness of nature, is a kind of thoroughwort or boneset to my intellect. This is what I go out to seek. It is as if I always met some grand, serene, immortal, infinitely encouraging, though invisible companion, and walked with him. . . . Do the Indian and the hunter only need snow-shoes, while the saint sits indoors in embroidered slippers?

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It is for such utterances as this that Thoreau has been called the American Diogenes; but what one of us is there who does not, so far as concerns his every-day intercourse, virtually confess the same thing? It does not differ whether we withdraw into the fields or into ourselves. The withdrawing into one's self is, to many of us, the only practical refuge from uncongenial companionship. Were it not for our being able to do this while we at the same time discharge the offices of civilized society, earth would not contain the number of its hermits. Thoreau never pretended to anything he did not feel; his was no perfunctory or official regard. He claimed the right of choosing his own company, wherein he differed little from other people, save in being more select. No one has written more warmly of friendship than he. This is what he says in *Winter*:—

> At the instant that I seem to be saying farewell forever to one who has been my friend, I find myself unexpectedly near to him, and it is our very nearness and dearness to each other which gives significance to that "forever." Thus I am a helpless prisoner, and these chains I have no skill to break. While I think I have broken one link, I have been forging another. I have not yet known a friendship to cease. I fear I have experienced its decaying. Morning, noon, and night I suffer a physical pain, an aching of the breast which unfits me for my tasks. That aching of the breast, the grandest pain that man endures, which no ether can assuage.... If the teeth ache, they can be pulled. If the heart ache, what then? Shall we pluck it out?

No cynic ever wrote this. None of Thoreau's biographers speak of his having, unless in the case of Mrs. Emerson and Miss Fuller, any intimate friendships with women. His direct speech and disregard of conventional ways doubtless stood, to some extent, in the way of his favor among the sex, one of whom is reported to have said that to take his arm would seem to her like taking the arm of an elm-tree. He yielded with difficulty, for politeness' sake, one jot of what he believed to be truth, and records an amusing account of his acting as escort to a certain lecturess, saying of his conversation with her that he had to "unshot all the guns in truth's battery, and fire powder and wadding only." He did not escape, however, the experience which comes to most other men. There is a vague tradition of his becoming enamoured, in early manhood, of some mystical maiden, of which episode two short poems and a bit of allegory have been hitherto

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all the evidence his writings contain. In the present volume, under date of 1841, are these words:—

I know a woman who is as true to me and as incessant with her mild rebuke as the blue sky. When I stand under her cope, instantly all pretension drops off, and I am swept by an influence as by a wind and rain which removes all taint. I am fortunate that I can pass and repass before her each day, and prove my strength in her glances. She is far truer to me than to herself. Her eyes are like the windows of nature, through which I catch glimpses of the native land of the soul. From them comes a light which is not of the sun. His rays are in eclipse when they shine on me.

Whether this was spoken of his "Maiden in the East" or of some other rare spirit, it matters not; but, assuredly, no woman ever received more reverent praise from any man since Steele said of his own wife that "to have known and loved her was a liberal education."

Thoreau was a firm believer in the "eternal now," as well as in happiness being the natural state of all existence. With his friend, he might have sung, "What have I to do with time," except to seize the day and report its message?

Why [he asks] should we not continue to live with the intensity and rapidity of infants? Is not the world, are not the heavens, as unfathomed as ever? Have we exhausted any joy, any sentiment?... When I took up a fragment of walnut shell this morning, I saw from its grain and composition, its form and color, that it was made for happiness. The most brutish and inanimate objects that are made suggest an everlasting and thorough satisfaction. They are the homes of content. Do you think Concord River would have continued to flow these millions of years if it had not been happy? if it had been miserable in its channel, tired of existence, cursing its maker and the hour whence it sprung?

Of the arts, he most praises that of music. "There are," he says, "in music such strains as far surpass any faith which man ever had in the loftiness of his destiny. It is the crystallization of sound.... Music hath caught a higher pace than any virtue which I know." No vibration of sound was there of which he could not detect the harmony. He could not listen to an echo, a distant bell, the whirr of a partridge's wings, the hum of a passing bee, the gurgle of a brook, or the booming of the frozen lake, without a stirring of the blood. But chiefly he loved the "telegraph harp," as he calls it, with its fugitive strains, wild and

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Æolian, praising it throughout his journal continually. Thus he writes of it in *Winter:* "A spirit sweeps the string of the telegraph harp, and strains are drawn out suddenly, like the wire itself. . . . I do not despair of a world where you have only to stretch an ordinary wire from tree to tree to hear such strains drawn from it by New England breezes as make Greece and all antiquity seem poor in melody."

Of the many and rare descriptions with which this latest of his books is filled, space permits but a single brief quotation,— one that will be best appreciated by those who are familiar with the beautiful habitant of our woodlands which it describes: —

> In the twilight, I went through the swamp; and the yellow birches sent forth a yellow gleam which each time made my heart beat faster. Few trees are so handsome as this. . . . The bark, an exquisite gold color, curled off partly from the trunk, with vertical, clear, or smooth places, as if a plane had been passed up the tree. This is like a fair, flaxen-haired sister of the dark-complexioned, black birch, with golden ringlets. What sort of dryads haunt these trees? Blonde nymphs.

Thus nothing delicate or possessed of beauty escaped the loving eye of this poet-naturalist, to whom always it was the image of yet higher beauty, some vision glorious, or ideal excellence.

Though for Thoreau everything existed mainly in the abstract, and the intellectual and the imaginative were with him continually intermingled, yet no one that ever lived could put an idea into fewer words than he. Spartan Buddhist Emerson was wont to call him,— not inaptly, since he combined the meditative and the figurative along with the most concise and severe expression, as well in the manner of his life as in his writings. Throughout the present volume are interspersed many of those similes and luminous sayings, worthy to become proverbial, with which his works abound. Only a few can be given here: —

> One cannot too soon forget his errors and misdemeanors. To dwell long upon them is to add to the offence.
>
> When you trust, do not lay aside your armor, but put it on, and buckle it tighter. If, by reliance on the gods, I disband one of my forces, then it was poor policy.
>
> How many a seeming heartlessness is to be explained by the very abundance of the heart!
>
> I have been breaking silence these twenty-three years, and have hardly made a rent in it. My friend thinks I keep silence who am only choked with letting it out so fast.

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I cannot afford to be telling my experience, especially to those who perhaps will take no interest in it. I wish to be getting experience.

There is no law so strong which a little gladness shall not transgress.

True help, for the most part, implies a greatness in him who is to be helped as well as in the helper. It takes a god to be helped even.

Though the most transcendental of the Transcendentalists, he was at the same time the most practical of men. He had great mechanical and designing ability, and his eye was quick to discover how to take advantage of natural forces or situations. When he visited the scene of the powder explosion, he measured the farthest distance to which the fragments of the buildings had been thrown, and, finding it thirty rods, remarked that, had the buildings been a little more than that distance apart, only one probably would have been destroyed. Emerson regretted that one capable of leading an exploring expedition or engineering for all America should never have directed anything more than a huckleberry party; but Thoreau knew that he had undertaken an enterprise more arduous and requiring higher genius than building railways or discovering the North Pole. Men are easier found for such tasks than for living lives of ideal justice and independence, or for the devoting of themselves to lofty and inspiring thought. His possible feats of engineering or discovery have been accomplished by others, but no one else could have given us his inimitable books.

When it is considered that of the ten volumes of Thoreau's works but two were published during his lifetime, one feels that it is sometimes, if not all times, true that "he who writes to himself writes to an eternal public." Certain it is that the posthumous publication of eight-tenths of an author's work is the strongest evidence of its enduring quality. Few there are that can successfully endure such a test. When the bulk of an author's works are unpublished at his death, the probability is that they will continue unpublished. Thoreau's audience will never be a popular one. Like the Greek and Oriental sages so loved by him, he will be known to the many, in time to come, more through successive plunderings from him than through direct communion. He will have the same readers as Seneca, Montaigne, Pascal, and Sir Thomas Browne.

Like the other Transcendentalists, he left no system, no particular creed, explanation, or prophecy. The principle underlying his life and writings is the same as that which has been called

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the philosophy of his native town, which one of its forerunners has thus stated: "The necessity of external government to man is in an inverse ratio to the vigor of his self-government. When the last is most complete, the first is least wanted. Hence, the more virtue, the more liberty." Unlike the gifted sayer of this, Thoreau's life was wholly consistent with his teachings. Though a social malcontent, he was not one of that kind which thinks to enjoy anything whatsoever without paying the price. He did not believe in the present social system, because it appeared to him to be built upon the ignoble rather than upon the nobler instincts of human nature; yet he knew it would take its own time to become better, and held aloof from all the associations for reforming it. He was no iconoclast, not wishing to destroy abuses after the manner of the thunderbolt, the deluge, or the whirlwind, but as the silent yet certain process of the seasons changes the face of the landscape, which, gazing upon at sunset, he says, "by its patient resting there, teaches me that all good remains with him that waiteth, and that I shall sooner overtake the dawn by remaining here than by hurrying over the hills of the west."

A. H. P.

NOTE.— The reference to Horace Greeley recalls an incident illustrating the distinguished editor's appreciation of Thoreau.

One afternoon during the year 1856 (?), Mr. Greeley delivered an outdoor temperance address in the interior of one of the Hudson River counties. At the end of the address, one of the audience, living near the railway station ten miles distant, on his way home took Mr. Greeley with him, who wished to return that evening to New York. The day was warm, the road a hilly one, and the two, falling at once to discussing politics and agriculture, lost all thought of time until, as they descended the last hill, the evening train was seen leaving the station several miles distant in the valley below. Mr. Greeley thereupon accepted the invitation of his new acquaintance to spend the night at his house, where, after tea, when the lamps were lighted, he went to his valise and took therefrom a copy of Thoreau's *Walden*, then just published. For above an hour he read aloud from the book to his host, occasionally commenting thereon and upon its author. Many years after, when Greeley was dead, his former host happened on a copy of *Walden* which he instantly recognized as the book from which Mr. Greeley had read to him on that summer evening, thirty years before.

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HISTORICAL REVIEW.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CRIMEAN AND FRANCO-AUSTRIAN WARS AND OF MY RELATIONS WITH CERTAIN HUNGARIAN EXILES FROM 1849 TO 1860.

BY FRANCIS W. NEWMAN.

PART IV.—THE LIBERATION OF ITALY.

Napoleon, believing his dynasty strengthened by the success of the Crimean War and his alliance with England, wished to give his Parliament more freedom, and tried to lessen the power into which the Catholic Church had stepped. But the instant that the Republicans had freer speech, they attacked his dynasty so plainly as to frighten him. I think it worth while to record Kossuth's comment: "Ah! these French Republicans intend well. They hate the Empire and the Church, but they seem unable to learn that Napoleon is only their mortal enemy; but the Church of Rome is their *im*mortal enemy. Now, if for a while they would relax their vehemence against Napoleon, and help him to cripple the dangerous power of the Church, they would soon find that he or his successor would less and less be able to resist them."

The Pope, restored to Rome, and there supported by the French army, obstinately refused a single move towards the "improved government" for which Palmerston had stipulated with Napoleon; and the latter believed the Pope's resistance to be encouraged by Austrian sympathy. For the support of the French army the Pope gave no gratitude,—perhaps would have preferred an Austrian army; and Napoleon earned hatred from the Italians, several attempts to assassinate him, and the mortification of pleading to England sheer impotence to fulfil his pledge. To withdraw his army would have simply let in Austrian and Neapolitan troops. He was tired of that game, when a formidable attack on his life was made by an Italian exile in high esteem, Count Orsini, who, in the spirit of the celebrated Timoleon or Ehud, thought it a virtue to slay, if he could, the tyrant who chained his country down. Orsini's hand-grenades killed several of the emperor's attendants, but missed the emperor. He was arrested, and secretly confronted with Napoleon. Hungarians in Paris (perhaps indoctrinated by Persigny) reported to those in London that Napoleon would have forgiven Orsini, only that Frenchmen had been killed: this he dared not pass over. The count, on the scaffold, exhorted all Italians to expect good things from the emperor. Many of our newspapers suspected that this speech of Orsini was a tricky invention. I think Pulszky was more inclined to believe it quite true.

Not much later, Kossuth told me that he hardly expected much longer to resist the pressing call on him to visit Napoleon. Why? Because

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he now believed that Napoleon would make war on Austria, which would open new possibilities to Hungary. "But what makes you think so?" "Because Prince Napoleon is about to marry Clotilda, the Sardinian princess." "This" (he said) "implies a close alliance between the French emperor and Victor Emmanuel, and the object must be to expel Austria from Lombardy." Kossuth was proved far more long-sighted than our newspapers and than any stock exchange in Europe. Every *bourse* was severely agitated on the 1st of January, 1859. Napoleon, on receiving the Austrian ambassador, abruptly expressed his "regret that he had so little agreement with his Master." Words not severe were instantly interpreted most severely. Every one instantly said, "*That means* war between France and Austria!"

When the Crimean War closed, in which Sardinian troops had given brave aid, Count Cavour, with Napoleon's support, spoke up strongly for Italy. Already, in 1856, Cavour and Napoleon came closer together. The blind Austrian dynasty in 1848–49 had bombarded all its chief cities, and, after inviting the Croats and the Bohemians to the war against Hungary by petting them with foolish promises and inflaming them against the "proud Magyars," reduced all to a common slavery as soon as the Magyars were crushed. Kossuth had reasonably believed that, if a new war arose in Hungary, Austria would find enemies in Lombardy, Croatia, and Bohemia. Naturally, he and Pulszky now accepted Napoleon's overtures, and proceeded to Paris as soon as they were invited. They were received at the station courteously by Prince Napoleon, and Pulszky afterwards reported to me his opening address. I remember it, as if told me yesterday.

In order to set both at ease, the prince spoke as follows: "Gentlemen, I thank you, and rejoice at your coming. In the name of the emperor, I welcome you. We have been enemies: that was temporary, because our interests were then opposed. Now things have so turned round that our interests, though by no means identical, lie in the same direction. We now may aid one another; or, if unwise, we may thwart one another. Allow me to assure you that the emperor is a man without love and without hatred. He studies his present interest, and thinks it folly to harm himself by indulging resentment for the past. Not but that I may venture to suggest to Mr. Kossuth that he will possibly find it for *his* interest to retract certain expressions which have dropped from him against the emperor, needlessly strong. Allow to me this hint." Kossuth immediately said, "If the emperor will do something for the real welfare of my country and for its just claims, he will have from me thanks and praise as warm as anything which has come from me in his dispraise." Pulszky assured me that, after this explanation, they perfectly understood one another. There was no shuffling, no hypocrisy, no pretence on the French side of any Hungarian zeal, or any zeal except for *French interests;* and, of course, to promote Hungarian interests was the only thing expected in return. Each side was

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so frank that neither could fear insincerity, secrecy, or any hidden trap. How soon after this the overture followed which revealed the work which the emperor desired *from Kossuth* I cannot define; but some explanation of affairs in England is needful to make all intelligible.

After the resignation of Lord Aberdeen and his section, Palmerston became Premier. Lord John Russell, heart-stricken to find Austria a deaf adder, counselled submission to Russia; but our public scouted the idea with indignation. Palmerston and his stout ally, Napoleon, persevered; but Alexander II., immediately on capturing Kars (the *first* Russian success), proposed peace. It was granted, but under humiliating conditions.

I say Alexander II.; for his father, Nicolas, had died *of a broken heart.* He had entered the war with contempt of the Turks, calling their empire "the dying man," and the Sultan "*ce monsieur*"; and no doubt he had trampled on the two principalities as if conquered. Neither England nor France had aided the Turks anywhere; yet the Turks had repulsed him with severe loss everywhere along the Danube, and again in the Crimea, at Eupatoria. This last defeat killed the unhappy boaster, who had dreamed of becoming the paramount power in both Europe and Asia.

Naturally enough, Palmerston was intoxicated by his triumph, and gave us loads of fireworks. He soon became dictatorial and unpopular with Liberals. The gunboats which had been built against Cronstadt were not complete when peace arrived. They were quickly sent to Sir John Bowring at Hong Kong, and, as many believed, *before* any quarrel with China. A quarrel instantly followed, on a most disgraceful plea; and Canton was forthwith bombarded. Parliament severely censured the proceeding, but Palmerston punished it by a "penal dissolution." Sir John Bowring told me personally that, when the time of publishing secret despatches arrived, it would be seen that no other course was allowed him. Disgust rose so high that he was driven from power on a most astonishing ground,— that, from wishing to secure Napoleon from some new assassin sheltered in England, he had made "too much concession to foreign demands." By this strange process, Lord Derby became Tory Premier, without a favoring majority.

When in 1859 a Franco-Austrian war impended, and preparations in France more and more portended a reality, great alarm went abroad that Lord Derby would aid Austria. Control of the fleet gives to a Premier awful power of acting before Parliament knows anything. Sympathy with Italy was wide-spread in circles which had known nothing and cared nothing about Hungary. Kossuth detailed to me Napoleon's secret talk with him. It ran thus: —

"You have influence with many in England. Your best service for me, if you can effect anything, will be to drive this Lord Derby out of office. I frankly tell you my position. The French army is very formidable, but so is that of Austria; and I have no right, in so far, to

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count on easy or certain success. But my superiority in the navy is a most precious advantage, and in the Adriatic most critical. Like Louis Philippe before me, I have most carefully nursed my fleet. Now, this Lord Derby puts question after question, and makes demands which clearly show his enmity. *I cannot forget Copenhagen and Navarino.* I cannot be sure but that, without declaring war, he may strike a sudden blow that may annihilate my fleet. Then what would compensate me? Can you find any way of moving discontent against this ministry?"

Kossuth did not tell me his reply, or I forget it. I was chiefly struck by Napoleon's terror of the English fleet, which assured me that our panic of invasion in 1853 was an entire though natural mistake. I make no doubt that Kossuth avowed the uselessness of attempting to interfere between English parties, and that his action must be indirect. Meanwhile, he undertook to prepare all details necessary to guide a French army into Croatia, if an invasion should be in the progress of the war determined on.

Gradually, the party of freedom in England took the form of a peace party, through alarm at Lord Derby's proclivity to Austria. The desire to eject him was gathering strength; but, since Disraeli, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, was ambitiously planning a *Tory* extension of the franchise, to take the wind out of Lord John Russell's plan, opposition to the ministry gradually shifted on to a new line. Disraeli's "fancy franchises" were ridiculed and roughly defeated at the end of March. A new Parliament was summoned, still less manageable. Lord Derby resigned in June. The inevitable Palmerston came back, and Napoleon breathed freely.

Severe weather had delayed the passing of the Alps. The first great battle was that of Magenta. On meeting Pulszky, I asked him, "Did you see that remarkable paragraph in the *Times*, that for three hours Napoleon with his section of the army was in grave anxiety from the non-arrival of Marshal MacMahon, who at last was enabled to form a junction and give victory to Napoleon only because two Hungarian regiments voluntarily came over to him?" Pulszky replied, "Yes, we saw it; and we immediately wrote to Cavour to ask whether it was true." Perhaps ten days later, he told me: "We have heard from Cavour. It was not two Hungarian regiments, but one Hungarian, that came over and laid down their arms, and one Croatian regiment, who first killed their Austrian commander." Thus Francis Joseph had been taught how awkward it is to depend on disaffected troops. At Parma, some panic had led the Austrian commander, without being attacked, suddenly to raze his own fortifications and abandon the city. Whether this was through fear of his own troops was unknown. But, after the battle of Magenta, the Austrians were in fright of treachery. The great battle of Solferino followed. Kossuth afterwards told me that he had walked up the slope which was commanded by the dreadful batteries. These were held by Croatian soldiers while the French marched up. He

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was convinced that, if the cannon had been pointed by Russian or English troops, the French army, whatever its numbers, would have been inevitably swept off the smooth hill. He regarded it as certain that the Croats had purposely fired over the heads of the French, who encountered no grave loss in this most dangerous passage. That the Austrians were of the same mind I gathered from the *Times* correspondent (at Mantua, *I think*), who reported that an Austrian officer could hardly come into reach of a Croat soldier without cutting at him with whip or cane, calling the Croatians traitors who had fired badly at Solferino. (Later, in the Prusso-Austrian war of 1866, to the disaffection of Polish and Venetian (?) troops the loss of the decisive battle of Königgrätz was attributed.) Such sad experience taught Francis Joseph that he must abandon the ferocity of his Austrians, who had ostentatiously avowed to Hungarians, "We do not care whether you love or hate us, but we will make sure that you fear us." This emperor now learned that, while hated by his soldiers, his empire could not be strong; and he resolved to win back their allegiance by any necessary price. To anticipate events by a few years, he summoned to his side Baron Beust, a highly esteemed Saxon statesman, superseding the evil routine of Austria, and charged on him to deal with such men as were looked up to in Hungary, and discover how to approach the problem of reconciliation. I believe that Deák was chiefly addressed by Baron Beust. Certain it is that Francis Joseph had to reverse the conduct of his mother, the Archduchess Sophia, and (as Pulszky had predicted to me) actually restored the hereditary laws of Hungary as based on treaty, without new bloodshed.

I go back to the summer of 1859. Soon after the Austrian defeat at Solferino, which entirely liberated the Milanese, and made Tuscany, Parma, and Placentia safe, Europe was suddenly informed of the peace signed at Villa Franca, which left Venetia still under the Austrian power, although historically Austria's sole right to Venetia lay in the fact that Napoleon I., *to whom it did not belong*, had *ceded* it to her. Ardent lovers of justice had hoped that this war would entirely drive Austria out of Italy. Kossuth (as he expressed himself to me) was struck down from high hope by this peace,— to him premature, and making void all his schemes for French arms in Croatia. He sat gloomily in Turin, when a French minister entered, who, after officially announcing the peace, asked, in the name of the emperor, whether Kossuth had any demands to make of him. Naturally, Kossuth had already thought much on the topic, "Has Napoleon *wronged* me by this peace so unwelcome?" — especially unwelcome because he was convinced that, if Napoleon's army had summoned Mantua to open her gates, so panic-struck were the Austrians, he would have been obeyed. But (continued Kossuth) "I was unable to find a single point on which Napoleon had been unfaithful; but I naturally meditated on my own duty and reasonable claims. Therefore, to the French minister I re-

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plied readily, 'Sir, I make *two* demands of your master: (1) that he will extort from the Emperor Francis Joseph amnesty for all Hungarians who have taken service under the King of Sardinia; (2) that none of these amnestied persons shall be pressed into the Austrian army.' Hereupon, the French minister interposed: 'The former of your demands is quite admissible; but I beg you to withdraw the latter, for it is quite beyond what can be granted.' I resolved to have no more talk [said Kossuth to me]; but, stiffening myself up into as much pride as I could muster, I said: 'Excuse me, sir, did I mistake? Did not you tell me that your master bade you to ask me what were my demands of him?' 'Certainly,' replied he. 'Well, then,' said I, 'you have heard my demands; and I decline discussion concerning them.' At this, he withdrew. A fortnight passed. 'I judged' (said Kossuth) 'that Napoleon had hard work in extorting the concession, but Francis Joseph at last yielded both points. I knew that, without the second, the former would be useless. For, if a man were again put into the army, he might be most cruelly spited by severe tasks and punishments, really and only because of his service in the Sardinian ranks,—service which had been nominally amnestied.'"

So that matter temporarily ended; but afterwards (I think in 1860) reports from Hungary complained that some of these amnestied men had been forced into the Austrian army. Kossuth and Pulszky obtained from home accurately attested documents defining the facts, with times, names, and places, and laid them before Napoleon. Information and orders were at once sent from Paris to the French ambassador at Vienna, who presented Napoleon's complaint that the compact of Villa Franca *had been broken*, that to break it was an act of war, etc., in language of smooth, perhaps, but formidable threat, which statesmen understand. Francis Joseph yielded, and the men were discharged from his army. *Possibly* he already was planning to win Hungarian allegiance. But my friends were grateful to Napoleon, even if only his own interest impelled him. Kossuth, about this time, said to me: "Nothing can excuse Napoleon's *coup d'état*. It may seem a duty to *hate* him for it. And yet I am bound to say, not only has he been faithful *to us*, but, every time I have been closeted with him, I have come away with a higher sense both of his intellect and of his morals."

But in 1859 wild indeed was the fancy in England and English newspapers concerning the peace of Villa Franca. Some tried even to get up a panic. France and Austria had, forsooth, made up their own quarrel, in order to unite in war against England. Orleanists were said to believe it. *A volunteer army* was proclaimed to be necessary; and Palmerston, our Premier, worked heartily to promote the scheme. He wanted volunteers as a reserve to feed the army. He wanted armaments,—not only to fight with, but to threaten with; and he called demonstration of force "a moral force." He was sure to rejoice in this foolish panic. But the prevalent incredulity in England *why* Napoleon

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made peace at Villa Franca was wonderful. For the regent of Prussia (the late Emperor of Germany), addressing the Prussian Parliament, claimed credit for stopping the war by plainly assuring Napoleon that, if he carried the war across the Adriatic to invade Austria at home, Prussia would join Austria against him. Napoleon also told the legislative body in Paris that the regent of Prussia had warned him by this threat, that, unless he made peace with Austria, he would have to confront a second war along the Rhine as well as against Austria. He could not think it right to call on France for such sacrifice with no proportionate reward. Therefore, he had proposed peace. Though Napoleon's plain statement was thus confirmed from Prussia, English newspapers seemed unable to believe it; and, when he claimed to have freed Northern Italy from her Austrian invaders, he was jeered at for the imperfection of his work, instead of being praised for the truly difficult task which he had achieved. In fact, it had already prepared Sicily and Naples to welcome Garibaldi and emboldened Victor Emmanuel and Cavour to take up that side of the war in which Garibaldi was weakest. The vile rule of the Neapolitan Bourbon, which Mr. Gladstone had so caustically denounced in 1851, with great accession to his moral repute, was overthrown. Napoleon made no move against the unification of Italy.

Kossuth is so jealous for the solemn decree passed by Hungary in 1849, rejecting forever the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine from the throne, that he steadily refuses to take the oath of allegiance to Francis Joseph. His two sons have long adopted Italy for their country. He lives there tranquilly (1888), having for years renounced politics. His birth was in 1801. Pulszky early declared that, if Austria restored the hereditary laws of Hungary, and Hungary renounced her quarrel, he must follow his country. Therefore, he was received; and (as he quaintly wrote to me), "The emperor has amnestied me, and I have amnestied him." I believe it is admitted now that constitutional freedom is *more* complete in Austria than in Germany. My friend Pulszky, as Finance Minister of Hungary, has received from the emperor public compliments for reconciling the interests of Austria and of Hungary. He has now withdrawn from Parliamentary life, but retains his old love of art and ancient literature, having added Sanskrit to Greek while in England, and lives chiefly in and for the museum at Buda Pest,—not but that in politics he gives out upon occasion the fruit of his veteran sagacity.

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BOOK NOTICES.

The Religious Sentiments of the Human Mind. By Daniel Greenleaf Thompson. Longmans & Co., London and New York.

Mr. D. G. Thompson, whose very able *System of Psychology* and whose minor work on the *Problem of Evil* we have previously noticed, here presents a fuller discussion of the religious feelings than was given in the two works just named. Mr. Thompson, as a psychologist, is more nearly akin to Herbert Spencer than to any other great writer in this field. He accordingly discusses religion in something of the style of Mr. Spencer, his phraseology being similar and many of his beliefs the same. He has chosen to follow Mr. Spencer even in his doubtful derivation of religion from ancestor worship, a genealogy to which special students of religion have given very little approval. But Mr. Thompson is an independent thinker: he both differs from his chief authority and goes much beyond him in his positive beliefs concerning God and Immortality. Curiously, however, he makes the belief in God secondary to that in personal continuance. He exhibits two kinds of religion which science may approve, the religion of social immortality and the religion of individual immortality, and finds the latter preferable for its intrinsic reasonableness and for its beneficial influence upon conduct.

The emphasis which the author lays upon personal continuance is visible from the first appearance of the subject in these pages, and it is in strong contrast with the indifference many profoundly religious minds have shown, compared with their intense absorption in the idea of God. "If conscious mind be a higher force superinduced upon the vital energies, then we must believe in conscious existence after death. If force be persistent, if energy be conserved, if motion is continuous, if matter is indestructible, then the conscious ego is indestructible, the mental processes are continuous, the power of apperception is conserved and persistent. On the other hand, if we look introspectively, we find it impossible to think even of an interruption of consciousness, while all the considerations derived from an observation of external nature have increased strength when we consider the trains of states of consciousness as mental objects. The conscious ego persists,—that is, the self-conscious ego, the knowing, feeling, willing ego, for we know no other." "Both analyses of the modes of operation of the volitional powers of the human mind and observation historically upon the course of mental development conclusively show that disbelief in a future state has a tendency to favor egoistic or selfish rather than altruistic or social character. It is destructive of the social organism, the life of which is that each member be the means and end of all the rest."

This peculiarity of Mr. Thompson's scheme of thought places him over against Dr. Martineau, for instance, who views the belief in a future life as a religious belief only, or chiefly, because it contemplates a perfect moral adjustment which this world does not present, and thus vindicates

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the moral character of Deity. There can be little question, as between these two writers, where the knowledge and feeling of religion are the more conspicuous; and we are not able to see how a deficiency in natural religiousness qualifies a man to write instructively concerning religion, any more than a dislike of the laboratory would tend to constitute an impartial chemist, or an aversion to insects would go to make a judicial entomologist. Now, Mr. Thompson, for whom as a psychologist we entertain high respect, seems to us, from this volume, unusually lacking in religious susceptibility. He remains curiously *outside* his subject all the time. It is not feelings which he has himself had or strong beliefs which he has himself cherished which he seeks to analyze and verify, but certain phenomena of the general mind, interesting to the psychologist because they are facts of consciousness. Thus he begins with a provisional definition of religion as bloodless and as destitute of specific life as many of the Spencerian formulæ, in which the generality is so high that recognition of any individual phenomenon intended to be covered by them is well-nigh impossible. "Religion," says Mr. Thompson, "is the aggregate of those sentiments in the human mind arising in connection with the relations assumed to subsist between the order of nature (inclusive of the observer) and a postulated supernatural." The definition is certainly extensive enough, but of its intensive sufficiency we have grave doubt: the peculiar note of religion is not indicated by it. The supernatural is of course necessary as the logical groundwork of the natural, "the noumenon of all phenomena, the universal permanence in which all things inhere." Mr. Thompson treats very inadequately the emotions of dependence and submission which a realization of the supernatural power excites. His conception of sin as a notion wholly deleterious shows the purely naturalistic stand-point which he actually occupies; while his introduction of monarchy, oligarchy, and democracy into the future state, according as God is one, or several, or withdrawn so as to leave the individual free, is a rather amusing example of politics out of place. The popular Christianity he unhesitatingly classifies as tritheistic, and he finds much the same influence for good in the idealized Buddha as in the ideal Christ. The best basis for a church, Mr. Thompson thinks, is the platform of the Free Religious Association. With his frequent insistence that nothing in religion shall be allowed, under any plea, to do harm to man, in body or in mind, we are in complete accord; and his closing remarks on religious education are excellent. They respect, indeed, only instruction in the intellectual truths of a highly generalized religion, and are silent concerning the training and development of the religious sentiments themselves. Mr. Thompson speaks with moderation concerning worship and prayer: the tone of his remarks, indeed, which is in consonance with his whole treatise, should go far to show that his general attitude is not the characteristic attitude of religion at all. Either the overshadowing and all-embracing Power *is*, and should compel earnest adoration and heart-

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felt homage, or he is *not*,— a fiction of men's minds, and deserves no worship. But a Deity whose reality is all a subject of discussion, doubt concerning whom is just as good as faith, and whom science may, as it were, pat on the back and encourage so long as he is not intrusive,— why, this kind of a God is a very sorry object of worship, and his so-called temples had best be closed until he can make himself felt by his patrons here below in a way which will cause them to drop their patronage hastily. Mr. Thompson has given us an external view of religion from an able psychologist, but the soul of her is not visible.

The Social Influence of Christianity. By David J. Hill, LL.D.— Dr. Hill's lectures, delivered at the Newton Theological Institution in 1887, have special reference to the problems of to-day. Christianity he defines, for his purpose, as the spirit of Jesus Christ, teaching the worth of every soul and the gospel of mutual helpfulness among the children of one All-Father. He treats, in the body of the work, the problems of labor, wealth, marriage, education, legislation, and the repression of crime. Before all these questions of to-day, Dr. Hill's attitude is that of a conservative thinker who attaches great weight to natural distinctions between man and man, which have to be tempered mainly by Christian kindliness, and to the personal virtues by which men have always made their way out of poverty and wrong. He is very little of a socialist, and has small sympathy even with "Christian Socialists" like Maurice. The lectures cannot be said to add much to the information given in more elaborate works like Mr. Brace's *Gesta Christi* and Prof. Schmidt's work on the same subject; but they are fresh, clear, and thoughtful discussions of questions of vital concern, about which there can be no danger of too many opinions from writers of Dr. Hill's ability. A rather surprising exception to his usual conservatism of view is his concession of the right of suffrage to unmarried women. A more important matter, in which he is open to fundamental criticism, in company with Mr. Brace, is the attribution of nearly all that is good in our existing civilization to Christianity, his emphasis upon the evils of ancient society, and his slight mention of the tremendous iniquities of modern society. Pure Christianity has done a beautiful work in the world; but it is not to be credited with all the benefits due to race, intellectual vigor, and the increment of progress arising from other influences than the religious. (Silver, Burdett & Co.)

Hegel's Philosophy of the State and of History. An Exposition. By George S. Morris, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Michigan. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. pp. 306.— The difficulty of a brief popular exposition of the so-called profounder philosophy is that to the uninstructed mind it reads like a formal and solemn and rather dreary recitation of quite commonplace ideas. This neat little volume does not quite escape that verdict. Without special philosophic training, we fear

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the reader will not suspect the depth of the mental processes by which what looks to him a discourse on stilts, of very plain matters of history and politics, has come about. But every reader, uninstructed or not, is glad to know what so eminent a person as Hegel thought about history and the State; and, certainly, he cannot find it on easier or pleasanter terms.

Abraham Lincoln. A Biography for Young People. By Noah Brooks. In preparing this excellent biography of President Lincoln, Mr. Brooks has had the great advantage of writing out of a long and intimate acquaintance. His volume is thus easily distinguished from the compilations of other biographies, for younger people, of the great martyr of the Civil War. It is written with force and animation. Lincoln's earlier fortunes are related in picturesque detail, and the history of the war is well sketched as the background to his striking personality. While the *Century* biography will be the standard for older readers, we doubt if any more justly attractive to young people will soon be produced than this. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

RECENT FOREIGN BOOKS.

Theology and Philosophy.

La Foi Chrétienne au IV^e^ Siècle.

La Médecine dans l'Eglise au IV^e^ Siècle.

Le Triomphe de l'Eglise au IV^e^ Siècle.

(The three works just named, by M. A. Marignan, have as one of their main objects to exhibit the very slow and almost insensible change in the great bulk of the population of the Roman Empire from Paganism to Christianity. They are highly commended by Dr. Albert Réville. Paris: A. Picard.)

Old Testament and New Testament Theology. By H. Ewald. (Clarks.)

Hiob. Von E. Reuss. (Brunswick: Schwetschke.)

The Science of Religions. By E. Burnouf. Translated by J. Liebe. (Sonnenschein.)

Das Selbstbewusstsein Jesu im Lichte der messianischen Hoffnungen seiner Zeit. Von W. Baldensperger. (A psychological essay of interest and value. Strasbourg: Heitz.)

Scientific Religion. By Laurence Oliphant. (Mr. Oliphant is a recent convert to "occultism," and he here studies "the higher possibilities of life and practice through the operation of natural forces." The work is the product of six months' retirement on Mount Carmel, and will be greeted by the "occult school" as a strong addition to their peculiar literature. Blackwood.)

Logic; or, The Morphology of Knowledge. By B. Bosanquet. In two volumes. (Macmillan.)

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An Examination of the Theory of Evolution, and Some of its Implications. By George Gresswell. (By an advocate of evolution. Williams & Norgate.)

Natural Causation. By C. E. Plumptre. (Unwin.)

History and Biography.

Christopher Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln. By J. H. Overton and Elizabeth Wordsworth. (Rivingtons.)

Shakespeare, and Other Lectures. By George Dawson. (Kegan Paul.)

Shakespeare or Bacon. By Sir Theodore Martin. (An excellent exposure of the notion of the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare. Blackwood.)

Partial Portraits. By Henry James. (Macmillan.)

R. C. Trench, Archbishop of Dublin: Letters and Memorials. (Kegan Paul.)

Discours et Eloges Académiques. Par J. B. Dumas. (A volume of admirable addresses on scientific men and discoverers of the present century. Paris: Gauthier Villars.)

Römisches Staatsrecht. Von Theodor Mommsen. Band III. Abth. I. (The first part of the closing volume of Mommsen's great constitutional history of Rome. Leipzig: Hirzel.)

A Literary and Biographical History; or, Bibliographical Dictionary of the English Catholics, from the Breach with Rome to the Present Time. By Joseph Gillow. (The third volume of Mr. Gillow's work, which is highly commended by English critics. Burn & Oates.)

History of Ireland. By Dr. R. Hassencamp. Translated by E. A. Robinson. (Sonnenschein.)

Reynell Taylor, C.S.I. A Biography. By E. Gambier Parry. (Kegan Paul)

D. D. Home: His Life and Mission. By Madame Dunglas Home. (An uncritical biography of the noted spiritist. Trübner.)

Life of Victor Hugo. By Frank T. Marzials. (W. Scott.)

Life of R. W. Emerson. By Richard Garnett. (W. Scott.)

Miscellaneous.

La Morale Economique. Par G. de Molinari.

Finance and Politics. An historical study. 1783–1885. By Sydney Buxton, M.P. (Murray.)

A History and Criticism of the Various Theories of Wages. By W. McDonnell. (The Whately memorial prize essay for 1887. Simpkin Marshall.)

A Treatise on Money. By J. S. Nicholson. (Blackwood.)

Church Reform. By Albert Grey, M.P., Canon Fremantle, Rev. S. A. Barnett, C. W. Stubbs, and others. (A shilling volume in the Imperial Parliament Series. Sonnenschein.)

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Prosperity or Pauperism. Papers on physical, industrial, and technical training, collected by Lord Brabazon, Earl of Meath. (Longmans.)

Signs of Change. By William Morris. (Addresses from the socialist stand-point by the poet Morris. Reeves & Turner.)

Folk Tales of Kashmir. By Rev. J. Hinton Knowles, missionary to the Kashmiri. (Trübner.)

Modern Science in Bible Lands. By Sir J. W. Dawson. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The New English Dictionary, edited by Dr. J. A. H. Murray, has reached Part IV., advancing into the letter C.

RECENT AMERICAN BOOKS.

Great Hymns of the Church. By the late Bishop J. F. Young. (Gives the original words, English translation, and music of many famous hymns. James Pott.)

The Aryan Race and its Achievements. By Charles Morris. (A good summary, based on the best authorities. S. C. Griggs & Co.)

Manual of Christian Evidences. By G. P. Fisher, D.D. (A brief summary. Scribners.)

Taxation in American States and Cities. By R. T. Ely, Ph.D. (A valuable and timely work. Crowell.)

H. H. Richardson and his Works. By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. (Houghton.)

Life. By Count Lyof N. Tolstoï. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. (Crowell.)

The Pilgrim Republic: An Historical Review of the Colony of New Plymouth. By John A. Goodwin. (Ticknor.)

William I. and the German Empire. By G. Barnett Smith. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

Constitutional History and Political Development of the United States. By Simon Sterne. (Fourth revised edition of an excellent manual. Putnams.)

NOTEWORTHY ARTICLES IN THE PERIODICALS.

JUNE.

Matthew Arnold. By H. D. Traill. (*Contemporary Review.*)

Recent Critics of Darwinism. By G. J. Romanes. (*Contemporary Review.*)

Theological Romances. By Andrew Lang. (Chiefly devoted to Mrs. Ward's *Robert Elsmere*, which has received much attention in England, seven editions having been sold, and Mr. Gladstone having also made it the subject of an article. (*Contemporary Review.*)

The Literary Career in France. By Theodore Child. (*Atlantic Monthly.*)

A Universal Language. By F. A. March. (*Forum.*)

The Next American University. By A. D. White. (*Forum.*)

The Coming Reign of Plenty. By Prince Kropotkin. (*Nineteenth Century.*)

APRIL.

The Apocrypha. (*Quarterly Review.*)

MARS–AVRIL.

La Religion des Anciens Babyloniens et son plus récent historien, M. Sayce. Par J. Halévy. (An extended criticism of Prof. Sayce's Hibbert Lectures. *Revue de l'Histoire des Religions.*)

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THE PILGRIM REPUBLIC.

An Historical Review of the Colony of New Plymouth, with sketches of the rise of other New England settlements, the history of Congregationalism, and the creeds of the period. By JOHN A. GOODWIN. 1 vol. 8vo. With maps and plans. $4.00.

Mr. William A. Hovey (*Causeur*) says in the *Boston Herald*, "It is a book full of exact information hitherto difficult to get at, interesting to the last degree, and instructive as well; a notable addition to the literature of American history."

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ETERNITY.

A THREAD IN THE WEAVING OF A LIFE.

Among my earliest recollections are those of the pictures of hell which I saw from Sunday to Sunday in a country church. They were drawn with wide-sweeping gestures by the frenzied preacher, and colored by the wails of the devout in the congregation. The pictures were balanced by the favorite hymns emphasizing the endless bliss of that place,—

> "Where congregations ne'er break up
> And Sabbaths have no end."

Especially was I impressed with the conception: —

> "When we've been there ten thousand years,
> Bright shining as the sun,
> We've no less days to sing God's praise
> Than when we first begun."

The drawl of the singing only served to intensify the significance of the lines to me, and each repetition filled me with a deeper awe and terror.

Out of what chaos of childish talk I cannot say, but in some way there developed one day between a playmate and myself the question, How far is it to the end of the world? Where my playmate went I have no recollection. But

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I know that I ran eagerly to my mother for the answer I doubted not she would give. She was repeating my question, as a mother will, when my father chanced to pass through the room. He understood from the tone that the question was mine; and, without stopping, he said, in an abrupt, half-bantering manner, "The world has no end." The same vague terror thrilled me as when listening to the voices of the congregation wailing out the hymns declaring the endless life of the saved. I was repelled by it, and soon lost myself in the usual physical life of childhood. This I now infer from the fact that memory shows no record for long afterward.

At the age of nine or ten years, the idea of endless duration flashed upon me with perfect clearness. And the terror I experienced was beyond expression. I had just gone into a very small "house," which I had been building, and which was barely large enough for me to turn in. I had just seated myself with the satisfaction of achievement when all the nebulous impressions of former years suddenly assumed perfect order, and I felt that my existence must be endless. It seemed as if all the world were crumbling in upon me and crushing me. I hurried out of the cramped place and ran again to my mother. I asked her whether it was really true that I must live always if I went to heaven. She seemed startled by the question, but answered as Puritan mother must, and asked quietly if I did not want to live always. I was too full of terror to answer, and only asked whether I must live always if I went to the "*other* place." The same stern Puritan faith answered unhesitatingly, that those who go there must also live always. There was no subtilizing, no attempt to turn me away from the theme, to her so solemn, to me so dreadful. She went on about her work, while I sat on the floor and sobbed out my despair. At that moment, the prospect of endless existence, even though it be in heaven, was to me a very present hell. I had not yet heard of the "soul-sleeper's" doctrine with its annihilation of the wicked. And, when I did hear of the doctrine, it was with such strong condemnation on the part

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of those in whose wisdom I had unshaken confidence that it seemed to me one of the surest of all the ways mapped out to *sheol.*

Just as I reached the age of twelve years, my parents — pioneers in spirit — moved to a Western prairie. The summer proved a somewhat severe trial to my health. One day, while lying on a cot, my mother near me, I suddenly felt myself caught up to a height immeasurable, beyond all visible objects; and, while I called out an agonized "good-by" to my mother, I felt myself bound to a huge iron wheel that rolled without the slightest jar and with tremendous velocity along a thin, perfectly straight line of fire stretched through otherwise empty space. I knew that I must go in this way to the end of the line, and I knew that the line was endless. It was but a moment, and yet in that moment I felt the doom of an eternity with nothing but the iron wheel, and the track of fire, and my soul destined to yearn endlessly for all that it held dear. When I was quiet again, my mother spoke gently to me, moistened my lips and brow, smoothed back my hair, and presently I fell asleep. But for long afterward the vision would recur to me at times, and awaken unspeakable horror. And with it my terror at the thought of endless existence became more intense. It was only long after its occurrence that I realized how truly the vision symbolized the state of a "lost" soul which can have become "lost" only by breaking connection with all that is good and worthy and enduring, and must therefore be whirled through eternity on whatever fiery track the iron wheel of its destiny may chance to roll.

In school, I found reminders of the same contradiction that met me elsewhere. In a text-book of arithmetic, I found time defined as a "measured portion of duration." The definition seemed unquestionable, and yet from it I could only gather the impression that time must be understood to be just a measured portion of the measureless. And yet this dreadful "measureless" I was myself destined to measure. In my thought, it was indeed a hopeless con-

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tradiction. Yet I doubted not of the fact. I felt myself bound to accept the impossible as the real.

Again, geography unfolded the same contradiction. Here it was, indeed, not endless duration, but boundless extension. I had chanced to be so taught the facts of geography that, instead of being nothing more than mere words, they seemed substantial realities which I could clearly picture to myself as existing there side by side in space. Especially, I had received a vivid impression of the solar system, with the immense orbits of its members.

By degrees, this became assimilated in my consciousness; and occasion soon came — as in such case "occasion" must always come — to crystallize the vague impression into form. It was on a summer evening. I was following the cows homeward along a path in a ravine, and looking up now and then at the sky. As the twilight deepened, a star gleamed out through the blue depths. Suddenly, and for the first time in my life, I felt vividly — vividly enough for the feeling to become a clearly defined thought — that, in looking at a star, I was looking at an immeasurably distant world. And the blue vault? In the same instant that had vanished. I knew I was looking into the *depths*, not at the "floor of heaven." With this there was a sudden sense of giddiness, as if the foundations of the world had that moment been wrenched away, and it and I and all were falling swiftly — whither?

It was the definite beginning of my mental reconstitution, though I was far enough from being aware of it then.

Years after, on the march and in battle,— for I was just old enough to be accepted among the first volunteers in the late war,— I saw how impossible it is to adjust a greatly enlarged and highly complex human world to the pattern provided by the simple primitive life of the ancient Hebrews. It was as if the friction of this great struggle had set my Puritan faith aglow, raising it to the point of fusion and plasticity. I had seen men in blue and men in gray lying where the demonic tempest had left them, with eyes strained widely open as if the unspeakable mystery of eternity had

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that moment for the first time dawned upon them. And these men,— what had their lives been? What were their lives now? What were their lives eternally *to be?* I had left school to take part in this struggle. And the experiences of the struggle only intensified the problem of which I had begun to seek the solution in school. Thus it was that, when the struggle ended, I was again in school, seeking what help the school might give.

And yet in school my teachers seemed concerned with little else than syntax and mathematical symbols. So that, when I asked them to help me construe a soul or to find the *locus* of my own existence, they repeated a text of Scripture, and referred me to the conventional co-ordinates.

Evidently, then, I must look for help elsewhere. And I was like a beginner in astronomy, who must grope about in the night, through an instrument which he little understands the use of, to find the true polar star. Guides to reading I had none. I went often to the book-stand, and found little else than the usual trivialities.

A fellow-student talked admiringly of Dr. Holland's *Bitter-sweet* — think of it! — as solving the problem of evil. I read, and found nothing but bitter. If evil was to be accounted for as a necessary instrumentality in the development of good, then "evil" is not evil, but good. It was substantially the argument of the country preacher: that, "if Adam had not sinned, there would have been no occasion for the coming of the Redeemer, and hence man could never have known the extent of the divine love to man." Dr. McCook's *Divine Government* fell into my hands. Surely, this would tell me the thing I longed to know. In reality, the argument became focussed for me into something like this: the things we know in part are to be explained by the things we don't know at all. At least, these two books served as an irritant. If the received dogmas drove reason into such self-stultifications as these, then there must be something radically wrong with the received dogmas. For reason can only be reason by being self-consistent. And man is man only in the possession and use of reason.

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While my school-days continued, I heard scarcely a reference to the modern English school of thinkers. If Spencer or Darwin were mentioned at all, it was with a condescending smile or with an expression of horror,—much as economists of the schools now refer to Henry George or to Karl Marx. Of German philosophy, not a word. It was while teaching a winter term of school in the country that I fell upon Agassiz's papers on the Glacial Epoch, as they appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. At the same time, in the school library of the district, I found Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero-worship*. Here were two streams of vitality; and they proved a substantial relief from the sermons of a good man who came to the neighborhood, once a month, to make plain to the people the way of truth, and who labored zealously for two hours, one Sunday, to show his congregation that all storms with their destructive character were due solely to the vicious Prince of the Power of the Air.

Happily, school-days come to an end; and, when I had once realized that I was no longer to answer the call of a professor and report upon tasks assigned, I found my way to what seemed a favorable location for work, and began seeking everywhere for light,—in magazines and reviews, and especially through the shelves of a library which a Western senator had been wise and generous enough to establish in the town.

Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* proved somewhat puzzling at first, with its Titan extravaganza; though out of it all I at length gathered the significant conception that all objects appealing to the senses are, in truth, nothing else than the transitory forms, the mere wrappage of spirit, or mind. Body, that which occupies space, is nothing more than a suit of clothes, or raw material for such, which mind puts on and off, wears out and flings to the rag-heap.

It was well for me that that conception took shape when it did, and that it was re-enforced in a subtle way through the influence of Max Müller's *Science of Language*, which I read with intense delight. It was well to have this clear impression of the power of mind over materiality take shape

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then; for I soon came under the spell of Spencer and Darwin and Huxley, whose works so constantly emphasize and so admirably present the aspects of truth unfolded in the material world as to tend inevitably toward a one-sided, materialistic view of the world on the part of the young and eager inquirer.

The *First Principles* of Mr. Spencer was of special value to me. Its statements of the antinomies, or seeming contradictions in thought, were at once a stimulus and a means of classification. In it I found wide and systematic formulation of the contradictions I had so long felt. And the more clearly those contradictions came to be formulated, the less endurable I felt them to be. And if the "reconciliation" offered in the *First Principles* proved to be by no means a satisfying one to me, yet only so much the more did it bring me to feel the absolute need of finding a perfect reconciliation.

Indeed, hope of reconciliation seemed to beckon along the lines of investigation presented in the positive portion of the *First Principles*. The discussion of the Indestructibility of Matter, the Continuity of Motion, and the Persistence of Force, all pointed to a working Unit, which was, indeed, not related to any other than itself. In that sense, it did indeed seem to be "unconditioned." And yet just from that fact it must itself include all conditions, all relations. Nay, it must not merely include them as a vessel includes its contents. As the *persistent Unit*, it must include all conditions and relations in the sense of unfolding them within itself as the modes of its own existence. And, indeed, this conception had already become measurably explicit in the language of science. For what had previously been spoken of as "forces" were now classed as merely modes of that one Force which persists.

And this persistent force could not be conceived save as having ever persisted, save as ever continuing to persist. The "forces" were measurable. And yet they were only modes of the one persistent Force which was *measureless*. And so I seemed bound to my iron wheel again with the

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doom of measuring the measureless renewed. And this feeling was rendered increasingly vivid by the disclosures of geology with the accompanying evidences of the continuity of life in the development of our world.

Most impressive of all, in this respect, was the account which Mr. Spencer gives of the Nebular Hypothesis. Time expanded to my mind until it seemed indeed to vanish into eternity,—a mere measured portion of Duration. Spencer and Lyell and Darwin and Huxley,—what a magnificent, what an appalling revelation they had formulated! And so much the more appalling, as it seemed clashing ruinously with the other long implicitly trusted divine Revelation. No wonder that in the midst of all this poor Hugh Miller, struggling desperately through seas of doubt in search of the Golden Fleece of Truth, should be caught and crushed by those Symplegades!

Crossing a brook one day, I looked down at the bare strata of limestone. Crinoids were visible at every break in the rock. Just a glimpse between the edges of the leaves of how old a book! And with his hammer, aided by the occasional crowbar and explosive of the railway builder, the scientist has been for a little while working his way into this huge volume! How fragmentary, even at the best, his work must still be! Nay, the book itself, bound in the "everlasting hills," has gathered its meaning through myriads of ages, and, according to the estimate of science, must sooner or later be dashed into nebula again, all its rich, slowly gathered significance blotted out forever. And, as I stood there, I thought how men, in their pygmy presumption, move about over the rugged binding of this huge volume, and construct their books, fondly imagining that these works of theirs shall last forever!

All this was leading up to a conception of which I was then, indeed, altogether unaware. The conception suddenly assumed definite formulation one evening, while I was reading, in a history of philosophy, the theory of Averroes. This Arab interpreter of Aristotle had caught eagerly at the idea of unity and continuity unfolded in the work of the

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Greek, and had interpreted that idea in the Oriental sense. The Divinity is all. Whatever of reality there is in man is but an emanation from God, and must be reabsorbed into the Divine substance. The Mohammedan, looking into the pages of Aristotle, arrived at the same mystical conclusion as did the Brahman looking into the swiftly changing manifestations of the world about him.

Could it be that this was the truth which science, in these latter times, was also unfolding in its discoveries as to the continuity of motion and the persistence of Force? For the moment I could not resist the conclusion that such was the case. And I experienced an inexpressible sense of relief at the thought that, though I might be a passing mode of the Eternal, yet I was, after all, not the embodiment of that dreadful contradiction which my early training had led me to suppose. The Divine is doubtless eternal. But all "else" is transitory. There is one Force that persists. All "else" is but a passing mode of that Force. Or, as Mr. Edwin Arnold has since expressed it, "The gods but live: only Brahm endures."

For a time I rested in this feeling. But for a time only; for I soon discovered that it was no more than a feeling. When I began to examine it more closely, I discovered that it could not stand the test of analysis. It might be true enough that all physically constituted units were destined to dissolution. It might well be that an "atom"—an absolutely indivisible unit—is here wholly unthinkable as a reality. But there seemed to be characteristics in man that could not be accounted for on any theory of the merely "physical basis of life." So that, after all, the central problem of my life was not solved; and the former sense of needed solution was renewed and redoubled in urgency.

So far I had trusted mainly to the English school of thinkers for guidance. There now fell into my hands the first numbers of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, with its translations from and interpretations of the works of leading German thinkers.

I had, indeed, found reference in Mr. Spencer's *First*

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Principles to the philosophy of Kant. But these references were only incidental, and by way of accepting the "antinomies,"— the alleged imbecilities of reason. But what had Kant really said of positive import? In the *Journal*, I found frequent and highly appreciative references to his *Critique of Pure Reason.*

In company with others, I set about the study of this book, and found in it for the first time ground that became firmer the more I examined it. A critical study of the nature of thought itself and of the necessary conditions of the exercise of thought,— that proved to be the really indispensable preliminary to all really systematic thinking. I began to discover with the aid of Kant that the "relativity of knowledge," to which the English school of thinkers were so entirely pledged, was an ambiguous and therefore misleading phrase. Very commonly, the phrase was used to mean the relativity that is of necessity involved *in* knowledge. So far the meaning was legitimate enough. Doubtless there can be no knowledge that excludes relation. Especially and primarily there can be no knowledge save as involving the relation of a knowing subject to a known object. Subject and object are unquestionably correlative terms. But, then, when I think of my own act of knowing, and analyze the act into its correlative phases of act-of-knowing on the one hand and object-known on the other, I have already made my very act-of-knowing an object of my own knowledge. I cannot know the correlatives of subject and object as such without making each an object of my thinking. The thinking unit thinks of itself as a thinking unit. That is, the subject, or thinking unit, necessarily becomes an object to itself. And this is expressed in the term *con*sciousness, and doubly emphasized in the term *self*-consciousness.

Whence there is to be noted this distinction: that, on the one hand, in the experience of the individual, the relativity exhibited between subject and object does indeed often present the object as a unit separate and apart from the subject; but that, on the other hand, in all self-examination the rel-

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ativity subsists wholly within the knowing subject, which in all such acts proves to be its own object. And this is necessarily *implied* in every possible act of knowing.

It thus turns out that the fundamental relation in knowing is the relation of the subject to itself; it is self-relation. And, while relativity is necessarily involved *in thought*, there is no real justification for saying that thought, as such, is involved in relation. Indeed, to insist upon the *absolute relativity* of thought is to insist that thought is related to something wholly different from thought. And the relativist himself is ready enough to insist that one can really know nothing else than his own mental states.

But he also insists that these states are still subject to something beyond us which we neither do nor can know. And so all our knowledge is built up of "experiences"; and, as we can never transcend "experience," it is evident that all our "ideas" must be accounted for as relative, as dependent, as experimentally derived. Thus it is that our idea of space is said to be derived from our experiences of resistance, and our idea of time from our feeling of difference or change.

But Kant puts all this on a wholly different basis. The question is not how we come to have the ideas of space and time. Doubtless, those ideas *are* derived from our experiences; and it is also beyond doubt that our "ideas" of whatever type constitute the very core of all our "experiences." But the essential question is, Given the ideas of space and time, critically to examine them and discover the degree of their validity on the one hand and, on the other hand, to find their precise relation to those facts of our consciousness which have reference to space and time. Could I perceive a tree or a bird or a star otherwise than as in space? The question brings its own answer. And the significant conclusion follows, that space is a necessary condition of all my perceptions of external objects. It is only by analysis that I become aware of this fact; but the fact itself is unquestionably present as a factor in every possible perception of such object. From which it follows that Space

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is a necessary condition or mode of my perceptions, and in that respect is subjective,— is a relation that subsists in my consciousness.

But it is just as unquestionable that space is a necessary condition or relation of the objects perceived. They are at such and such distance from one another and from me. And since I cannot perceive objects otherwise than as in these relations, then space is a necessary relation of object to object, and is therefore objective no less than subjective. So that, when some one comes and says that, according to Kant's interpretation, "The head is not so much in space as space is in the head," there is strong temptation to comment, Very likely,— at least for the one so reading Kant. In the same way, Time, as the necessary condition of our perceptions of change, is at once condition of the perceptions and of the changes perceived, and hence is at once both subjective and objective.

But also, since space cannot be conceived as objectively anything more than the necessary negative condition of all outer limitation, it is impossible to conceive of it as itself in any way limited. Any boundary we may assume *for* space is at once seen to be merely an assumed boundary *within* space. It is true that I cannot *imagine* space as unlimited, but neither can I *think* space as limited. I cannot *imagine* time as unlimited, but neither can I *think* time as anything else than a measured phase of duration. When I attempt to imagine space or time, I am hopelessly baffled. They cannot be conceived in the sense of imagining them. One can only conceive them in the sense of thinking them. One cannot imagine the infinite, though he may think it; just as one cannot really think a centaur, though he may imagine it.

It is just this failure to distinguish with perfect precision between thinking and imagining that seemed to me a fatal defect in Mr. Spencer's work,— following, as he did, only too closely in this respect Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Mansel, the refusal to recognize which distinction had enabled the latter to "refute" German philosophy. With each of these

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writers, "conception" is constantly used as equivalent to pictorial representation. The "inconceivable" is with them "the unimaginable" *or* "unthinkable." And it is evidently by this confusion of terms that Mr. Spencer was led to his "Unknowable."

With the help of Kant, this at length became clear to me. And, as it did so, I began to realize that I had made a further step in clarifying my own mind concerning the problem that had all along pressed upon me with such force. Space and time were two undeniable modes of existence, both subjective and objective. And I had now come to recognize that they cannot be other than infinite. They were in a twofold sense, then, modes of my own existence. They were modes of my subjective or spiritual existence, and also modes of my objective or bodily existence. Doubtless, they are in themselves only mere blank forms; but they are infinite forms, which somehow I seem destined, after all, to realize in my own existence. For, as it is impossible to conceive a boundary to space beyond which there is not still other space, and as it is impossible to conceive a limit to time beyond which there is not still other time, so I began to discover that there is no conceivable boundary for intelligence beyond which intelligence may not pass.

I noted, too, that, when considered in respect of their infinite divisibility, space and time are manifestly modes of finite existence: whereas, considered with respect to their boundless extension, they are as manifestly modes of infinite existence. And infinite existence,— what could that be but the total of all reality organically unfolded into every possible phase of finite existence expressive of every possible mode of an infinite Power? And for myself,— I could only be a mode of that infinitely developed Power, though also, it appeared, a mode destined to infinite development.

Evidently, too, that Power could be no other than the ultimate Unit which Mr. Spencer names the "Unknowable." And yet, "unknowable" though it be, Mr. Spencer refers to it as having an "established order," * calls it the "Unknow-

* *First Principles* (New York ed.), p. 117.

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able Power,"* and speaks of it as "manifesting itself."† Nay, he is also able to discover "the existence of knowable likenesses and differences among the manifestations of that Power" as well as "a resulting segregation of the manifestations into those of subject and object."‡

True, he claims that these are, in the main, no more than "postulates." But he also claims to have "shown that, though by the relativity of our thought we are eternally debarred from knowing or conceiving Absolute Being, yet that this very *relativity* of our thought necessitates that vague consciousness of Absolute Being which no mental effort can suppress."§ So that, after all, Absolute Being does prove to be relative to the relative. "No mental effort can suppress" that fact.

And yet, though there are "knowable likenesses and differences among the manifestations of that [ultimate] Power," the Absolute is declared to have "neither *relation* nor its elements,— difference and likeness."‖ It is the "Unconditioned." Yet this unconditioned, or "non-relative," is "an actual existence." And nothing could be more certain than this. For by the very conditions of thought "an indefinite consciousness of Absolute Being is necessitated."¶ Nor is this all. For "asserting the persistence of Force is but another mode of asserting an Unconditioned Reality, without beginning or end."** So that "the phenomena of evolution have to be deduced from the Persistence of Force,"†† while the "universally coexistent forces of attraction and repulsion are, indeed, the complementary aspects of that absolutely persistent force which is the ultimate datum of consciousness."‡‡

Surely, I thought, though the Absolute may be in some sense the Unknowable, it seems far enough from being absolutely unknowable in the pages of Mr. Spencer or elsewhere. And I was especially impressed with the fact that the ultimate Unit is absolutely *known* to be "without beginning or end."

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* *First Principles*, p. 157. † *Ibid.*, p. 154, and elsewhere. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 157.
§ *Ibid.*, p. 163. ‖ *Ibid.*, p. 162. ¶ *Ibid.*, p. 190. ** *Ibid.*, p. 189.
†† *Ibid.*, p. 398. ‡‡ *Ibid.*, p. 514.

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I could not but regard the conception of the Persistence of Force as being perfectly valid. And yet it only served to further intensify in my mind the idea of eternity as boundless Past and boundless Future, while the Present seemed only a phantom rushing from infinity to infinity.

I supplemented my study of Kant by a prolonged effort to thread the mazes of the Hegelian dialectic,—the most elaborate, as it is the most rigidly consistent of all the attempts that have been made to arrange the fundamental categories of thought in the order of their complexity and at the same time to show the necessity of their sequence. And yet, however unexpectedly, it was in the work of a poet that I found the immediate clew by which to reconcile the contradiction that had so long perplexed and distressed me. Schiller had been an eager and appreciative student of Kant; and, with the poet's gift, he had seized upon the most concrete human aspects of Kant's philosophy. Kant had declared, in the introduction to his *Critique of Pure Reason*, that the ultimate, transcendentally significant problems for human intelligence are God, Freedom, and Immortality. Schiller took up these conceptions, and based upon them his theory of the Beautiful. He assumed that there is but one ideal or type of personality. Different persons are but different conscious units, struggling in various ways towards the realization of that type. The perfect realization of that type is the perfect Person, "the absolute subject," or God.*

Thus, freedom for the individual is to be attained only through the realization of this Divine type for and in the individual's own life. And, because the type is infinite, its realization must involve infinite duration, or immortality. That is the way leading man to God. And, because the Divine activity is without external resistance, it is forever unwearied. And this is the absolute perfection of play,—the unrestricted and therefore unwearied accomplishment of results that must thus be faultless, and hence prove the ceaseless occasion of Divine joy. And, in struggling towards the

* See Schiller's *Æsthetical Letters*, xi. to xv. inclusive.

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fulfilment of this divine type in his own life, individual man participates unceasingly in the Divine life, progressively attains freedom, approximates the Divine, and realizes immortality.

All this Schiller more or less plainly intimates. And now, with this clew, the doctrine of evolution presented to my mind a new and far richer significance than it had previously done. A distinction that I had not as yet been able to formulate clearly now became perfectly plain. The distinction was this: The term "unconditioned" can only mean that the ultimate Power, or Cause, is all-inclusive, and therefore unconditioned, in this sense only: that there is nothing whatever beyond it to impose conditions upon it; while, on the other hand, and for that very reason, all conditioned existences must be involved *in* Absolute Being as modes *of* it. And, since the ultimate Power as Absolute Being cannot change, there must unquestionably be an "established order" in its "manifestations." In other words, the ultimate, all-inclusive Power is perfect in its activity; its activity is in accordance with an absolutely perfect, unalterable Method.

But, by this established order or method, the ultimate Power gives rise to conditioned being,— unfolds an infinite series of concretely realized conditions within itself,— and thus proves to be indeed, in one respect, the Unconditioned; but also, and not less truly, it proves, in another sense, to be the absolutely *self*-conditioned. And, this distinction once clearly urged, others followed as necessary corollaries.

Thus, since in its modes of activity it manifests itself, and since we may become increasingly aware of the character and complexity of those modes, then it seems impossible to reject the conclusion that while the ultimate Power, or Force, or Energy,* as being absolute, self-limited, self-sufficing, and therefore perfect or infinite, is "unknowable" in the sense that no created mind can ever acquire an exhaustive, detailed knowledge of it, yet, in the very fact that it

* Physicists now insist, significantly enough, on the use of the term "Energy" where the term "Force" was formerly used, as if feeling that the ultimate Power must be spontaneous and personal.

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"manifests itself" in accordance with a "fixed order," or changeless method, the ultimate Power proves to be progressively *knowable* to the created mind. And the extent to which it is knowable by such mind can only find its ultimate limit in the ultimate limit of mental growth on the part of a created thinking unit.

Nor is this all. For Absolute Being, or the all-comprising Energy, cannot but be wholly and ceaselessly active. Ceasing to act is ceasing to exist; and ceasing to act in any degree is ceasing to exist in just that degree. But that something should become nothing is "unthinkable." The idea of the absolute persistence of Energy is, let us repeat, precisely the same as that of "an unconditioned reality without beginning or end." In fact, the persistence of Energy is an "ultimate truth given in our mental constitution,"* whence I could not but conclude that causation, or creation,— that is, the self-unfolding of Absolute Being,— is an eternally self-equal fact; and I recalled, with a new comprehension of their significance, the phrases I had so often heard repeated in childhood and youth, declaring the Divinity to be "without variableness or shadow of turning," as being the same "yesterday, to-day, and forever," as being the "high and lofty One that inhabiteth Eternity."

Still further, I could not but think that Absolute Being, "manifesting itself" in accordance with a "fixed order" or method, must, in that very fact, be perfectly aware of itself in both its method and its manifestations. By no mental effort could I suppress the conviction that assumed shape in my mind, to the effect that the ultimate Energy, so unfailingly perfect in the method of its activity and self-manifestation, must, in its perfect self-guidance, be a perfect Intelligence.

And here the objection of "anthropomorphism" seemed to find its answer. Man has conceived the Divine to be embodied in trees and rivers and clouds and serpents and fire and planets and sun and stars, as well as in human form. Was there no germ of truth in all that? I reflected

* Spencer's *First Principles*, p. 191.

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that a thought is not complete until it receives expression, outer manifestation, explicit form or embodiment. It also occurred to me that the more complex the thought is, by so much the more must the expression or embodiment of it be complex. And, when I considered that the total thought of the Absolute Being must be infinitely complex, I saw that only the infinite totality of forms and relations could give adequate embodiment or expression to that thought, so that men have not been wholly wrong in supposing there is something divine in the various forms of the world about them. Their error has consisted rather in assuming that some one form sufficed as an embodiment of the Divine. Nay, even here, they blindly sought after the fuller truth by assuming that each form was an embodied god. They felt that something divine was expressed in every form, and they could not interpret this impression in any higher sense than that there were as many gods as forms.

But the identifying of the divine with the human form was an immense advance over all previous stages; for the recognition of the quality of intelligence as a divine quality was thus insured. What remained to be accomplished was that man should so far clarify his own intelligence as to recognize the fact of the infinite complexity of the divine Thought, and thus to learn that not any single form or group of forms can embody more than a single phase of that Thought; that, in fact, nothing less than the absolute total of existence in all its infinitely varied forms could be adequate as a means to the perfect utterance of the perfect Intelligence.

Thus, while in one respect Absolute Being would seem to be changelessly perfect as the ultimate Cause forever manifested in all particular forms of existence, such forms being themselves the "effects" or modes of Absolute Being, in another respect it would seem to be also absolutely conscious of itself in all its modes. So that one cannot avoid the conclusion, on the one hand, that there is no *reality* which is not a manifestation of Absolute Being; and, on the other hand, that there is no minutest phase of reality which

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Absolute Being as Intelligence does not perfectly think or know. It is in this sense that "what is rational is actual, and what is actual is rational." *

And now, because the same Absolute Being manifests itself and knows itself perfectly in its own manifestation, it seems impossible to avoid this further conclusion: that what the primal Energy, or First Cause, is *absolutely*, just that is what man proves to be *relatively;* that is, a Being who is knowing-subject and known-object in perfect fusion. Thus, if a man once thought of the divinities as having a human nature, his final discovery is that man is, in reality, possessed of the divine nature. And this is but the thought of primitive man unfolded into maturity.

It is thus that I was brought to what seemed to me the real solution of the problem of eternity in its concrete significance. Reference has already been made to the fact that space in its character of relation between bodies, and time in its character of relation between events, seemed to be modes of existence both infinite and finite; and, from the point of view now reached, they may be said to be the negative modes in which Absolute Being unfolds itself in finite and therefore changing forms. Apart from these finite forms there would then be no relation of coexistence, and apart from the changes occurring in those forms there would be no relation of succession; that is, there would be neither space nor time in any other sense than that in which mere blank "nothing" can be said to have an existence.

Absolute Being, then, is not in space and time in the sense of being subject to them; for they are but modes of the existence of Absolute Being. And, if Absolute Being cannot be conceived apart from its modes, so neither can these modes be conceived apart from Absolute Being. Nor is it to be forgotten that the highest — that is, most adequate — modes of Intelligence are wholly independent of space and time.

And, further, since Absolute Being is unchangingly per-

* Hegel, *Philosophie des Rechts*, Dritte Auflage, s. 17.

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fect, it is evident that it could never have been more or less in its total reality than it now is, and that it can never become other than it is; for that is a necessary corollary from the persistence of energy. And, as time is a condition of the changing, then Absolute Being as unchanging cannot be conditioned by time. On the contrary, since all finite, changing things are but modes of Absolute Being, it is evident that time, as nothing more than a condition of the changing, is but a subordinate and vanishing phase of the total creative process. For example, much of what is still future to the child is already past to the youth; and the to-morrow of youth is the yesterday of old age. Past, present, and future are all merged in to-day by the coexistence of generations. So the northern and southern hemispheres of our planet are measurably complementary to one another in seasons as well as in geometric form. Summer and winter, autumn and spring, are perpetual, when we consider the earth as a whole. And so in total space there appear to be innumerable nebulæ realizing serially all stages of advancement towards solar systems, and innumerable solar systems realizing serially all possible stages of progress from the nebulous state to the state of collapse into nebula again. So that every possible stage of evolution, from the most diffuse and simple to the most tense and complex, including organisms of every grade,— nay, including every grade of human development,— we may legitimately conclude to be *present perpetually* in the total range of the divine creative process.

And so I came to recognize that all conceivable duration must be merged in the changeless NOW of Absolute Being; that is, the *concrete eternity*. And the recognition of this truth brought with it a sense of great peace and rest, for now I have no longer to think of the past or of the future of the universe. I have only to think of the absolute, actual totality of existence,— the infinitely rich *present*, in which past and future are absolutely merged. It is this totality which endures, and apart from which eternity, which is but the mere form of the enduring, could have no

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meaning. God is fulfilled eternity, needing not to look beyond himself, but resting ever in the contemplation of his own infinite fulness and perfection. The divine Energy, self-active, self-sufficing, self-ordering, self-unfolding, rests ever in the unmixed joy of its eternal self-conservation.

And now, when I recur again to the ideas of space and time, it appears to me that the proper terms are Space and Duration. These, as already remarked, are nothing else than modes of existence. On the one hand, as infinitely extended, they are modes of infinite existence. On the other hand, as infinitely divisible, they are modes of finite existence. And finite existence itself is but the multiform mode of infinite existence. Infinite existence is the continuous, or universal. Finite existence is the discrete, or particular. Continuous and discrete, universal and particular, are but complementary phases of the same absolute totality. Infinite existence is the power of which finite existences are the modes.

I observe, too, that, since this absolute, self-knowing Power is forever completely unfolded in its modes, and since these modes are thus the self-manifestation of the Power, then, since the modes are knowable, the Power itself must also be thus far knowable. And this conviction became only the clearer the more I dwelt upon the relation between the Power and its modes. Looking out at the stars on a specially clear night, I noted the differences in their brilliancy, and along with this the varying appearance of vacancy or of fulness in different parts of the heavens. At the same time, I recalled the fact that the apparent nearness or remoteness of any two stars to each other is no proof of their real proximity, but only of the fact that a line drawn through them and the earth approximates a straight line; and it occurred to me that, though vast spaces seem blank even to the eye aided by the finest telescope, yet, if I were possessed of unlimited power to receive impressions of light, then I should see vast numbers of stars now wholly invisible from the earth. Nay, I should doubtless see them in such numbers as to fill the whole field of vision with light of

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varying degrees of intensity; and not only so, but with such delicacy of visual power I could so far distinguish between degrees of light as to judge of the relative nearness or remoteness of the stars, and so behold what would appear to be a solid, shining dome broken into infinitely complex arches, with the farthest stars for keystones and the nearest stars for pendants. And this magnificent vision would be perpetually varying, not merely because of the swift movement of the sphere from which my observations must necessarily be taken, but also because of the perpetual movement of every single element in the fluid-solid dome.

But thus also there would be presented an absolute limit to the field of my direct perception; and yet, assuredly, I could not then, any more than now, resist the conviction that beyond this limit space still extends infinitely, and that Absolute Being is just as actual in every part of that space as in the part thus roofed in by stars to me. And now I reflect that, though my direct *perception* would thus be limited, yet to that higher mode of vision, consisting of Reason, the innumerable spheres that give significance to infinite space are in truth nothing else than prismatic lenses, through which the radiance of the Divine Thought is focussed, and yet also dispersed into its myriad forms of beauty. Thus they prove to be the means, not of limiting, but rather of extending vision in its most adequate modes. So that, while in one respect the ultimate Power is "unknowable," yet in a higher sense what prove to be impassable limits to the less adequate modes of knowledge prove also to be veritable means to the further extension of knowledge in its more adequate modes, whence the ultimate Power is seen to be absolutely knowable. For to think truly is but to trace the "fixed order" or method of the ultimate Power as that Power manifests itself in the universe. In a word, to think truly is to trace out progressively the eternal thought of God.

And thus once more do I find that in the very fact of my being a thinking unit I am possessed of a divine nature. My chief, my sole mission is to think the divine thought

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with ever-increasing adequacy and clearness, and to conform my life thereto. That is living the divine life. That is the progressive realization of immortality. That is to render freedom an increasingly rich reality in my own existence. And it is the realization of immortality, because as a think, ing unit I belong to the same type of being as the ultimate-self-knowing Power; and, since I can conceive of no absolute limit to the possible development of that type within my own individual life, but rather can only regard myself as being possessed of an infinite nature, which, as mine, it is my natural destiny to fulfil, then clearly I cannot cease to exist as an individual. For the perfect fulfilment of this infinite typical nature on my part can be accomplished in no less than infinite duration.

But I also note that, while my progressive development involves time as a mode of my existence, yet the more adequately I realize the divine nature in my own individuality, by so much the more truly do I become superior to the limitations of time and experience, some semblance of the divine repose and peace of eternity.

The way leading man to God, then, is not a mere path amid the stars through boundless space. It is rather the "way of the Spirit," the method by which the Divine ideal or type is to become progressively unfolded into reality in the individual soul. It is the way of escape from the vacuity of mere initial existence, the way out of the primitive Eden with its walls and its gates and its insoluble contradictions, the way out of the uncertain ties, the anxieties the weariness, and the terrors of Time into the clear assurance, the self-poised maturity, the invigorating self-activity, the divine repose and joy of Eternity. The way by which man approaches the Divine is the way by which man becomes divine.

And so I came at length to see that the one possible way for me to escape from the contradictions of endless time, the infinitely stretched out eternity, consists in the gradual expansion of my life so as more and more to fulfil the form of the infinitely present, concrete eternity, whose essence is the Divine Life,— God in me and I in God. B.

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ATHEISM.

Lord Byron, in his conversations with Captain Medwin, relates that Shelley at Mont Anvert (in the hotel register?) inscribed himself as Ἄθεός, and that some after-comer wrote against that inscription the word Μῶρος. Byron adds that the latter word was the proper, and the only proper, comment on the former.

To be an atheist may be an infirmity, a misfortune; but to boast of atheism is folly. We can respect the agnosticism which is an honest confession of ignorance, not a denial; but there are those who, in the words of Sydney Smith, "pant to tell you they have no God," who glory in their rejection of those beliefs which constitute the comfort and hope of the mass of mankind.

There are two kinds of atheism, practical and speculative. There are those who confess God with their lips, but live altogether without God in the world. And there are those who do not confess him with their lips, but live pure and useful lives.

Speculative atheism, with which alone I am now concerned, may be due to a logical conscientiousness which cannot admit the cogency of the arguments commonly employed to prove God from nature. What we mean by God is not merely the author of all finite existence, but the Father of spirits, our highest ideal of holiness and love. The question is, "Does the natural or so-called material world, in all that human experience tells, in all that science, for ages exploring, analyzing, has discovered of its constitution, its laws, and on-goings, reveal such a Being?" That question Christian writers on natural theology, bringing to it the Jewish-Christian tradition which declares God to be the Maker of the world, answer confidently, Yes! It is curious to see how the finding of God in creation, all along, presumes the God to be found. Having the idea of God in their minds, these writers think to discover him in, to infer him from, the marks of beneficent design in the natural world. Here the atheist cannot follow them.

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If we could in thought divest ourselves of the Jewish-Christian tradition, and bring to the contemplation of the natural world a fresh, unprejudiced eye, what should we probably find there? Intelligence, contrivance, adaptation of means to ends; the chief end being the maintenance and the greatest possible multiplicity of species consistent with the rights of man, the supreme species of the planet.

Do these marks of intelligence prove the agency of God in the making and ordering of the natural world? Is intelligence vested only in self-conscious beings, in God, and in man?

If we take the idea of God given us in our consciousness,— a being of infinite love, of perfect holiness as well as of infinite wisdom and power,— and compare it with our observation and experience of the world as it is, can we honestly say that there is no discrepancy here? Does no doubt intrude itself but that such a being might have made a world free from some of the evils of the present? I will not say from all the evils, many of which are the necessary results of finiteness and mortal limitations, but from some of them,— the monstrosities and poisonous infelicities of nature. Not a world in which there should be only happiness and enjoyment, but a world relieved from the cruel assaults of external enemies.

Such questions arise, and the answers to them are mostly sophistical attempts at vindication compelled by a foregone conclusion.

In view of these difficulties, the believer submits himself to what is ordained with pious trust. But here it is that the atheist finds the strongest ground of his denial of the God of our faith.

But the atheist should look elsewhere than to the world of sense for the evidence of Deity. The world of sense proves intelligence, contrivance, and design: it does *not* prove the Father of spirits, the infinite Love.

The truest evidence of Deity is given us in our consciousness, in the moral sense which refers us to a moral law, which refers us to a supreme authority,— in the words of

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Matthew Arnold, to an "eternal not ourselves that makes for righteousness." He to whose consciousness the Eternal has never spoken, who has never heard "the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden" of his daily converse,— in short, who has never found God in his heart,— knows not God, has no God, however expressive of theism his creed. And he who has that experience need never look for proofs of Godhead in the world of sense.

We are witnessing in these days the not very edifying spectacle of a contest between atheism, in its crudest form, represented by Col. Ingersoll, and traditional Christianity, represented by Mr. W. E. Gladstone. Col. Ingersoll is a florid rhetorician, who glories in his rejection of all religion, and whose understanding of Christianity may be judged by his saying, after the death of Emerson, that, if Christianity were true, Emerson is now in hell.

Against him, Mr. Rice, editor of the *North American Review*, the arena of this contest, arrays, not as might have been expected, some approved theologian, like Canon Farrar or Dr. Vance Smith, but (for what reason is not very clear) the Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone, the most commanding figure at present in English politics, and a great scholar in secular learning, is no theologian, and, with his obsolete idea of the literal inspiration and historic truth of the Old Testament, is no match for Col. Ingersoll: he offers an easy mark for the assaults of his formidable antagonist.

But one thing he suggests of great force in answer to Ingersoll's plea of being powerless to resist the weight of evidence; namely, this, that the *will* is an important factor in determining the value of evidence.

I incline to believe that Christianity will survive the attacks of Mr. Ingersoll.

FREDERIC H. HEDGE.

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THE GERMAN UNIVERSITY AS A PATTERN.

In the earlier history of education in this country, the natural models which presented themselves for our imitation were the English. The renown and influential position of the great universities of Oxford and Cambridge stimulated the emulation and gave direction to the efforts of our leading colleges. The different conditions, however, existing on this side of the Atlantic, the dissimilar material on which and with which our colleges had to work, and the American spirit of independent judgment and free action soon led to variations from the English model, of no small importance.

Pretty early in the present century, our universities gained a wider range of studies and a more practical character than Oxford and Cambridge exhibited. Room was made for a moderate amount of instruction in the modern languages, in English literature, history, and composition, and in the new sciences that were so rapidly developing. The Greek and Roman classics constituted, nevertheless, the *pièce de résistance* at the university feast. In most of our colleges, thirty years ago, these were "required studies" throughout the whole course. But the immense progress of modern science in the last generation, and the new interest and importance of modern literature, have made it evident that a new set of conditions has arisen, and that the university which intends to keep in step with the needs of modern life must adjust itself to the new circumstances in which it finds itself.

Compelled thus to recast its course and methods of instruction, the directors of our American colleges naturally turned to Germany. Not only did the superior reputation for learning of the great universities on the Rhine and the Spree invite them, but the freedom prevailing in those universities was naturally attractive to the restless American spirit. Then, too, the number of our young instructors who had pursued their advanced studies in Germany especially contributed to turn the current of educational reform into the channel through which the German erudition had gained currency among us. Such universities as Michigan, Cornell,

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Harvard, and Johns Hopkins have sought accordingly to incorporate into their courses of instruction the chief features of value found in Leipzig and Berlin.

The history of collegiate education in America, indeed, for the last twenty years has been mostly a series of experiments, some conscious, others unconscious, in this direction. To all those interested in the cause of higher education in America, it is important to consider whether this change is a good one; and, if so, whether we are deriving from it all that it may and ought to give us. Having had some acquaintance with the leading German universities, I believe these questions to be of greater importance than is commonly supposed, and that a judicious mind, familiar both with German and with American courses of instruction, would give answers considerably different from those generally accepted upon these points.

The German university system has these great merits. It gives opportunity for independent research, and encourages original thought as no other system does. It gives the student a grateful release from incessant "cram," and from the treadmill of daily recitations and exercises. The student has time to stop and reflect; to take account of his stock of knowledge, and decide what of it is consistent and what is inconsistent with the rest, what is really credible or reasonable and what is not. In the German university there is more solicitude about his learning the right way to teach or investigate or discover truth than about the quantity of already discovered truth which he has packed into his memory. It judges his work by its quality rather than its quantity. In the university examinations, the aim is not to find out how much ground the man has covered, but how exactly and precisely — yes, microscopically — he knows anything. The widest general knowledge is rated of less account than a complete knowledge of the minutest special point.

Now, for the German student who has spent nine long years in the *Gymnasium*, under the severest drill, this is a healthful change. It gives him an opportunity to digest the

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too abundant facts which have been crowded upon his memory. He has had enough of mental discipline: he needs now the cultivation of the complementary, the creative faculty. When he enters the university, he is already, on the average, over nineteen years of age. Only twenty-five per cent. of all the German students, it is stated, are under twenty years of age.

The system has then much to commend it. But it has also, as the French say, "the defects of its qualities." Admirable as it is for the student who has attained the power of independent judgment, who has already settled down to some life-work and bent all his energies to preparing himself for it, it is not, on the other hand, well adapted to tone up the indolent to steady work, or to fill the undisciplined mind with a solid basis of general knowledge. It expects to find its students already past the need of this before it receives them, and to find them able to utilize wisely the full freedom which it allows as to the use of their time and their course of study.

Further, the German university is really a group of professional schools, whose students are mostly of adult years, already carefully disciplined, and preparing themselves for their special life-work. Our American colleges are institutions, mainly, for general culture. Originally, they corresponded pretty closely to the upper half of a German *Gymnasium*. The average graduate of an American college, in the earlier part of the century, was about on a par in age and attainments with a graduate of the *Gymnasium*. Little by little the standard of scholarship has been raised, more advanced studies have been introduced into the last two years, and the college has come to fill a double function, serving partly as an institute of discipline and general culture, partly as a preparatory department introductory to the various professional studies. While the two earlier years in most of our colleges still correspond to the last two years of the *Gymnasium*, the Junior and Senior years correspond to the first year or two of the German university in its philosophical department. It is only in our more advanced

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universities, like Harvard or Johns Hopkins, that the age of admission approaches the German average. The American Freshman, therefore, has not usually attained the intellectual maturity of the German *Fuchs*, or profited by the thorough drill and rigorous mental discipline which the severe classical and mathematical work of the *Gymnasium*, for nine long years, supplies to its graduates. Thus, whatever the excellencies of the German method, it is not adapted to those who form the bulk of our Freshman and Sophomore classes.

Again, we find absolute freedom in the German university, not only as to the kind of subjects that a student may choose to study, but as to whether he studies anything at all. Even for the German student, we may doubt if this absolute freedom is best. But with him, we must remember, it is qualified by powerful stimulants to exertion which are mostly lacking here. At least ninety per cent. of the students attending German universities are preparing themselves, and must prepare themselves if they wish for any professional opportunities, for some one or other of the various State examinations prescribed by the government. To obtain a license to preach, a student must attend three years at the university, pass the State examination in philosophy, history, and German literature, and also the consistorial examination. The theological students preparing themselves for these examinations constituted in 1881–82 about one-sixth (fifteen and one half per cent.) of the whole number of university students. The law students (about twenty-two and one half per cent.) must take at least three years at the university; then pass an examination under three examiners appointed by the Minister of Justice; then, at the end of four years' apprenticeship, during which they have had to give monthly an account of themselves, pass the second and great examination. The medical students (about twenty-two per cent. in 1881) must take a university course of at least four and one half years: at the end of two years occurs the first examination by the professors of the university in anatomy, physiology, physics, chemistry, botany, and zoölogy; and two years later occurs a second examination before

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a commission appointed by the State. In the fourth department of the university, the philosophical, are usually found about forty per cent. of the students. Of these at least three-fourths are aiming at some calling,— like that of teaching, pharmacy, or the civil service,— to enter which they must pass a severe examination by the State: for example, to qualify one's self to teach in any school, except those of the lowest grades, the student must pass a State examination, which is said to be the severest of all, and the license received varies in its grade, admitting to higher or lower schools according to the success achieved in the examination-room. Whatever learned profession the student may aim to practise, there is, therefore, a severe State examination to be passed, and a regular course of study, practically prescribed by the government. The student knows that, while he may, if he choose, waste one or two years in amusing himself before he sets to work in earnest, yet sooner or later (if he ever expects to win any professional, educational, or official position), he must grapple with the studies which the government prescribes, and master them. Talk with any group of German students about their work, and you will soon find that it is this *governmental ordeal*, whose exactions are neither slight in quantity nor low in quality, which they keep constantly in mind in selecting their courses, and the dread of which keeps them so steadily at work in spite of all the liberty and distractions of their university life. When we have in America similar rigid government examinations as the indispensable passport to all professional, educational, and civil-service careers, and when our college students shall generally at entering have reached as mature an age and have passed through as long a period of mental drill and acquisition of knowledge as the graduate of the *Gymnasium*, then, no doubt, it may be well to give them the same free disposal of their time and the same opportunities for independent research and creative work. But until then we had better, to say the least, follow cautiously in this new path.

Do you condemn altogether, then, the elective system?

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Certainly not. But, ordinarily, it is adapted only to students in their later college years, who have already decided or are seriously considering what their life-work is to be. Especially, the elective system should never be let degenerate into a mere "go-as-you-please" course, without logical connection or scientific scheme, made up of separate studies chosen simply from personal caprice or to secure those "soft" electives where work is easy and where the professor's merit is a high range of marking. The option should be less of single studies than of courses, marked out by the university authorities, as leading along fixed lines of mental development or professional training. It is the business of the college authorities to mark out plainly those steps which will best conduct the student to the chief life-callings for which he may be preparing. The student's choice should be limited to the decision which of these great preparatory paths he will enter.*

One of the things that most strikes the American student on beginning his course at a German university is the absence of recitations and the disuse of text-books, and one of the marked tendencies of the new education in this country is the substitution of the lecture for the recitation. To the teacher it is, of course, more satisfactory, more gratifying to his pride, more stimulating to his own progress; but for the pupil, except in the most advanced studies or those branches of instruction where much object-teaching is imperative, it is a poor method. Ordinary lecturing has well been called by President Eliot a "laborious pumping into a sieve." The information presented is apt to run out of one ear of the pupil as fast as it runs into the other. The most profitable part of a German university course (as all who have had personal experience know) is not the *lectures*, but the *Seminars;* and the *Seminar* is simply a class exercise, with original work by the students and with question and answer between professor and pupil, often substantially of the same nature as our recitations. The only fault with them is their comparative infrequency, occurring as they do

* This excellent feature is adopted in the elective system of Michigan University.

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usually but once a week. The German students make up for this, in a great measure, by the formation of volunteer classes among themselves, in which, selecting some special text-book as a guide, they discuss its various topics and cross-examine one another; or, if a student have the pecuniary means, he employs some more advanced student or some needy *Privatdocent* as his special tutor. The "recitation" does little more than carry on regularly, and under official direction, what the German students do irregularly and outside of official guidance. While a course consisting entirely of recitations is apt to become too mechanical, and to lag behind the progress of the age, one that consists entirely of lectures often leaves behind it but the most vague and general impressions in the student's mind. The ideal course of instruction would avail itself of the advantages of both methods, complementing the one by the other.

But is not the remedy, then, it may be asked, to raise the requirements of our colleges to the level of the German university, so that our students may have, on entering college, minds sufficiently mature and well furnished to profit by the methods that have been so successful in Germany? A considerable move has already been made in this direction. The terms of admission have been, little by little, screwed up, so that the average age of those who enter is from one to three years greater than it was a quarter of a century ago. High schools take five instead of four years to fit a boy for college. The term of the grammar school has also been lengthened. The graduate of 1855 or 1860 thus finds his boy only entering college life at the age when he himself was well on towards its close. This is often hailed as a great gain in the higher education, but it may be really quite the reverse. It forces a growing proportion of young men to omit the college course altogether, and pass directly from the high school to their professional studies; or, if the college course is taken, the period of preparation is immoderately lengthened, and the cost of education made excessive. While the higher grade of re-

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quirement may seem to assimilate the American college system more closely to the European, in fact it makes the difference wider than ever. The studies of the German university are mainly professional, not disciplinary; and the practical effect of this advanced standard is to postpone still later the period of special equipment for the vocations of life, already pushed off too far. What we need is ampler courses of special preparation in law, theology, medicine, pedagogy, engineering, philology, or whatever other life-calling a man selects. Our courses of general discipline are already long enough, far longer than on the other side of the Atlantic. The wiser academic reform would either knock off from the admission standard of our colleges a year or two of work, or else would open their Junior and Senior years to direct professional preparation. In one way or another, we must secure a longer period for the special professional studies now required in every department, without prolonging unreasonably the total period of preparation for the work of life. The Harvard man who has gone on from college to the Law or Medical School will usually have finished his professional studies at about the same age as the graduate of Leipzig. The difference will be, however, that, while the American student has had only three years of special professional preparation, the German student has had five or six. It may be admitted that the Germans sometimes specialize their studies too much; but it is evident that our American students, on the contrary, generally err by an excessive diffusion of their work.

But, if in these points it is questionable whether imitation of the German model has been wise or successful, there are not a few other points in which we shall certainly do well to adopt that model.

First, the absolute freedom of the German student from all spying of tutors or reporting by monitors or supervision by parietal committees is no more noticeable than the good order which they usually maintain on academic staircases and in all university quadrangles and lecture rooms, or on the various university occasions that from time to time bring

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them together. And our college governments will do well to treat their students with the same trust as to their personal behavior and private life.

Secondly, to promote this self-government and voluntary good order among our students, it might be well to follow the Germans in abolishing the college dormitory. These huge barracks, where hundreds of young fellows are crowded together, separate from all home influences or the natural restraints of domestic life, are a chief source of riot and disorder among our students. They compel a close police *surveillance* over the private conduct of the student by the college authorities, with the inevitable friction and irritation to all concerned. When the dormitories are let out at low rents, they become great pecuniary burdens to the college. When made remunerative as an investment of funds, they raise the rate of college expenses to an undue and injurious figure. The abolition of the dormitory, with its petty police of proctors,— scattering the students about in private families, where they would be under the natural restraints of healthy family and social life,— would at once improve their conduct, lighten the task of government, and lessen the expenses of college life.

Thirdly, in regard to examinations and the qualifications for receiving degrees, we may again learn something from the Germans. The custom of giving a degree to every one who can answer fifty or even forty per cent. of the questions asked at a written examination ought to be reformed. A degree should indicate that the required work of the college has been more than *half done.* Many times, with the opportunities for trickery which the most scrupulous written examination cannot quite avoid, it is not even half done. There is, perhaps, no better way to bar these cheats than the German *private oral examination* before a degree can be obtained. When the student sits within arm's length of his examiner, and must answer *instanter*, there is little chance for resort to fraud. The German idea is a good one, — that the conferring of a degree should mean proved ability to do some independent work of value. A German uni-

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versity requires the exhibition of some power of original thought and research before its highest rewards are conferred.

Last, and most of all deserving our imitation, is the German *freedom of instruction.* The popular idea is, that that which has given German scholarship such pre-eminence is the freedom of study prevailing in the university. But a close observation of the system will show that the spring of its success is freedom of another kind,— the freedom of its instruction. That which draws students from all over the world to Germany is not, evidently, the elective system of study. The independent-minded student, who cares more for the acquisition of knowledge than for the gaining a degree, can exercise his option wherever he may be. That which makes Berlin and Leipzig the Mecca of earnest pilgrims of learning from Australia, India, and America is the illustrious professors who are there grouped together as nowhere else. What is it, then, that has gathered such a galaxy of talent and erudition on the academic staffs of these institutions? What has enabled German professors to win their fame, and has secured such eminent abilities in the circle of university life? More than anything else the *freedom of instruction*, especially the *Privatdocent* system of entrance on a university career. Compare the influence and authority of the German university on the thought of the nation or the world with that of English and American universities. We find in Germany that the large majority of the great intellectual lights of its past and present have been connected or are still connected with its universities. In a German university, any one who has received the degree of Doctor — *i.e.*, has graduated with honors — can present himself as a candidate for the next higher degree,— that of *Privatdocent.* If he passes the examination successfully,— the chief requirement being some treatise exhibiting original thought and research,— he becomes qualified henceforth to lecture in the university to any one who cares to hear him. If he is but a man of mediocrity, he soon finds that he has missed his vocation, and seeks employment else-

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where. But, if he be a thinker of force and originality, he soon gathers an audience, wins a name, and by his competition puts the older professors on their mettle. The news of his practical success as a lecturer or of the profundity of thought and breadth of knowledge, shown in the printed books to which he devotes his leisure hours, spreads to other universities; and, in time, he is promoted, either in his own or some other university, first to an *Ausserordentlich*, or assistant professorship, and at last to a regular professorship. He is at all times free to choose his own subjects upon which to lecture, and has absolute liberty to say precisely what he thinks on each topic. Were the university governing board or Rector, or even the State administration, to make an effort to deprive him of his lectureship, because they did not agree with the opinions or doctrines which he has presented to his classes, it would be regarded as a serious encroachment upon university freedom.

In our American colleges, any similar opportunity is entirely lacking. Further, this freedom of the instructor to pursue such courses of study as he is most interested or proficient in, and to declare and diffuse whatever views his studies have led him to adopt, is also wanting. However able, fully prepared, and willing to give university lectures a graduate may be, even though he be a man of national reputation in his special department, it is impossible with us for him to obtain such opportunity, without first obtaining a salaried position on the staff of some college faculty. That opportunity is often a jealously guarded monopoly. The university is a close corporation, and not infrequently a corporation ruled by a single man,— its president or chancellor, or, worse, the chairman of its board of trustees,— whose slightest prejudice against a man, however profound a thinker he may be, is an insuperable bar to his admittance; whose most unaccountable whim in favor of another young man gives him a good berth for life.

By this system at the present day, the road to a professorship is practically closed to all except the young men whose early promise opens to them at graduation, or immediately

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after, an appointment to some tutorship or minor post of instruction in the college, and who, by simply sticking firmly in this rut into which they have dropped, are gradually promoted to a professor's chair. Their early years are apt, therefore, to be entirely absorbed by the work of drilling their pupils in elementary knowledge; and they have little leisure or aptitude for original research or independent thinking. Their success as college instructors does not depend at all upon it, but rather on other qualities, such as executive or disciplinary skill, or the faculty of popularizing the results of other investigators. These are naturally, therefore, the powers more commonly cultivated in the members of our college staffs; and the rôle of author or investigator (in Europe so constantly borne by university instructors) is with us the exception rather than the rule. When at last, by years of patient waiting, the American tutor has won his full professorship, he is apt, not at all strangely, to fall back on his oars, and "take it easy," knowing well enough that there is no possibility of the competition of his juniors interfering with him; and that, to keep him comfortable the rest of his life, it is only necessary for him to get through the daily routine with whatever measure of mediocrity may content himself.

On the other hand, the man among us who, outside the college circle, does original and able work, may hope in vain for a college appointment. He is out of the line of promotion, and the solid phalanxes are unwilling to admit a newcomer to interfere with the rules of seniority. And, even if he has once gained admission to the charmed circles, he must square his instruction with the demands of his superiors, or he is likely to be unceremoniously shown the door, as Prof. Felix Adler (by current rumor) was at Cornell University after his lectures on Buddhism, or as Prof. Alexander Winchell was at Vanderbilt University, because of his belief in Preadamites and Evolution.

Under these circumstances, it is no wonder that so few of our college instructors have any reputation except in their own town, and that so many of the most illustrious names, so much of the progressive and original work in his-

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tory, philosophy, archæology, ornithology, political economy, and literary criticism in America should be found outside of our college faculties. If we would make our universities the intellectual leaders and centres of light which they are in Germany, drawing students from distant countries to participate in their advantages, the chief thing that we need to do is to establish such liberty of instruction within them as exists in Germany. The university that shall first throw open its lecture platforms to every able and scholarly graduate who has passed the requisite examination, and done such original work as approves him to be qualified as a lecturer, giving him entire freedom to present the unvarnished conclusions of his studies to all students who care to listen, and supplying him with a lecture-room in which to receive his hearers, will at once attract a body of students from far and near, such as no American university has seen. Suppose, for instance, that men like William T. Harris, Francis E. Abbot, and John Fiske were admitted to the college lecture-rooms to speak on philosophy; Francis Parkman, Henry Cabot Lodge, and Hubert H. Bancroft, to give historical courses; Benjamin A. Gould, to present reports of his astronomical researches; A. D. Mayo, to give educational counsels and suggestions; George William Curtis, to lecture on civil government; and Edmund C. Stedman on poetry! Would not such a change do more to elevate our educational centres into positions of influence and make them potent forces for intellectual growth and the advancement of knowledge than all the university reforms of the last fifty years put together? It would not only draw into the work of university instruction able men of means and leisure, now barred out, but would stimulate by their competition every present instructor to do his best and to keep abreast of the progress of the times. The next new departure in American education should be a push for that which is the proper complement of the elective system,— that *liberty of instruction* to which liberty of study is but the condition and preparation, and without which the arch of the new education lacks the keystone to make it complete and firm.

JAMES T. BIXBY.

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BEFORE AND AFTER EMANCIPATION.

The Sea Islands of South Carolina within the limits of Beaufort, the southernmost county of that State, were the scene of the first systematic instruction and industrial education of the negroes emancipated under the proclamation issued Sept. 22, 1862, to take effect Jan. 1, 1863. It was my privilege for eighteen months to be connected in an official capacity with this interesting work. A recent visit has given me the opportunity to observe the change which has been wrought during the twenty-five years of freedom.

When, Nov. 7, 1861, the forts that guarded Port Royal entrance were silenced, the islands they had protected were yielded to the Union forces. In the evacuation which followed, the bulk of the slaves were left behind. Of those whom their masters carried with them, the greater part soon returned to their old quarters. Many more were brought in by the gun-boats. On the basis of a partial enumeration, it was computed that in the spring of 1862 about eighteen thousand colored people were within the army lines. In March of that season began, under authorized superintendents and teachers, what may be termed their training for citizenship.

Of the relative condition of this people at the commencement of their pupilage, it may be said that faith and works were more completely divorced on these islands than in any other part of the South. Probably the negroes here were less removed from African barbarism than were those of any other locality. Some of the older people had been purchased from the slave-ships that had found hiding in the seclusion of Skulk Creek. Twenty-five years ago there were those living who vaunted themselves on their African nativity. The heritage of heathenism was sufficiently manifest. Persons who had witnessed the worship of negroes in Africa, when present at a "glory shout," with its accompaniment of overpowering paroxysm, observed a striking similarity between the two. Moreover, opportunities for elevation out of their dense ignorance, which even in slavery were else-

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where afforded, had been denied to this people. Most of them had never set foot on the mainland. They were in effect serfs. These men and women had scarcely emerged from childhood. Surely, the work of enlightenment was begun in the region of thickest darkness.

But, though on a low moral and intellectual plane, these freedmen may be said in the sphere of religion to have confounded the wise. The teachers who labored among them (and there were of teachers and superintendents two hundred in all, seventeen of whom died in the service) were directed, at the commencement of their work, to give to those under their charge no assurance or even intimation in regard to their future. Inasmuch as the authorization of slavery might be included in any possible settlement, the government could not be embarrassed by any ill-grounded expectations. But no questions were asked. No assurance was needed. "For we *know*," was the heart-conviction by which the future was illumined. Faith was the substance of things — not to say "hoped for," but in actual possession. The year of jubilee, to this trustful people, had come.

After six months had passed, the need of reticence was removed by the proclamation of emancipation. But some doubted. "Will the President stand firm?" "Will not the proclamation be recalled?" were questions anxiously asked. Time gave the answer. In the grove of live-oaks that cast their shadow over the ruins of the ancient Spanish fort, President Lincoln's proclamation was read to the freedmen gathered for festive celebration of the day, and emancipation was pronounced a fact joyfully accomplished.

Thus was the first stage of progress towards citizenship completed and crowned. But something more than freedom from bondage was needed. To the average freedman, a spot of earth which he could call his own was requisite to the full realization of his manhood. Provision was made during the year which began with emancipation for this educating instrumentality. The lands on the Sea Islands of South Carolina, on which after regular and lawful notification the United States taxes remained unpaid, were offered for sale.

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The clear intent of Congress relative to the disposal of these lands was that they should be placed by purchase in possession of the colored people who had wrought on them as slaves. To carry out this purpose, the certificate by which the title was individually conveyed was termed "Head-of-Family Certificate." The Act authorizing the sale also provided that no head of a family should be allowed to buy more than twenty acres. The number of purchases made was 2,300; of acres sold, 23,844; the average area individually acquired, ten acres. According to requirement, payment was made before sunset of the day of sale. Subsequent to the first auction sale, land which came into the market was eagerly bought, and largely by those who were already owners. The property acquired has been tenaciously held, and I was told that scarcely any consideration will induce a colored man to part with a single acre.

Thus were brought into conjunction the two factors, emancipation and land-ownership (the right of suffrage being subsequently obtained), the anticipated product being self-respecting manhood. The result as wrought out in twenty-five peaceful years is now open to view. In the anticipation of a visit which included the four principal Sea Islands, Hilton Head stood, on account of memories covering a year and a half's residence, first in interest.

I was to find here a marked instance, which was in subsequent observation abundantly supplemented, of the adaptability which has been developed in the colored people, the facility of conforming to their changed circumstances. My first inquiry was for Cuffee Stuart. This man, whose name given in slavery was altogether derogatory of his qualities, I had known as a most efficient foreman of a plantation. I also recollected his intention to purchase land. My expectation was to find him, if living, a successful cultivator on the plantation which had been under his charge. He was living, I was told, but had left his old home, which some slight received had made distasteful to him. A Northern man, having purchased one of the smaller islands and made it a stock farm, had found in him a highly valued and trusty

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agent and skilful manager. As varied industries have been developed in the South, the freedmen have been found ready to turn their hand to new and unaccustomed labor.

Ladies' Island was seen only in crossing on the way to and from St. Helena. Here also may be perceived the capacity developed by freedom of compliance with the requirements of new conditions. Two marked changes have taken place in recent years, which, while largely transforming the industries of Beaufort County as a whole, have had a marked effect on this island. One is the fall in the price of long staple cotton. The last crop was sold at twenty cents a pound, making its production profitable only on the best lands. On the lighter soil of Ladies' Island, the least fertile of the whole, it is not a paying crop. The other is the discovery of, and the very extensive operations in, phosphate rock, mining of which began in 1868. The expansion of this work in the fifteen following years appears from the following comparison, drawn from statistics furnished in a valuable compendium styled *South Carolina, Resources, etc.*, published by the State Board of Agriculture in 1883: —

> The river mining (which is the only method of reaching the rock around these islands) yielded, from 1868 to 1870, 1,987 tons; in the year 1882, 140,722 tons. There are (1883) eleven companies engaged in river and land mining, with an aggregate capital of $2,505,000.

About eight hundred men are constantly employed in this work on the Sea Islands, all colored. Change to other help has been tried, but in every instance has proved unsatisfactory. One superintendent called my attention to the very arduous work in which a gang of men were engaged, and said, "We are told that colored men are not fit for heavy work; but I have found no difficulty in obtaining such laborers as these." The able-bodied men of Ladies' Island mostly resort to the mines; while the women and children cultivate the land in the raising of vegetables, chiefly cabbages, for the market.

The average cotton crop of the Sea Islands of South Carolina in the years since the close of the war is less by

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about one-third than that previous to the year 1861. In view of this decrease, the question arises as to the relative results of free and slave labor. In arriving at an answer, the transfer of so considerable part of the force from agriculture to the production of a most valuable fertilizer must be taken into the account. It cannot be doubted that, aside from the increased comforts this people have enjoyed, their contribution to the nation's wealth has been greatly augmented.*

The large and fertile island of St. Helena has a population of about six thousand, of which only thirty are white. Near the geographical centre of the island is the brick church, to which the tribes have long gone up, and which gives its name to the honored locality.

"By the church the school-house stands."

No adequate description of the present advanced condition of the St. Helena people can be presented without notice of the work which this building and its adjunct, Darrah Hall, represents. Originating in Philadelphia bounty, the means necessary for its prosecution during these twenty-five years are understood to have been furnished by the two ladies who have it in charge, Miss Laura E. Towne and Miss Ellen Murray, and their immediate friends. Rare is their privilege of witnessing abundant fruits of generous beneficence and devoted labor. The number of scholars now taught by an efficient corps of teachers is two hundred and thirty, thirty-five being in the normal department, from which the public schools of the county are largely furnished with teachers.†

*Such diversion of labor from agriculture (it should be observed) as has here taken place is exceptional; and it may here be stated that, of the staple by which the prosperity of the South is usually judged, the largest crop on record has been raised by freemen. The number of bales of cotton produced in the United States in the year 1860 was 5,387,052. This amount was exceptionally large, and more than twice that of 1850. In the year 1880, the last for which the census was taken, 5,755,359 bales were raised.

† The local educational outcome of this school appears in the following comparison of relative illiteracy. In the recently contested election in the seventh South Carolina Congressional district, depositions were taken and forwarded to Washington. In a voting precinct where meagre opportunities for schooling had been enjoyed,

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The continuous personal and uplifting influence exerted on this people, supplementing the faithful labor of the superintendents and teachers during the war, is manifest in the thrift and self-respect which their surroundings indicate. Of the newly built houses, not a few have a second story or half-story. Glazed windows are often seen in place of the formerly universal board shutters. Occasionally, Venetian blinds appear. The interior furnishings are correspondingly improved. Sewing-machines are not uncommon. In one house, the visiting party was favored with tuneful chords from a cabinet organ.

No change, however, is more significant of the new order of things than the segregation of these cottage homes. Can this be the same people whom twenty-five years ago I saw huddled together in plantation quarters, the thickly-set rows of cabins arranged for the master's convenience and to the slave's discomfort? These relics of slavery no longer remain. Not an ancient "street" did I see intact. Each man is domiciled in his own house, and it stands in the midst of acres of which he holds the title-deed. The former things have passed away. There is here, at least, a new earth beneath the feet of this emancipated race, of which each man owns a share.

On Port Royal Island is Beaufort, distinguished for its beautiful situation as well as for the elegant mansions, which still bear names of note in the history of South Carolina. As the centre of trade for the county, opportunity was here afforded me to compare its commercial importance under the old *régime* and the present. The answer to my question as to the amount of trade before and since the war, addressed to one in a position to be fully informed, was: "In the first period, about three hundred thousand dollars a year. It is now about three times that." "What proportion of the traffic is with colored people?" "The bulk of the business is with them."

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out of one hundred and thirteen men who appeared in answer to summons, all but seven were obliged to make their mark, the writers being only six per cent. of the whole. In the "Brick Church" precinct, out of seventy-two, all but three, ninety-six per cent., wrote their names.

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The county offices were visited, and proofs of general thrift obtained. "The colored land-holders are prompt tax payers," was the reply to my question on that point. Details were furnished me, showing the very small number of tax executions sent out to be served on them. Delinquency, when it occurs, it was added, is more often than otherwise caused by blundering, with no intention of evading the tax.

The number of paupers is surprisingly small. Beaufort County, with a population of 30,176, about five-sixths colored, supports at present only twenty-one in the poorhouse, while nine receive outside aid. St. Helena Island, with a colored population of six thousand, has not one in the poorhouse or otherwise aided. Reciprocal help would seem to be the rule. This takes form largely in aid given to needy families by neighbors, and in the "taking in" of orphans. Mutual benefit associations constitute, also, a most important element in the new life of the freedmen. As soon as they were established in neighborhoods and communities, burial societies were everywhere organized. The scope of these unions was soon enlarged, so as to include "gracious service to the living."

In Beaufort, besides a lodge of Odd Fellows, there are eleven organizations, which would seem to include both men and women, bearing such names as "Sons and Daughters of Zion," "Rising Sons and Daughters of Zion," and "The Mary and Martha Society." The last-mentioned association — which, notwithstanding its name, would seem to be officered by men — has, I learned from the secretary, five hundred dollars in the treasury. The ordinary allowance during sickness is fifty cents a week: watchers are also furnished from the membership. Ample proof might be given that from slavish dependence on a master's bounty there has sprung into being a mutuality of helpfulness so effective in its workings that the dependence of this people on eleemosynary aid is almost a nullity.

The question naturally arises, What has been the efficient cause of and support in this wonderful change? Both are found, if my observation is correct, in the *institutions of*

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religion that have had so prominent a place all through the history of this race in America. Amid all things transient, and in the great change which emancipation has wrought, the Church with its fellowship and ordinances has been the one thing permanent. Beneath its protecting arms the helpful fraternities have been sheltered. For, it should be stated, those united in church fellowship are usually banded for mutual assistance. The congregation is a community; if one member suffers, the other members relieve. Whatever estimate may be placed on the grade or quality of the religion nurtured in their various communions, it is certain that church fellowship, with its strong bond of union, has been the chief factor in this people's unprecedented transformation.

Two changes are noticeable in the religious interests of the people. The "praise-house," which was the cabin honored by the weekly transmutation into the house of worship, has given place to the church edifice. A more important advance is recognized in the character and qualifications of the ministers. During the period of slavery, preachers received no pecuniary reward, inasmuch as their hearers had no money. The temptation, too often yielded to, was to secure by indirect means, by craft and cunning, advantages and emoluments. Now stated salaries are paid, the recipients of which are expected to give themselves entirely to the work of the ministry. With the prospect of sure support, systematic preparation, which was formerly lacking, is made for the discharge of the preacher's functions. On Palm Sunday I listened to an edifying sermon historically illustrative of the significance of the day, with an effective and eloquent application. In friendly conversation with the preacher, I learned that he had taken a two years' course in the theological school at Atlanta; also, that his salary regularly paid is $800. He further informed me that no preachers were admitted to the conference without having satisfactorily passed the examination as to their educational qualifications. That an order is being established of men trained for and set apart to the work of the ministry is a promise and potency for good.

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An important agency in the elevation of the freed people of Port Royal Island is the school of Miss Elizabeth H. Bothume. Established before the close of the war, its good work has been continued without interruption under the same teacher. The commodious and well-appointed school-house, and the teacher's residence, built by friends in the North, indicate the intention of permanency. Both in school instruction and in personal guidance, preparation for good citizenship has been kept steadily in view. The influence which Miss Bothume has exerted in the promotion of worthy manhood and womanhood is cordially acknowledged, not only by residents of Northern antecedents, but by those whose sympathies were with the Confederacy. The means for the support of this school have been contributed chiefly by the Church of the Disciples in Boston, and a single family in Watertown, Mass.

Hope animated the hearts of those who participated in the wisely directed initial work for the elevation of the waifs that war had left on the Sea Islands of South Carolina. Those who shared in the labor may be assured that rich fruits are already harvested. The prophet foresaw the days of emancipation. The poet may celebrate its blessed results. There are surely elements of romance in the homely details of progress. Perhaps the beauty of the scene, the fertile upland of the islands, fringed with the dark green of the marshes and bounded by the inflowing ocean, lends picturesqueness to the events that have there had place. But it is enough that they pertain to personal struggles and achievements, that human lives have here had development under circumstances new and strange in the world's history; that, with the night's close of an eventful past, light dawns with a wealth of promise on a pregnant future.

THOMAS D. HOWARD.

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DR. MARTINEAU'S CHURCH-ORGANIZATION SCHEME.

The great address which Dr. Martineau has recently given at our English "National Conference" is of hardly less interest to the Unitarians of America. The subject of organization is one which must keep recurring whenever we take counsel concerning our work and our opportunity. To those who are marching in loose order and under no distinct command, there is something irresistibly imposing in the solid and ordered tread of the great organized ecclesiasticisms around us. Why cannot we, without impairing our freedom, have the same united and disciplined power? And when one whom alike England and America venerate steps out from his philosophic seclusion to tell us not only that this united and disciplined power is possible, but how it may be attained, we cannot but listen gladly. We can well understand the enthusiasm with which, as he stood up, all the great Conference of above a thousand people rose to their feet in token of their reverence, and the long-continued plaudits at the close of an address which, though lasting nearly two hours, showed no sign, in any weakness of thought or even voice, of the eighty-three years of its speaker.

And yet, with all this personal reverence and respect, Dr. Martineau's proposals leave upon the reader, as we gather that they left upon the English Conference, a certain sense of disappointment. His advice is simply this: that the Unitarian churches of England shall adopt the Presbyterian order, and revive their old name of "English Presbyterians." This name has so fallen into disuse among our churches during the present generation, and become so identified with the orthodox Presbyterians of Scottish origin, that it may be necessary to explain to American readers that the bulk of our English congregations sprang from the "English Presbyterians" of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The name, therefore, would be simply a revival;

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but the organization would have to be constructed almost entirely anew.

When we ask the reason for a proposal so curiously off the line of any recent movements among our churches, we find it especially in the desire for a more adequate ministry in our poorer and village congregations, whose own resources are insufficient to provide it. To this end, the strength of the proposal is put into a "sustentation" scheme, modelled on that of the Free Church of Scotland. It is not necessary to examine this scheme minutely. Suffice it, that by a careful business arrangement, every member to contribute towards a denominational treasury as well as to the local expenses of his own congregation, it is calculated that a Sustentation Fund could be raised, from which every minister should receive a minimum salary of £150 (= $730, but equivalent in English living value to a salary of about $1,200 in America). It will be in the power of any congregation to supplement this income in the case of its own minister, without limitation; but even such a minimum salary would, it is estimated, suffice to place in every church a thoroughly educated clergyman, competent to the administration of worship, and able to take his place socially as the equal and friend alike of rich and poor.

It is to manage this fund, and exercise the controlling power which it would involve over the admission to the ministry and other larger denominational interests, that the Presbyterian organization would come in. Dividing the whole field into groups — "Presbyteries" — of about twenty churches, it is proposed that the Presbytery shall be constituted of one minister and two laymen from each parish, with a "General Assembly" over all, composed of five ministers and ten laymen from each Presbytery. This "working parliament" Dr. Martineau would name the "English Presbyterian General Assembly."

That any such plan, if adopted and carried out, would strengthen our churches and help to elevate the ministerial standard, there can be little doubt. Perhaps the weakest side of independent congregationalism is its utter lack of

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any co-operative action for securing ministerial efficiency, and for allocating strong men to the places where they are most needed, irrespective of the local ability to provide for their support. If, therefore, our churches were entirely devoid of organization, if they had no kind of union among them already, and no name or names, so that the whole field was open for them to be grouped and organized and named according to abstract theories, perhaps this proposal to organize on the lines and in the name of the English Presbyterianism of two hundred years ago would be as good as any, possibly even better. But this is not so. As a fact, these free congregations of ours are by no means in such an entirely incoherent and isolated condition. For several generations past they have been drawing into closer relations both of fellowship and of co-operation. Here, however, comes in the real trouble, which is nowhere distinctly alluded to in Dr. Martineau's paper, but which really underlies its whole scope, and is well understood by every one who is at all familiar with the past half-century of English Unitarianism. It is that every step towards this closer union among our English free churches — just as among our churches in America — has come from a sense of the importance to the world of our broad, simple Christianity, has led to missionary efforts for it, and has brought the name "Unitarian" into more and more prominence. Our churches in their old Presbyterian stage were free, and are always going to be; but of more pressing interest just now than the freedom is the truth to which the freedom has brought them, and the duty of making a stronger, more effective presentation of it. This has led to the formation of District "Associations" or "Unions," which, beginning as mere meetings for fellowship and counsel,— like our American local conferences,— have steadily kept developing into active missionary agencies for making Unitarianism better known and building up new Unitarian congregations. This also caused the formation of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, in the very same year and from the same sense of need as the American Unitarian Association, and

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has made it — informally, yet not less really — the nearest thing our English brethren have had to a central or national organization. But all this growing tendency to organize church life on the present basis of Unitarianism or under the Unitarian name, Dr. Martineau and some of our strongest English leaders have always regarded as almost *Antichrist.* Let no one mistake this, indeed, for indifference to religious truth. Dr. Martineau not only has always clearly avowed Unitarian opinions, but he says in this very address that "if any one, being a Unitarian, shrinks on fitting occasions from calling himself so, he is a sneak and a coward." But he cannot allow that church opportunities are such "fitting occasions." He holds that all theological opinions are matters for individual consideration and action, and that to organize a church upon the basis of sympathy or interest in them is utterly wrong. Thus he declined to support the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, so long as, by inviting or admitting *congregations* to its membership, it seemed to foster the growth of a Unitarian church. But he always declared that as an association of *individuals* who desired to advance Unitarian views he would have no more objection to it than to any other society for advocating special opinions or reforms,— as, *e.g.*, temperance; and when, a few years ago, in order to meet this view, that Association gave up its element of church-delegateship, and became simply a society of such individuals as cared to support it, he willingly joined it. This has always been his position: that the association of the church for the worship of God should be entirely catholic, taking no cognizance of theological distinctions. Some limitation, indeed, he has to admit; for, when it was asked whether he would propose in his new scheme of organization to include religious persons not taking the Christian name, he promptly replied that he would not. Within the bounds of Christianity, however, he would have no theological distinction recognized in church association. Hence the pleading earnestness of his recent address. For the drift of circumstance has been too strong for those who take that position. From the moment

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that our Presbyterian fathers in the last century became conscious that their freedom and catholicity had virtually landed them in Unitarianism, they were obliged to worship and to work apart. Their worship and their churches took on a certain special character. Their thought — as they felt, the very Christianity of the New Testament — derived a new importance from the fact of its being excluded and denounced everywhere else. This importance has kept deepening as the popular theology has shown itself weaker and weaker to hold the thought of the age,— deepening into a compelling obligation to make this purer Christianity known and to build up churches in its simpler ways of worship. Yet we claim that the old Presbyterian tradition of catholicity has not been really violated; for, even where worshipping and organizing new churches most distinctly on the basis of our present Unitarianism, we have never formulated it into any creed or test, have claimed to be not *the* Church of Christ, but only one of its branches, and have carefully kept our windows and doors open to the newest light from God and widest fellowship with men. To most of us, it has seemed that this is the true outcome of catholicity in a church; and that, with this loyally held to, a church — and equally a group of kindred churches — may rightly give themselves, without hesitation, to worshipping according to the thought of their members, and to the public exposition and advocacy of that thought, and may frankly accept whatever name may best indicate their whereabouts to the world. It is in this spirit that our congregations have been, of late years, drawing constantly closer together, in England as in America; and, while never for a moment giving up their congregational autonomy, have found more and more opportunity for organized co-operation in trying to do their larger and common work in society.

The question, therefore, to be held clearly in view in considering Dr. Martineau's impressive and elaborate scheme is not whether it might be a good scheme in itself for a number of congregations first considering the desirability of union and organization. The real question is whether

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such a distinct break in the development of organization which has been long going on among us is either necessary or desirable.

I use the terms *us* and *we* in what I have to say about the matter, because, though I write far from the scene of discussion and without counsel with any of those who are immediately concerned in it, I know that I am voicing the thought of large numbers of old friends and fellow-workers, both ministers and laymen. We have been working for many a year for this very thing,— to foster closer organization among our churches, to draw them into closer alliance, to make the weaker ones strong by the help of those around, to make all stronger in their religious life and more effective in witnessing for pure Christianity to this restless and questioning age. We did not choose the name "Unitarian" for our churches or their working; we found it attaching to them in the common speech of the world, attaching to them past any possibility of successful disclaimer, and we have largely accepted it, only claiming always its largest, noblest, least dogmatic meaning. We believe the true thing is to go on working thus. We have never insisted on the Unitarian name, though it is what the most would contentedly accept, and what the world around will call us whether we accept it or not. Simply, we want to take every beginning of organization that has grown up out of the needs of our work and place, and strengthen it and help it to grow into something more. That is what the rank and file of our body have been trying to do for many a year. We have supported Unitarian missions, for there are multitudes who are ready and even eager to hear distinct Unitarianism. We have supported city missions where such a word as "Unitarianism" must never be spoken, for there are slums where it would be as foolish to speak of theological differences as among the Hottentots. We have supported Manchester New College, with its principle of undogmatic scientific study of divinity. We have supported the Unitarian Home Missionary College, because we saw that there are men, past college age mostly, who might be useful

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ministers among us, even though unable to take more than a plain course of our best Unitarian thoughts. We have longed to have Dr. Martineau with us and at our head in all this, but from the larger part of it he has always felt obliged to hold aloof. Still, it has gone on. It was said of Inkerman that it was "a sergeants' battle"; for a mist hung over the field, and every little group of men had to fight alone. What church-militant activity our body has put forth, since the awakening of the missionary spirit, has had to be a sergeants' battle. Our kingliest leaders have done some of the noblest religious work of the day in literature and in the higher realms of thought; but the work of making a simpler faith known and powerful among the people, and trying to build up churches for it, has had to be done by the rank and file of our body, often in the face of discouragement from some of those whom they have most revered. And now, when we have already in existence a considerable amount of organization, which only wants making the best of and further strengthening to give us all we need, we are asked, virtually, to ignore it all and start anew. We are invited to organize afresh upon a quite different line, and under that one of our various names which no new church or society among us for generations past has ever cared to adopt; and we are told, about the one name which we have most largely accepted, that whoever, "being of our catholic communion, calls his chapel or its congregation Unitarian, is a traitor to his spiritual ancestry and a deserter to the camp of its persecutors."* We cannot help asking ourselves where is the necessity for such a break and change, and especially whether there is not some great mistake in this dominant idea that, while it is permissible to group a separate church life about a difference of administration, it is utterly wrong to group it about a difference of doctrine.

Here in this latter question is something which challenges the attention of our American equally with our English churches. In America, our churches have long since frankly accepted the Unitarian name, and are every way the

* Report of the Conference held at Leeds: Dr. Martineau's paper, p. 54.

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stronger for it, and certainly not less free. So well, indeed, is their freedom understood that it is quite as often urged against them as are their doctrines. "If you could give us some clear statement of what Unitarianism *is*, and some assurance that it will *remain that*, we could join you," we are told by many; "but we cannot belong to a church which by its very principle may be one thing to-day and something else to-morrow!" Yet, if Dr. Martineau is right, we on this side the ocean, also, are all wrong; and it is better we should know it.

But are we wrong? Of course, the ideal thing would be for all Christians to form one great undivided church. But, short of this, is there really any principle except that of their grouping themselves by whatever affinities really draw them together? With all respect for Dr. Martineau, we believe that there is not. There can surely be nothing more essentially wrong in grouping together from sympathy in doctrine than from preference for a certain form (liturgical, say) of worship or a special order of church government. Shall we be told that it is permissible for those who prefer church government by presbyteries to organize their church life apart from those who hold for church government by bishops, and that it is right for them to take the name which may most distinctly indicate to others this separating characteristic,—but that it is wrong to organize apart around such different convictions as, on the one hand, that worship shall be addressed to the One Heavenly Father or, on the other hand, to Christ and a mystical Trinity? Why, such a prohibition is the very *reductio ad absurdum* of the claim for catholicity. No: men must group for their religious worship and work according to the things which *really interest* them, or which seem at any time to necessitate separate action in order to sincere and full expression. And the best name for them, the name which, whether they take it or not, is pretty sure to take them, is, whatever name best indicates this dominant interest. Nor does the necessity for such separate action depend upon one side alone. We might feel able to worship and work with others, and

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yet they might be unable to do so with us. The "advanced" wing of New England Congregationalism, beginning in the early years of this century to be twitted as Unitarian, would gladly have remained a liberal section within the old Congregationalist body. But the orthodox elements felt that such co-operation confused and weakened what they regarded as the essential work of a church; and the separation took place, in which American Unitarianism — as a distinct grouping of church life — was born. Many still regret this. They might as well regret the rings of Saturn or the Revolution of 1776. The attractions and repulsions of the spiritual world are as imperative, and as much a part of divine order, as those of the material or political realms. So, when the religious liberty of our English Presbyterian fathers brought them to views of religion which were infinitely more important than any question of church government, it was inevitable that this new interest should at once separate them from others and force them into a new activity. How much this Unitarian view of religion does transcend in importance any questions of mere church order is shown by the fact that it includes in its larger fellowship people holding all varieties of organization,— our Transylvanian church being Episcopalian; the American, Congregationalist; and the English having grown partly from Presbyterian sources, partly from Baptist, with some from Methodism and other bodies. Why, the difference of thought which has drawn all these together, and divides them from orthodoxy, is almost as fundamental as that which divides Protestantism from Catholicism. It signifies great thoughts of God and man and duty and everlasting hope, which have to mould both the worship and the preaching of those to whom they come, into forms very different from the rest of the Christian world, and which oblige them to form churches *apart from* others, however *open to* others. In such separation of religious life there is no necessary narrowness or intolerance. Those who so group themselves together may frankly acknowledge that they are only part of the Church of Christ with others, and

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may offer to all the friendliest fellowship; but, for the full expression of what they feel to be momentous truth, it is better that they organize apart. The wrongfulness comes in, not in such grouping together, nor in active united efforts, thus grouped together, to make others understand and share their preference, nor yet in any name which may express this,— the wrongfulness comes in if they proceed to stereotype that doctrine or form or order, to recognize none but those who hold with it as Christians, and to use their name as a test or formula to limit fellowship and prevent the possibility of change. In reality, Dr. Martineau's plea for wider catholicity, while entirely just, applies not only to *doctrine*, but to *whatever* may seem at any time to necessitate separate action on the part of different bodies of Christians. The same safeguard is requisite in a church called "Presbyterian" as in a church called "Unitarian"; namely, that the separation be thus recognized as a convenience of present human co-operation, not of divine or eternal limitation.

We maintain, then, that there is no such obligation as that upon which Dr. Martineau's paper is based to break away from all our recent tendencies towards Unitarian organization, and to seek some other non-theological form, and name, of grouping. The question remains, Is there anything in that particular ecclesiastical order and name for which he so earnestly and eloquently pleads which even gives it a claim upon our preference?

Again, we have to enter a negative plea. This whole argument for a reversion to English Presbyterianism is founded, not only on a strained principle, but on what we cannot but regard as a mistaken interpretation of history,— mistaken alike as to the general character of that Presbyterianism, and as to the real significance of the few relics of it which still linger among us.

To many, this whole enthusiasm for the English Presbyterians seems to have curiously little historical backing. Of course, for any argument derived from their preference for *Presbytery*, we must look at them during the period when they were either attempting or really desiring to carry it

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out. But what was there in them at that period to admire, above the general life of Puritanism? So far from their having then even any germ of Dr. Martineau's idea of an undogmatic church, when that idea did first begin to dawn under the watchword of "toleration," it was scouted by the English Presbyterians as "the great Diana of the Independents!" Their "Presbyterianism" was, moreover, never more than a dream. Puritanism in its first struggling stage, though almost entirely Presbyterian in theory, was never able to carry that theory out, could only live out its religious life in isolation, or in such informal co-operation as was possible among suspected and hunted heretics. When at last it came into power, it had almost lost the taste for any such rigid mutual control as "Presbytery" involved. Dr. Martineau treats the rapid growth of Independency at this juncture as a new and different religious growth. But it was really a Presbyterian growth. The simple fact is that, as soon as the Puritans found themselves able to carry out their Presbyterian theory, a very large part of them gave up the theory and became avowed "Congregationalists"; while those who still really clung to Presbyterianism were only able to carry it out in the feeblest and most fragmentary manner. Even that fragmentary illustration of what it meant, however, was enough to cure the rest of them of any real love for it. When the Manchester classis and the Bolton classis were for a few years realities, they developed the same tyranny of petty religious surveillance which has always been at once the strength and weakness of government by Presbytery. Its greatest and freest minds rebelled against it. Richard Baxter, whom Dr. Martineau always quotes as the typical English Presbyterian, repudiated the name; and, when the overthrow of the Stuarts and the era of Toleration left our fathers free to adopt what order they liked, they had ceased even to desire any church government except such friendly association and co-operation of churches as Congregationalism itself involves. The *freedom* for which we admire them came, in fact, in proportion as they became first powerless to act in Presbyteries,

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and then unwilling to do so. Equally questionable is the claim for them of any general idea of an undogmatic church. In their earlier stage, where one, like Richard Baxter, would have liked some simple terms of communion that might include even "Socinians and Papists," it is to be feared there were a score who felt like Oliver Heywood, who, as late as 1672, in recording his disappointment about some expected "Indulgence" for the persecuted non-conformists, says, "But withal they have passed a severe bill against the papists, which we take as a rich mercy." That, *at a much later time*, their general thoughts opened out to that which long before had come to a few prophet souls like Baxter is perfectly true. But, instead of their Presbyterianism having anything to do with this, it was the fact of their Presbyterianism having faded out into a simple Independency, leaving every congregation and minister answerable only to each other, which made such freedom of thought possible. Then, in that freedom, they felt their way slowly out of the old Calvinism to Arminianism, to Arianism, and finally to Unitarianism. Dr. Martineau regards it as the mere perversion of a theologically inclined element from the outside, which came in at this latter point, and gratuitously made Unitarianism a basis of separate church life, which Arminianism and Arianism had never been. But is it not truer to say that, when the gradual change had arrived at distinct Unitarianism, it simply reached a point at which co-operation with the old Orthodoxy, already strained, was no longer possible, except on terms of reservation and disguise which would have been, not helpful, but perilous to all religious life and influence. Indeed, the peril was already operating. Dr. Martineau speaks* as if the last century, prior to the Unitarian movement, had been a halcyon period, while with that movement decline had begun both in "internal spiritual life" and "external religious weight." But Presbyterianism was declining *all through the last century*. Joseph Hunter, no lover of modern Unitarianism, but *facile princeps* in his knowledge of "the Old Dissent," says, "The great

* See his reply, after the debate on his paper, *Report*, p. 87.

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weakening of Dissent by the defection of its ministers took place . . . in the first twenty years of the last century." * After that, it kept weakening in various ways. Its old zeal was fading, its numbers were constantly reduced. So little readiness had it for "new openings of the Spirit" that early Methodism was greeted by it with almost as much contempt as by the Established Church. Instead of its freedom meaning a frank openness to new spiritual thought, its forward steps, as it relinquished Orthodoxy, were shrouded in reserve, in which spiritual thought was losing itself in a dry moral rationalism. Its general attitude was not so much openness to new religious truth as avoidance of the whole subject. Another fifty years of the same silence and reserve, and consequent weakening hold upon society, would almost have been the end of the English Presbyterians. And yet, in their very independence, they had come, in a scattering way, to a theological position which was almost a new Reformation, but which, held in the reticence of an attempted doctrinal neutrality, was practically almost lost. The very thing they needed — both for their truth and for themselves — was to be (as Mr. Gladstone said of himself, when he was ousted from the representation of Oxford) "unmuzzled." And this was exactly what the Unitarian movement did for them. Dr. Martineau disparages Priestley and the earlier avowed Unitarians as incomers from dogmatic communions, who did not understand the Presbyterian tradition of an undogmatic church. Would it not be as true to say that, having been so "trained in communions of dogmatic basis," they could recognize a grand truth when it came to them? Anyhow, their advent, disturbing to the old Presbyterian neutrality as it was, instead of initiating the Presbyterian decline, largely *arrested it.* Joseph Hunter shows this very clearly. The decline had been constantly going on to the close of last century; but with the beginning of this century it ceased. He says (writing in 1841): —

> This process of declension, however, has not continued, and in the forty years which have passed of the present century there has been

* Life of Oliver Heywood, p. 445.

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little change in the number of congregations of the old Dissent or in the number of persons composing them. This is a remarkable circumstance, and it is probably to be attributed, as principal causes, to the introduction of a more doctrinal style of preaching, and the giving greater prominence to the peculiar doctrines professed, as distinguished from the mere moral discourses of the former race of Presbyterian ministers; and, secondly, to there being a degree of permanency and precision given to the views of gospel truth.— *Life of Oliver Heywood*, p. 450.

Dr. Martineau's plea for a return to English Presbyterianism is supported by a reference to the fact that some relics of old Presbyteries are still extant among us. He mentions some of these, as the "Provincial Assembly of Lancashire and Cheshire," the "West of England Association of Presbyterian Divines," the "Warwickshire and Neighboring Counties Association of Protestant Dissenting Ministers." But this mention is hardly accurate. Official announcements of these very societies (*e.g.*, in our English Unitarian exchanges of June 8) show that every one of them has had to introduce the word "Unitarian" into its name, in order that they might be intelligible in the present day,— thus, the "Provincial Assembly of Presbyterian and Unitarian Ministers and Congregations" etc., the "Western Unitarian and Free Christian Union," and the "Warwickshire and Neighboring Counties Association of Protestant Dissenting (Unitarian) Ministers." Dr. Martineau speaks of these as "crippled survivals" of Presbyteries, and proposes that we shall rebuild our denominational organization upon these. Yet that these are "survivals" at all is owing to Unitarianism; and, surely, it would have been more to the purpose to point to the far more numerous organizations — district unions, missionary associations, and so forth — which have already originated in the life and need of to-day,— organizations which are real, active, operative. True, they are all operative on the line of interest in the body of Christian truth which has gathered about the name "Unitarian." Perhaps it is on this account that Dr. Martineau takes no account of them as anything to build upon. Yet are they *Unitarian* alone? Is that name their limit or only their centre? Why, there is hardly one of them that has not

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emphasized this cherished principle of theological freedom and openness a great deal more distinctly than ever it was emphasized by the older Presbyterianism. Most of them declare themselves associations of "Unitarian and other Christian Churches"; and, when they succeed in founding new churches, these are usually organized upon the old broad condition "for the worship of Almighty God." Here, in this network of voluntary associations which already includes every part of England, is surely the true foundation upon which to build whatever further organization we need; yet Dr. Martineau only alludes to them to say — the italics are his own — that "*they confess and testify the failure of our congregational independence* by rallying a picked band of volunteers to advance in rescue from without." Does Congregationalism, then, mean the absence of voluntary co-operation? To us, these volunteer associations, augmentation funds, and so forth, instead of being evidences of the failure of Congregationalism, are most hopeful auguries of its success. They show how much is possible by voluntary co-operation whenever our churches are really ready for it. But it is of no use to force it. Even the very absence of organization in the past is not necessarily all loss. In these Unitarian churches of ours, we have been carrying forward, with a more distinct consciousness than the Presbyterian fathers ever had, the first experiment in Christendom of a group of churches frankly standing for freedom, associating for the worship of God and the following of Christ, and opening their innermost fellowship to all who wish to enter, without any test of creed. Through the strain of doubt and scattering thought of the past forty years, we could hardly have held together at all, except in this loose Congregationalism. We have kept together, however, and now, for years past, have been drawing nearer together and feeling after closer and stronger organization. But we are convinced that it is upon the line of what we have been already doing, or trying to do, together, and by the using more earnestly our existing agencies, that the closer and stronger organization will have to be developed.

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As for a name, we do not know that there is more need than there was a year ago to agree to *any* single name. Dr. Martineau, indeed, only characterizes as "amusing" the variety of names under which the Conference was assembled.* Yet there was something more than amusing in it,—something of that scrupulous honesty, even in mere names, which alone keeps men true to unpopular causes. If, however, the formation of some new central body should seem to necessitate the choice of one single name, let it be at least some name that has life to-day and will really indicate, not merely to the antiquarian, but to the busy world around us, something of what we mean and where we are. As for the name "English Presbyterian," it simply is no longer open for us, having come, during the past twenty-five years, to be the official as well as popular name of the English branch of the great orthodox Presbyterian body. Any attempt on our part to reclaim the name would only result, as the *Christian World*, broadest of religious papers and always fair and friendly to Unitarians, points out, in "endless confusion." We should be called, not the English Presbyterians, but the Unitarian Presbyterians. Better accept the simple Unitarian name at once. In the scheme before us, however, it is absolutely ruled out. *Unitarian*, we are told, "denotes a *doctrinal* distinction, warning the *Trinitarian* that the communion is not for him." Well, but is not that exactly what the Trinitarian wants? Can there be imagined a more disgusted man than some good Scotchman who, in some English town, should be beguiled into one of our churches by the announcement, "Presbyterian Chapel," and gradually find out his mistake by missing his "Decrees" and his "Reprobation"? No. "Free Christian" would be good, and has the advantage of having become largely naturalized among our English brethren; but "Unitarian" seems, after all, the simplest and best understood name of all. Any fear that it might harden into a mere doctrinal defini-

*Its full official title is "National Conference of the Members and Friends of Unitarian, Liberal Christian, Free Christian, Presbyterian, and other Non-subscribing or Kindred Congregations."

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tion is excluded by the fact that every statement of Unitarianism that is put forward disclaims any creed authority and emphasizes the duty of free inquiry. It may be said, "Oh, these are vague phrases, which any church might use and still be hopelessly creed-bound." But other churches do not use them. No parallel can be found, in the statements of any denomination, to this constant endeavor by Unitarians to keep their churches open and free, while still frankly accepting the name which indicates their great unmistakable beliefs of to-day. It is a name, too, which has nobler historical associations and a wider kinship than any other. It takes us back to some of the noblest movements of the Reformation period and to the heroic story of the Unitarians of Poland and Hungary; and it links our English churches in with those of America and Transylvania. It is not, indeed, perfectly understood; but it is better understood than any other.

No: the more we examine this proposal to organize our churches anew in a Presbyterial order, and to revive their old name of "English Presbyterian," the more it seems strained and impracticable, and beside the mark of our real need. We do want more and better organization; but we need it — and believe it is only possible — on the lines on which it has been already growing, and especially for the same great objects. Here, indeed, is the final difficulty which we shall mention. Dr. Martineau's proposal makes greater calls than have ever been made before upon our churches, alike for money and for disciplined co-operation; yet it almost ignores the object which has hitherto most aroused their liberality and drawn them together. It lays the stress of organization on better provision for the efficiency and support of our ministry, precisely the points on which congregations are most jealous of supervision, and has hardly a word for the missionary work of making what seems to us the truth better known. Of course, it would be well to have our ministry better supported, and our pulpits guarded against inefficient or unworthy men. But these are hardly our most pressing needs. Our average of

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ministerial income is rising every year; and our ministry, for its numbers, will compare with that of any other English church, either for ability or character. Moreover, whatever more needs doing in either of these directions can be done exactly as well through existing associations or conferences as by any Presbytery, as soon as our churches are really anxious to do it. But it is not for such purposes that the need of heartier co-operation has been forcing itself upon our churches and making organization the question of the day. That which has been our most constraining interest, and which has most overcome our isolation and drawn us together, is the consciousness of a great simple thought of Christianity which the world sorely needs, and the growing sense of an obligation to make it known. Now Dr. Martineau's paper hardly alludes to any such motive or work. Is it possible that, moving in circles where liberalism is in the very air, he does not know what Orthodoxy still is, in its common average presentation, and how it has still to be met by the rank and file of us, working among the people? On another occasion, lately, he said: "Orthodoxy is struck with cancer and blight. Let it die of itself." Yet this very fact, if it be a fact, surely teaches a different course. For what is this "Orthodoxy" which is thus dying of cancer and blight? It is not some abstract thing: it is the whole living faith of multitudes. We doubt indeed if it is "dying of itself." It is a great deal more living than some of our liberals are apt to assume. But, where it is dying, it is a miserable process, meaning for thousands the death of all religion and a blight on the very heart of life. It should not be left to die: it should be replaced by a nobler faith. Men should be taught that the dogmas of Orthodoxy are not the Christianity of Christ, and they should be shown what his religion really is. We do not claim that we Unitarians alone can do this or are doing it. Some in other churches, some in no church, are doing it. But all who are doing it are too few. And upon us, especially, the burden lies with a distinctness and weight which others can hardly feel, because the higher thought, the happier faith, is with us

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the very thought and faith of our church. This is the work we have been trying more and more to do. We only do it clumsily. We have still upon us the traditional stiffness and reserve of the Old Dissent. But we are trying to do it, and are going to do it more and more; and for a generation past we have been drawing together and giving and organizing for *this* more than for any other thing. What we want is to deepen this sense of obligation, and to strengthen all this work which it has inspired and all this organization which it has raised up. We want to foster all our district Unions or Conferences, letting each call itself what it will as now, but making all more united and efficient. We want to support on an altogether nobler scale the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, which by sheer breadth and earnestness of working has won among our churches that leadership which has been nominally denied to it. We want especially to strengthen the National Conference, which, although it may have come together "under six banners," has brought our various elements more into one spirit than ever before. Thus — not by any new great scheme, but by steady onward steps — shall we come to that united and disciplined power we need; and so may this old, free Congregationalism be knit into an effective body, free still, but as strong as the need of the time and the call of God.

BROOKE HERFORD.

ASPECTS OF THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

THE CHICAGO CONFERENCES.

The social problem is too large to allow an expectation that it can be solved along any one line. A preliminary difficulty is that strong feelings are being aroused, that varying views are dividing members of the community into hostile camps. The differences, especially between workingmen and capitalists or employers, are becoming accentuated every year. The days of small industry seem to be passing by; and the era of great industrial establishments, with little chance on the part of workingmen of becoming self-employers, is setting in. Employers and employees, becoming more separated in fact, are becoming

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more separated in feeling and thought. "Classes" are beginning to be formed, much as we may deprecate the use of that term, and still more the fact itself.

The projectors of the "Economic Conferences between Business Men and Workingmen," recently held in Chicago, did not dream of offering a new solution of the social problem. The aim was simply to make business men and workingmen better acquainted with each other's views. It may not be amiss to reproduce here the circular which gave the first public announcement of the Conferences: —

Economic Conferences between Business Men and Workingmen.

It is proposed to endeavor to make business men and workingmen better acquainted with one another's views.

How many business men have attended workingmen's meetings, and know at first hand what their ideas and aims are?

How many workingmen ever hear their employers or other leaders of business enterprise explain their views and the problems with which they have to deal?

Business men have their clubs and various associations, at which they state and defend their views,— but to people who are already convinced.

Workingmen have their union and assembly meetings; and the same is true in substance of them.

What is needed is to bring these people together, and to help each to understand the other. Such is the *aim*, at least, of the proposed Economic Conferences. They have been arranged with a sincere desire to promote a better feeling in the community.

It needs but a glance at the programme appended to see that men, fairly representing the great business interests of Chicago and the different phases of thought and organization among workingmen, are to take part in turn. It would, of course, be most desirable that working people should hear the addresses from the business man's stand point, and that business men should largely make up the audience of the representatives of the workingmen. At least, it is hoped that business men will not allow it to be said that they are unwilling to take the trouble to hear the ideas of the workingmen, when an occasion offers and a special invitation is extended to them. An earnest appeal is hereby made to their patriotism and love of fair play. It is believed that workingmen will come out in good numbers.

On account of the dangers of miscellaneous discussion, it is proposed to exclude it from these meetings. But, at the conclusion of the address of the evening, any one in the audience shall be at liberty to question the speaker as to any point he or she may not be satisfied about, pro-

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vided the question is stated in a respectful manner. It is hoped that such questions and answers will prove an instructive and profitable feature of each meeting.

The choice of Sunday evening will, it is believed, give offence to no one who remembers that this is the time when workingmen have most leisure.

The meetings will be open to all. No admission-fee will be charged.

The topics were announced as follows:—

1. The Aims of the Knights of Labor, *George A. Schilling.*
2. Banking and the Social System, *Lyman J. Gage.*
3. The Labor Question from the Stand-point of the Socialist, *Thomas J. Morgan.*
4. Is the Board of Trade Hostile to the Interests of the Community? *Charles L. Hutchinson.*
5. A View from the Labor Sanctum, *Jos. R. Buchanan.*
6. Socialism as a Remedy, *Franklin MacVeagh.*
7. An American Trade Unionist's View of the Social Question, *A. C. Cameron.*

So far as interest and numbers in attendance at the meetings were concerned, the plan was successful from the start. The Ethical Society Rooms, in which the first meeting was held, were uncomfortably crowded; and the subsequent meetings were held at the Madison Street Theatre, which was almost invariably full, sometimes to overflowing. The theatre has a seating capacity of over eight hundred. At the first meeting, Alderman William R. Manierre was elected chairman; Mark L. Crawford (a prominent trades-unionist), vice-chairman; and Joseph W. Errant (the attorney of the recently formed Bureau of Justice, which assists workingmen in the courts), secretary.

The speakers who took the workingmen's side of the question are recognized leaders in Chicago. Mr. Schilling is by trade a cooper, and is the head of one of the leading Knights of Labor Assemblies in the West. Mr. Morgan, an Englishman by birth, is a brass-finisher, and is easily the leader among English-speaking socialists. Mr. Buchanan is the editor of the *Labor Inquirer* of Chicago. Mr. Cameron is a Scotchman, a printer, and prominent in the councils of trades-unionism. On the other hand, the business men who took part were among the best known and most honored citizens of Chicago. Mr. Gage is probably known among bankers all over the country. Mr. Hutchinson is young,

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but already the president of the Board of Trade. Mr. MacVeagh is not only a leading merchant, but a man of rare intelligence, culture, and public spirit. The *personnel* of the Conferences at once attracted respect and confidence.

Mr. Schilling deprecated the use of force in dealing with the labor question, and urged reason and peaceful progress as the only methods which should be relied upon. The Knights of Labor, he explained, arose from a conviction that the trades-unions were not sufficient to cope with the labor problem. He had himself urged the admission of women into the order on the same terms as men. He confessed that the five hundred thousand members of the order were a conglomerated mass of people, with very conflicting ideas, ranging all the way from State socialism to extreme individualism. Mr. Schilling's own point of view came out in a discussion of arbitration, wherein he opposed all legislation on the subject. He thought it would be oppression for the State to say whom the employer should engage or for whom the laborer should work. Arbitration should be entirely voluntary: he feared that, if the State undertook to interfere, it would do so in behalf of the stronger party,—*i.e.*, the employer. Mr. Schilling evidently believed that the less governmental action, the better, and surprised many who supposed that, if a workingman is discontented, he must be a socialist. He said that it had been supposed that, when freedom of religion was granted to the people and a state church done away with, all would be atheists; but such was not the case, and he thought that government should no more interfere with industry than with religion. He frankly acknowledged that the platform of the Knights of Labor was socialistic, but held that this was simply the opinion of the majority, and that some day it would be changed. As for himself, he questioned whether government was even competent to run a poorhouse. He opposed the monopolization of land, and thought that this was made possible by governmental sanction and protection; but he hardly explained how it would be possible to prevent it in the absence of some sort of governmental action. He favored strikes only as a last resort. As to preventing boys from learning trades, he thought the Knights of Labor were more liberal than the trades-unions, though human nature was much the same the world over. He admitted that no right existed to prevent any one from learning a trade.

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Mr. Morgan, after portraying the facts of poverty, gave his opinion of the explanations sometimes offered. The Malthusian theory he thought was refuted by the natural abundance everywhere, particularly in this country. "Our bursting storehouses and granaries, our overproduction and efforts to find a foreign market for our supplies, our millionnaires, all testify to our abundant natural wealth." A vein of sarcasm ran through Mr. Morgan's speech, as when he said that some people, who never did a day's work in their lives and never expect to, tell us that the cause of our poverty and discontent is idleness, that every man can get work if he wants it; while the fact was that, according to the Massachusetts Labor Bureau, one-third of the workers in that State are out of employment one-third of the time, and, when strikes occur, the places of the strikers are generally promptly filled. Others, who puff away in smoke, Mr. Morgan said, more than the average day's wage of the worker, assert the cause of the misery to be extravagance; but when the average wage is one dollar a day or less, with 20 per cent. out for rent, the charge seemed to him a mockery. Intemperance Mr. Morgan regarded as more the effect than the cause of poverty. Where work is hardest, most monotonous, there drink is indulged in the most. "In the foundry, with the molten metal, the hot castings, in a temperature of 120 degrees (which alone is enough to drain their vitality), the men become so exhausted that a glass of beer is the first need they have when released from work. Does not every physician prescribe a stimulant or tonic for a patient suffering from exhausted vitality? Give them better surroundings, a chance to get a better home than a couple of rooms filled with the odor of washing and cooking, where it is impossible to entertain friends; give them a better education, more time for mental development, and you will cure intemperance." A resort to the country, Mr. Morgan held, would not help matters: wages are even lower there, and life more miserable than in the town. The tariff, he declared, is of no use to the workingmen. Wages are not higher because the prices of manufactured goods are raised by protection: labor is simply a commodity under the present system, and wages are regulated by supply and demand. (It may be said, in passing, that, whenever the idea was referred to that protection secures high wages to labor, it was greeted with unmistakable signs of dissent and even derision by the workingmen in the audience.) Mr. Morgan traced the gradual

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growth of the factory, the great industrial establishment or corporation, and, finally, of the combination and consolidation of corporations into the "trust." The middle class of small proprietors, he held, is being crushed out of existence. The process he regarded as natural and inevitable: there is no use in declaiming against it or blindly fighting it. Socialists are often pictured as wild and hot-headed. But nothing could have exceeded the coolness and philosophical spirit in which this socialist explained the growth of monopolies and trusts. The outcome of the process would be socialism, as he believed. The natural order of progress is barbarism, feudalism, individualism (*laissez-faire* and free competition), and socialism. The transition from individualism to socialism would be effected by making every corporation and trust subject to the governing power of the people. The concentration of industries into a few hands makes it easier for the people to assert their authority over them. Hence, Mr. Morgan said, he hailed with delight the invention of every labor-saving machine, the organization of every corporation, pool, or trust that monopolizes production, communication, distribution, transportation, or exchange. The socialistic programme, he asserted, is to make the change from the present system to the coming system legitimate and orderly, and prevent a violent revolution. He repelled with much warmth the notion that the socialists want to "divide," and declared as against the anarchists that a minority has no right to resort to violent or dishonorable means to enforce or inculcate its ideas.

Mr. Buchanan's address disclosed the fact that he, too, was a socialist. He held that the only title to land is occupancy and use. Rent he roundly denounced as theft. The mines should belong to the people; and government, in its different divisions (national, state, and municipal), should own and direct the means of transporting freight, passengers and intelligence, and of exchange. He distinguished between the things used collectively and those private in their nature, and held that the former alone should be owned and controlled collectively. "I hope," he said, "you see here the difference between the street-car and the bicycle, and that you do not now believe me to be another of those wild fellows who want everybody to wear the same kind of a coat and to eat the same amount and kind of food." Mr. Buchanan did not deny that captains of industry are necessary, but he held that they must be made to direct for the collective

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benefit. In getting possession of the railway and telegraph lines, the government should appraise them at their actual value, with the water squeezed out, and pay for them. Mr. Buchanan did not seem to view with much seriousness the dangers that would arise from such an extension of government patronage, nor did he make any argument for civil service reform. He thought a party going into power on this issue could be safely trusted. He would have private banks of issue abolished, and the government itself issue a circulating medium in sufficient quantity. In conclusion, he considered the attitude of the press on the labor question, saying that, with an occasional exception, the influential dailies of the country do not treat the working people with fairness. The sin of the press has been commission, he said; that of the pulpit, omission.

Mr. Cameron took a conservative trades-unionist view of the labor question. He deprecated strikes, and claimed that the most disastrous ones had occurred where no trades-unions existed. He strongly advocated co-operation and profit-sharing, instancing several cases in which the fear of strikes had vanished owing to a division of profits between employers and employees. From his language it was evident that Mr. Cameron was a religious man, and the whole tone of his discussion was moderate; yet he charged the clergy with antagonism towards the laboring classes, and said: "Instead of the gospel of Christ, their audiences are regaled with tirades against labor, about which they know as little as they do about the Master whom they claim to serve. They have become the apologists of the oppressor instead of the advocates of the oppressed."

The readers of this *Review* are probably tolerably familiar with the way in which business men regard the labor question. If those into whose hands this account of the Economic Conferences is likely to fall were workingmen, it would be proper to give an extended notice of the views advanced by Mr. Gage, Mr. Hutchinson, and Mr. MacVeagh; for they were unusually broad, candid, and most courteously expressed. Mr. Gage's introductory remarks were so excellent that they are here quoted:—

> Since consenting to appear as a speaker in this course, . . . I have asked myself a good many times why one like myself, who has no skill or experience as a public speaker, nor any qualifications as a teacher, should have consented to assume the duty that lies before me. You yourselves may ask of each other — if too polite to ask of me — the same

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question. Let me anticipate and answer it. It is because I am willing to stand forth as a witness to the truth of my conviction that friendly conferences between business men and workingmen may be agencies of highest value to both business men and workingmen, and to the social state in which all our highest interests are involved. If, therefore, I bring no word of special worth, nor contribute anything more than this evidence of my deep interest in the great questions which excite society, my work will yet not be in vain, if, as I hope may be the case, my example stimulate others of greater knowledge and better skill to come forward and help pave the road to a true social progress.

Mr. Gage took his stand between the individualists and the socialists. Announcing himself a believer in self-government and the largest practicable personal liberty, he yet asserted his conviction that law is necessary to guard and protect them. Our political constitution, he held, may be changed when the majority so desire. Perhaps the most striking feature of Mr. Gage's address was the pointing out of the similarity between the "trusts" and the "trades-unions." The aim of both is to limit competition,— on the one side between corporations, on the other between workingmen. In his judgment, repressive legislation ought not to be hastily invoked. Both labor organizations and trusts may be, if wisely conducted, productive of good. Passing to his special topic, Mr. Gage pointed out that the privilege of issuing notes was not of so much value to the national banks as was commonly supposed, since, with the right to issue over fourteen millions of dollars in such notes, less than a million dollars are now outstanding. Mr. Gage enumerated the powers and privileges of the national banks, and explained by simple and telling illustrations their functions in industrial society.

Mr. Hutchinson made some striking admissions in the early part of his address. He said the rich and influential are not playing the part they ought to in the world to-day. "While men make their business their religion, and not religion their business, and live unto themselves alone, there is need of agitation, of thought, of reform." He even thought that workingmen give more time, attention, and thought to social problems than business men do, and in consequence many a workingman can take his place on a platform and express intelligent convictions in a way that would put to shame the average business man. He pleaded for fairness. Because trades-unions have done

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foolish things, they should not be sweepingly condemned; and, because men of wealth sometimes abuse their trusts, they should not be catalogued in a wholesale way as selfish and unprincipled. Mr. Hutchinson pointed out, at length, the useful functions of the Board of Trade. He said its members were merchants, not speculators. There was, of course, speculation: in what trade was there not? Relatively, he held there was no more speculation in wheat, corn, and provisions than in real estate, dry goods, groceries, and gas. The board offers unusual attractions to the speculator, but it does not exist for that purpose. It does not countenance "corners," but does all in its power to prevent them, and generally succeeds. Eight corners out of ten, Mr. Hutchinson stated, ruin those who try to run them. The legitimate business of the board is to market the surplus grain and provision products of the country. It is a huge piece of machinery standing between the producer and the consumer, and facilitates in a remarkable degree trade between them. There the farmer may always send his surplus product, and get in solid cash a fair price for it every day in the year.

Mr. MacVeagh pronounced socialism impossible, undesirable, and unnecessary; yet the *Labor Inquirer*, edited by Mr. Buchanan, printed his address in full, and accompanied it with a well-written and appreciative editorial. Mr. MacVeagh doubted the truth of the popular saying that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer. He said, however, that our industrial system is making the rich richer than need be and the poor not rich enough; and it has greatly reduced the number of small employers and self-employers. Mr. MacVeagh appealed to workingmen to make their reform movements broad enough to admit of others who are not workingmen taking a part. There are hard workers, he held, who are not called workingmen, who have a sense of the bad tendencies and facts of our industrial system, and who work perhaps in a larger way, because they have no thought of classes, and aim at something broader than the victory of any particular body of citizens; to wit, human progress, the elevation of all men and all society. He instanced the eight-hour movement of two years ago as conspicuously lacking in able leadership; yet the hours of manual labor are too long, he admitted, and they can be shortened to the eight-hour standard throughout Europe and America within a very limited period and without undue disturbance to any one, if there shall be

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wise leadership in the movement. Mr. MacVeagh admitted that free competition, as an unmodified law, is a failure, and pointed out that at this moment the activities of the industrial world — employed and employing — are in the line of self-protection against the operation of this law. The ease with which fortunes are made is abnormal, he said. In general, we have thought too much about producing wealth and too little about its distribution. Much has yet to be done before our industrial, political, and social systems can claim to work fair, average justice. Still, Mr. MacVeagh did not believe that a change of systems is necessary, to produce the desired results. The free life of the individual is the very kernel of democracy, and it must not be endangered. A measure of inequality is a necessary incident in social progress, as in any pushing forward. Our present system is fully adequate to cure all that is wrong to-day which can be cured at the present stage of human progress and development.

There is, of course, no definite result from the Economic Conferences. None was hoped for. But there must be a somewhat better understanding between the workingmen and business men who faced one another at these meetings, and a somewhat friendlier feeling. The workingmen of Chicago often think that men of wealth are afraid to come before them. That notion has been dissipated; and so has the other, which is often entertained by the propertied class,— that the leaders among the workingmen are unintelligent and brutal. It must be confessed, however, that the so-called better classes attended these meetings in comparatively small numbers. There was a good middle-class attendance. There were a number of ladies of social standing (in Chicago, the women are equal to the men in intelligent interest in the social problems), but the majority of every audience was made up of workingmen. There was perfect order. No policemen were ever called for or were present. At the same time there were the freest expressions of both approval and disapproval from the audience. The questions by persons in the audience were sometimes asked with suppressed excitement, but the almost invariable good humor of the replies from the speaker tended to dissipate all bitterness. The questions and answers proved a most interesting and instructive part of each evening's programme, and the dangers of random discussion were entirely avoided.

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The idea of the Economic Conferences is so simple that the only wonder is that they have not been tried long before. Lectures to workingmen have been common enough. But it has not been ordinarily thought that workingmen have any ideas themselves by which others could profit. Instruction, however, has not been the thought of these Conferences on either side. An understanding was all that was aimed at; and this in some slight measure, it is believed, has been accomplished. The Chicago *Tribune*, in commenting on the close of the Conferences, said: —

> There is no doubt that the feelings of the various classes towards each other have been softened. Private conversations subsequent to the meetings have proved this. But, whether any conversions to correct social views have been made or not, it is a gratifying fact that an audience of several hundred people, holding the most diverse opinions, can discuss their theories in the freest manner, without getting into unseemly quarrels. There were no restrictions as to the attendance at these meetings, and no steps were taken to preserve order; yet there were no unpleasant incidents. If the warring elements of society could be brought together in this manner more frequently, there would be less bitterness between the rich and the poor, fewer labor troubles, and less windy talk about "social revolution."

Will not some readers of the *Review* possibly organize similar Conferences in other cities?

W. M. Salter.

COMMENT BY THE EDITOR.

It is evident, from all these honest differences, that the economic problem is on too large a scale for most minds to take in even its most essential conditions. It appears to be desirable, therefore, to narrow the immediate question before our minds, so as to take it into our grasp with comparative ease. It will be a very long time, at any rate, before a common understanding can be had over the broad field, and still longer before institutions can be shaped to meet the new accepted theory, whatever that may be. Meanwhile, let us see what help we can get from facts.

That most skilful and intelligent statistician, Mr. Edward Atkinson, tells us (in the *Forum* for July) that of the entire gross revenue of industry in this country *nine-tenths* are paid back, directly, as wages of mechanical or routine labor — as distinct, that is, from salaries, income of investments, and the like. We need not trouble ourselves, just now, with the way he works out

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this result, with the interpretation he puts upon it, or with its exact degree of accuracy. Accepting it provisionally, we find that the economic problem before us, as far as concerns the question of capital and wages, is reduced to a consideration of the margin of *one-tenth* — more or less — of the gross revenue of industry, say for a single year. This is, in truth, a large enough mass to handle, being not less than five hundred millions of dollars, and probably a good deal more. The question is, concerning its just distribution; and, in trying to settle this, we must be careful how we reduce the amount of it, or how we risk the other nine-tenths.

We shall all agree, too, that something must be allowed for what we call material progress; that is, mechanical inventions, improvement in methods, large industrial enterprises, and so on. Unless we are to come to a sudden stop, and settle down to a stereotype or Chinese way of existence, a margin must be had to draw upon, year by year; and this margin we may fairly enough set down at one-half the tenth at our disposal, say $300,000,000. This margin is none too large, if we consider that it may be drawn upon, at any time, for the necessary costs of defence in war, and is, in fact, about the amount which the government takes by taxation in time of peace. So much, then, we may consider the least we can safely allow for the annual increase of what we may call the invested wealth, or fixed capital, of the nation. And, for all that we can see, this amount must necessarily be subject to the handling and control of what we call the capitalist class. We do wrong, it is true, by speaking of this as a "class" at all; since every man who can save a dollar of his wages, or boy who can put by a dime from the daily sale of newspapers, is free to belong to it, through the machinery of savings-banks or the like. (The British post-office provides for investments as small as a penny.)

The question comes down, then, practically to this: How may the average laborer, most justly and most surely, taking one year with another, add five per cent. to the wages he now receives; that is, supposing him to earn $500 a year, how may he be fairly assured of adding $25 to his year's income? When the case is brought down to this, we see at once — considering, especially, the vast scale of numbers whose interests are involved — several things. We see, first, that our handling of it must be very cautious, lest a derangement of the machinery should undo, many times over, the amount of any hoped-for gain. We see, next,

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that any such hoped-for gain must come from increased rather than diminished or hindered production: a "strike" or a "lock-out" may be inevitable, or even right under given circumstances, just as civil war may be; but its direct effect must be to destroy wealth instead of creating it, and hence to lessen the chances we wish to increase. Again, we see that the pinch comes in those great organized and competitive industries which are kept up by money-wages purely, and depend on the incalculable and only guessable elements of demand and supply; while the slow steady increase of bulk in the national wealth at large depends, more than anything, on the prosperity of the scattered agricultural class,— as a correspondent has illustrated in his report of the Sea Islands of South Carolina,— which, in general, knows nothing of strikes or labor troubles, and is very tenacious of its small holdings, which rest on the very sanctity of individual possession that makes the great stumbling-block of socialistic theory. So that the economic problem really touches the possible addition of one-twentieth to the earnings of about one-fourth of the laboring population.

Mr. Atkinson's answer to the problem how to improve the condition of the laboring classes is one which is so obvious that we might call it a truism, if it were not so often lost sight of in discussion, more or less passionate or confused, on those larger issues which to us are practically insolvable: namely, that any real gain must turn, first of all, on increased productiveness of industry; together with the fact, which he confidently asserts, that the share of labor grows, steadily and necessarily, greater in proportion, while that of capital grows, steadily and necessarily, less. Every addition to capital necessarily tends to increase the wages of labor and to reduce the rate of interest; thus in both directions making it easier for a workman to become a capitalist on his own account. That it is not always or obviously so does not alter the plain necessity of the case. The accuracy of the general fact we are not competent to discuss. We must leave it to Mr. Atkinson's statistics. At any rate, he has done us an inestimable service, by showing us how the most complex and difficult of problems may be got within more manageable proportions.

Meanwhile, we may be quite sure of two things, which still further narrow down the practical question. First, that government direction of industry — however desirable on other grounds — will never take the place of individual enterprise in increasing

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its effectiveness. Government work is slow, unthrifty, costly, and wasteful: the Post-office Department, which is the best it has to show, is in arrears this year by four million dollars; while its tasks of construction, in ship-building and military engineering, give us little hope of what it may do as a master manufacturer for the general market. Secondly, that whatever the oppressions of capital, in the competition of modern industry, the laborer does not suffer from them, probably, one-tenth of what he suffers from unrestricted immigration of those of his own class, — as to which we refer for illustration to a carefully studied article in the last number of the *Political Science Quarterly* (Ginn & Co., New York). Capital has doubtless sins of its own to answer for, but it has made its compensations, too. The business enterprise we happen to be just now best acquainted with has lost full half a million dollars by disasters of the last three years, but has steadily paid undiminished wages to the entire force of men in its employ.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

TWO WAYS TO RECKON GROWTH.

It is told of St. Francis Xavier that in the course of his missionary labors he made converts by the million, and baptized with his own hands over a million disciples. We may, if we will, set down these figures as figures of speech, addressed not by way of statistics to the reason, but by way of poetry to the imagination. At any rate, they stand for that process of prodigious, rapid, and all but miraculous growth by which, in certain spurts (as it were) of spiritual heroism, supernatural Christianity has added suddenly and widely to its conquests from age to age.

It is perhaps our misfortune if, with our Christianity of free reason, we do not understand, possibly do not believe, certainly do not emulate, these great and splendid victories of faith. Numbers breed enthusiasm, and enthusiasm kindles faith; and we are, perhaps, too easily content with that narrower scale of things which appeals but little to imagination, and suggests no broad tide of human sympathies, on whose bosom we are borne

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towards greater things. We comfort ourselves with such maxims as that "one, with God, is a majority," and that

> "He's a slave, who dare not be
> In the right with two or three";

and we listen, without being much moved by it, to the familiar charges: that our numbers are not much, if anything, more than fifty years ago; that in social rank and strength we are perhaps not as well off as then; that, with the passing away of the two or three who represent among the living the tradition of an earlier time, there will be left a manifest void, ominous of failure or at least decline.

It is well to look in the face this warning, which is re-enforced at the closing of a career so eminent and widely known as that of James Freeman Clarke,— when we feel how much more the single loss weighs than it ought to weigh in a body with such antecedents and memories as ours. We cannot avoid comparing our case with that of those great historic churches which reckon their living names of power by the hundred or by the thousand. And in this wide view we have a sense of poverty and constraint, like what is felt in a personal way when one has exchanged the warm, active, and large fellowship of a popular denomination, with its many, many fruitful agencies and comforting dear companionships, for the more chill and narrow path he finds in a smaller and feebler body, with its sharp exclusion from much that had made the joy and strength of the religious life. To be honest with one's self is a great thing, perhaps the chief thing; but that mental freedom and self-respect have been bought with a great price.

Something like this train of thought came up the other day in conversation with a lady who had been drawn by personal ties from the broader to the narrower fellowship, in a large city where the liberal church stood alone, and where exclusion from the former life was felt in some ways very keenly. Possibly the thought suggested then may have its use, in the comparisons of this sort which are continually coming up. If one chooses the narrow and more painful way, it ought to be in view not merely of such personal privilege, or satisfaction, as he finds in having his reason better satisfied, but of some specific thing, large enough and noble enough to dignify his new faith or fellowship, and make him feel that he has done well in adopting it,— like an

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emigrant from a rich and great kingdom, who goes to help lay the foundation of some better commonwealth of the future. And, if we look back on our own denominational history, brief and small, we shall find signs of *that particular thing* which justifies the stand it has taken and the way it has travelled, apart. And this, it may be thought, we shall find in looking at the place that has been filled, and the work that has been done, by a few of its representative men,— a place and a work that could not (so far as we can see) have been had except under the precise conditions of the Unitarian ministry.

Thus, as it appeared in this review,— to say nothing of those still living whom we delight to honor,— the work done by Dr. Bellows in New York, by Dr. Hosmer in Buffalo, by Dr. Eliot in St. Louis, and by Thomas Starr King in San Francisco, was not only a noble work in itself, which we who are of their fellowship may well rejoice in and be proud of, but it was, specifically, work into which they were led by the public recognition of them as representing a religion genuine and vital, absolutely free of all restraint and domination of the popular creed. The comparative solitude in which they did it identified it closely with their own individuality, giving it a personal hold on public respect wholly different from any ecclesiastical hold; while their professional and official standing gave them the needed opportunity to make it felt by the hearts of men responding to the living voice. And hence it was easier for them than for other men, when the time came of dealing with large matters touching the nation's life, to expand their work to the scale which the crisis called for. Neither of them stepped aside an inch from his proper place and function of a Christian minister; but, out of the thirty thousand or more Christian ministers, of various rank and fame, in churches more popular, powerful, and rich than theirs, there was not one who did the work that Bellows did in inspiring the public conscience and heart to the grandest charities of our time of war, or that Eliot did in educating a great commonwealth to a new reign of liberty and justice, or that Starr King did in holding loyal to the national idea the eager, restless, and proud temper of our Pacific coast. Other men have not, it may be, the same ability or the same opportunity. But in these men it is possible to see the type of that particular pattern to which a liberal Christian ministry may everywhere in its degree conform, and so find its proper strength. And, if we can find in some

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such way what we may call the providential reason of our separate existence as a religious body, we certainly find, with it, what may well keep up our courage and content in casting our lot with it, at ever so great a forfeit of what might seem the larger opportunity.

But will the greater growth ever come to us as it has to the rest? Possibly, even after all these years of waiting and of rather discouraged planting. For it has to be considered that the process was a necessary one, and necessarily slow, that is still leading us, through gradually attenuating forms of dogma, out of a religion of strict ecclesiasticism towards a religion of the large humanities. Who shall say that when this process is fully accomplished, and its result frankly accepted in the general mind, there will not be a new wakening of enthusiasm, and a sudden widening out of the work of Christianity as we understand it? The golden age of religious liberalism we are apt to think of as if it were in the past,— when the question at issue was necessarily theological, and the task the comparatively simple one of the emancipation of the mind from dogma. The best energies of fifty years were spent among us upon this, which is a purely preliminary, not to say superficial work. A certain lassitude of neutrality was the natural result, and we were too willing to admit that our work was negative. The clearer minds among us have never conceded that it was so; yet even ten years ago it would not have been so easy as we ought to find it now, to show how the free mental life, so painfully secured, is finding its way into larger channels, and growing capable of being inspired with a purpose grander than before, because more sharply definite. The phases of this new and broader life, as they shall open up with the unfolding of events, it will be our special duty to interpret as we can. And we close here with a single illustration borrowed from the correspondence of our minister in Japan, in which a certain buoyancy of tone may well be pardoned, in consideration of the new horizon so marvellously widening out: —

It is no small triumph to have put into the hands of thirty-five thousand readers in Japan a full statement of Unitarian principles, besides much information concerning the organization and *personnel* of our body in America. . . . The address appeared on the 13th. On the preceding day another article of mine, of equal length, was given the prominent place in the same paper. It is entitled "The Japanese in Search of a Religion." In it I dwell upon the points of similarity in the relative

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conditions of America and Japan, and upon the sympathy which might exist between thoughtful religious inquirers in the two countries. The two articles together form a missionary broadside the like of which has never been dreamed of by any missionary in the East before. They, as a rule, have had no access whatever to the public press, and have been obliged to establish organs of their own, whose circulation has been limited to their own churches or to those already converted. Four publications welcome anything I may send them, be it theological or not; and my door is daily besieged for "copy." I am just about starting for the interior.

THE COLOR LINE.

We had occasion, a month ago, to speak of that most interesting work which is going on at Hampton, in the co-education of Indian and Negro pupils, so as best to meet the special problems of our American civilization; and we briefly hinted at the way in which the future of those races is looked at, respectively, by those who have them severally in charge. To speak just now only of the latter. Certainly, one of the gravest questions touching our own future is that of the peaceable relations — in politics, in industry, and in social life — of the dominant white race with one so radically different, of capacities still undeveloped, and already reckoned to number seven millions strong. Thirty years ago, it was an easy and simple thing to say that there was the one point of manifest justice, of personal liberty, to be settled first, and that all the rest would follow. All the rest is following; but in a way that is quite free neither from political excitement nor from social peril. Still, there is this unspeakable gain: that all the questions which have to be met in it can be studied, first of all, *scientifically*, by the light of facts, and no longer as questions of theoretical ethics, to be debated under the peril of that Damocles' sword which fell upon the head of our nation in 1861.

The questions thus proposed concern first of all the science of politics and the science of economics; and there are some who think that with these, and the kindred ones of personal morality and social justice, the whole ground is covered. But as soon as we begin to study any subject scientifically, and dig down towards the foundations, we find that the deeper we go, the more imperious, though more obscure, are the conditions we have to meet — all the way down, till we come to gravitation and chemical affinity, lowest of all. And, not far on the way, we come to

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that very obscure and difficult, that very imperious one, which we may call *the color line;* and this includes those matters of anthropology — race-characteristics, previous conditions of barbarism or servitude, and the like — which must serve us to understand, if we may, the material with which the political or social problem has to deal. How difficult this is, we may see from the discouraging view of it given by that most intelligent observer, Anthony Trollope, in the West Indies of thirty years ago, and the despairing view of it taken by Mr. Froude in the West Indies of to-day. We do not regard it so: the symptoms as they appear to us, and as they are stated by a valued contributor this month, are extraordinarily hopeful. Moreover, whatever special difficulties lie that way are, as we hold, to be overcome by no fine or elaborated theories, but by the practical good sense which our people have a good deal of, and the elementary Christian training of which they need a good deal more. In other words, our solution must be moral and practical, not speculative or scientific, in the last resort.

But the intelligent thinker, even the intelligent Christian moralist, needs something more. He needs it first for his own intellectual satisfaction, it may be; but he needs it still more, because there are contingencies ahead which he should be aware of, turning on conditions which he should try to understand,— contingencies that it is his particular duty to keep in view in the discussion he has to take part in. Where these considerations touch upon practice, they will then sufficiently appear from time to time. In the mean time, we find great interest and advantage in keeping our eyes open to the experience of other nations and other times. In this view, we were greatly struck, the other day, by an article in the *Contemporary* for June, under the title "Will the English retain India?" In this article, the Empire under which India is governed is shown to consist of "a corporation of fifteen hundred civil servants," with a military guard of sixty-five thousand, in the midst of an alien population of some three hundred millions; and it is in regard to the race-characteristics thus brought into contact that the writer (Mr. Meredith Townsend) speaks as follows: —

> What color may be I do not pretend to know, and neither physicists nor theologians will tell us; but it is past question that it is an indication of differences physical, intellectual, and moral of the most radical and imperishable kind. Throughout the history of mankind, black men,

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brown men, and white men have been divided from each other by lines which never have been passed, and by differences wholly independent of their own volition. None of the black races, for instance, whether Negro or Australian, have shown within the historic time the capacity to develop civilization. They have never passed the boundaries of their own *habitats* as conquerors, and never exercised the smallest influence over peoples not black. They have never founded a stone city, have never built a ship, have never produced a literature, have never suggested a creed. If they all perished to-morrow, the world would be the richer by the whole resources of Africa — probably the richest division of the globe, which would then for the first time be utilized. They have been the most self-governed of mankind; they hold some of the world's most fertile lands; they sit on some of its most magnificent rivers,— everything the Egyptians on the Nile had the Negro on the Quorra or the Congo also has,— and they have never advanced out of the foulest savagery. There is no evidence whatever that if Africa were left to itself for 10,000 years it would progress in the smallest degree; and this evidence against it, that, when liberated from the pressure of the white man's brain, the Negro, as in Hayti and, I fear, Liberia, rapidly recedes. Blackness of skin may not be — indeed, cannot be — the cause of this stagnation or imbecility,— for it is imbecility; but blackness of skin is the most visible evidence of the aggregate of incapacities manifested throughout the history of the black race. The white man, therefore, though he has no right to say that the black man cannot be saved,— God caring as much for the worm as for the fly,— has a right to say that the black man will never civilize himself.

So also he has a right to say certain things, though very different things, about the brown man. The brown man of every shade who now monopolizes Asia — that is, a third of the total area of habitable land upon the planet — is probably a half-caste, the result of a long series of early crossings between the dark and unimprovable aborigines, of whom a few relics still survive, and the white man. We know this to have been the case in India, and further research will, I believe, prove it to have been the case throughout Asia, even with the Mongolian tribes, the crossed races everywhere deriving from their trace of white blood the special faculty of the white man,— that of accumulating experience to practical purpose. The brown races obtain this faculty in part only, but in such a degree that they for a time advance, and have done some very great things. The brown man has founded and held together the largest and most permanent of human societies. He has built splendid and original cities — Benares, for example, Damascus, and old Granada — without the white man's help. He has perfected a system of agriculture which, though Europe may think it barbarous, maintains in plenty, acre for acre, more people than any European system, and which survives in its integrity close intercourse with the agriculture of Europe. He invented letters, arithmetic, and chess. He has carried many arts —

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architecture, for example, pottery in all its branches, weaving, and working in metals — to a high degree of perfection. He has solved the problem of reconciling the mass of mankind to their hard destiny, so that in Asia it is rarely the millions who rebel, and that famine, flood, and hurricane produce no political discontent. He has produced great conquerors,— though exclusively by land,— great lawgivers, and great poets. Above all, he has meditated so strenuously and so well on the eternal problem of the *whence* and *whither*, that every creed as yet accepted by man, except possibly fetishism, is Asiatic, and has been preached first of all by a brown man.

On the other hand, with these great gifts the brown man has also great incapacities. The power of accumulating thought, which he derives from his trace of white blood, is easily and early exhausted, and when it is exhausted his progress is finally arrested; he stereotypes his society, and his brain seems paralyzed by self-conceit. For 3,000 years he has made no new conquest over Nature, carried science no higher, developed no new and fructifying social idea, invented no new scheme of life. The Arab, the Indian, the Chinese, is precisely what he was when the white man first became conscious of his existence. He has never risen above polygamy as an ideal, never, even in countries partly monogamous, forbidding, or trying to forbid, the harem as a luxury to the rich and powerful. In other words, he has never conceived of woman except as the pleasantest and most necessary of slaves. He has never developed the idea of pity. He is not, I think, cruel as his cousin the red man of America is,— that is, he takes no pleasure in inflicting pain; but he is utterly callous to its infliction. It does not move him that another suffers extremities of torture, and, if a point is to be gained, he will make him suffer them without sympathy or remorse. Whether, as in China, he cuts a prisoner into snippets, or, as in Persia, he bricks up a footpad in a wall, leaving the head uncovered and living for days, or, as in India, burns delicate ladies alive on their husband's pyres, he is equally unaffected. Of the death of the suttee the Indian thought, perhaps, something, for he has a reverence, in theory, for life; but of her agony he never thought at all. He would not burn a city to warm his hands, but he would not in the least hate the man who did. The substantial difference, said a great pundit once to me, "between the English and us is not intellectual at all. We are the brighter, if anything; but you have pity [*doya*], and we have not!" Above all, he has never developed the idea which lies at the basis of freedom,— the idea of right inherent in the quality of human being. He has everywhere framed his social system on the theory that power cannot be limited or restrained except by religion. Not only has he never thought of representative government, which even with the white man was a late discovery, and so to speak a scientific one, but he has never thought of government at all except as an imitation of government by Heaven or by the Destinies. He has from the days of Saul, and earlier, preferred

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that his ruler should be absolute; and there is not, and never has been, a brown community in which the ruler had not the right to inflict death on a private person at his discretion.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

WILLIAM BARNES, THE DORSET POET.

The significance of a poet's appearing depends upon the social and intellectual conditions to which he speaks; and it is doubtful if a singer like William Barnes has even yet come upon times which are capable of measuring his poetic gift. His voice was so wholly one of unpremeditated speech that it sounds unnecessarily frank and straightforward to the over-cultured ear of our day, while the range of its utterance is so exclusively confined to notes of the field and home that many will seek farther for a strain more varied and cosmopolitan. William Barnes had no pretensions to world-wideness of view, to that fire of passion, that mingled play of desire, failure, and remorse which broadens and makes lurid the canvas of a higher order of genius. Experience with him was bounded by the outlook of his native county, and the most simple features even of that sufficed for the purposes of his art. Born and brought up in the "Old-world vale of Blackmore," which has been called a veritable Tempe and happy valley, he never seems to have had any curiosity as to the great world beyond, but rested in a narrowness of feeling which was only compensated by its intensity. Even the clearness and emphasis of his one note, however, cannot altogether blind us to his restriction of sphere. To be the Dorset poet is less than to be the poet of England or humanity; but it nevertheless remains a happy distinction, because both England and humanity have wandered so far away from the aboriginal virtues of his point of view. Crime and injustice he would not so much as hear of, rigorously closing his ears to any unsavory report of what men might be doing and suffering in walks of life less primitive than his own. "You will not find," he said once in his old age, "that in any of my poems I have ever made a hero of an immoral man or a criminal. There may be such in the world; but I never choose them as subjects, nor could I have written my poetry if I had done so." Whatever homely experiences of country life appealed to his fancy he at once converted into terms of rural

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imagery, seeing it exactly as a tender-hearted and intelligent rustic might have seen it, and thus fixing the limitations of his capacity as an artist.

In the recent biography by his daughter, "Leader Scott," we have a pleasant picture of the poet's life, which began with the second year of the present century and ended only two years ago. His first venture beyond the farm work, for which a delicate frame had poorly fitted him, was as clerk in the office of a local solicitor, where, at the age of fifteen, young Barnes began the copying of deeds, dipping meanwhile into the classics and laying the foundation for a most remarkable acquaintance with nearly all known languages. But he soon turned to teaching as the serious work of his life; and, after four years of lonely application in a school at Mere in Wiltshire, he married and entered upon that experience of almost idyllic happiness in Chantry House, the loving remembrance of which is ever present in his after story.

As a teacher, he seems to have been an ideal success, and yet rather in spite of his theories than by reason of them. Self-educated himself, he was thoroughly unconventional, and not easily disturbed by the traditions of his profession, making his own methods and in many instances his own text-books. These latter he published at his own expense, and, as a rule, lost money in so doing. But, aside from a certain element of grotesqueness, and what sometimes appears to be needless innovation, which gained him few sympathizers, William Barnes had the innate faculty of endearing himself to boys and imparting knowledge on a broad, common-sense basis, which the best of literary treatises has little part in accomplishing. He was the teacher, not because of his scholarly acquirements, but because he was naturally the friend of children. As one of his admirers remarked, they were his study as well as amusement; and Mr. Palgrave, in his article in the *National Review*, has called attention to the frequency with which he mentions them in his poems. It was one of his theories that mothers should keep a book of their children's sayings as a help in correcting the mistakes of ordinary education.

Meanwhile, he was himself making rapid progress in his own special field of philology. To trace back our varied streams of modern speech to original sources had for him almost the significance of a religious act, so convinced was he that our best hope and inspiration lay in the hardy virtues of the past. Familiar

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with Persian, Russian, Coptic, Etruscan, he particularly delighted in old British and Saxon lore, rivalling even Max Müller and Horne Tooke in the extent of his researches. It was no affectation that from early manhood to the end of his life he kept his diaries in Italian; for he was a dear lover of the sunny poets, and for many years rarely walked abroad without a copy of Petrarch in his pocket. Later on, he would vary the language for a year with Spanish or Welsh, in the latter of which he recognized the pure British, unmixed with Latin and other streams, and finding in it a model upon which he based much of his teaching as a philologist. He would have the English as true to the Saxon as the Welsh had been to the British.

One may possibly go even farther than a critic in the *Athenæum*, and hold that Barnes took "too Welsh a view" of more than the subject of the ancient Britons, and that he was withal something of a "hobby-horse man." His great work, the Philological Grammar, which profoundly occupied his thoughts during a quarter of a century, strikes one as a thoroughly impractical attempt to reconstruct our English speech by an arbitrary return to one branch of its mighty parentage. It utterly ignores the fact that our language, like our people, is a cosmopolitan growth, combining many nationalities, and in reality strengthened rather than weakened by its various foreign grafts.

Curiously enough, the discovery of his gift for dialect poetry came along the line of this scholarly research; for it was not until the age of thirty-six that William Barnes began the writing of the Dorset poems. The experiment was the result alike of his peculiar tastes as a linguist and of his constitutional fondness for the simplicities of rural life, and met with so ready a local response as to warrant an appeal to a wider public. But, poet of the people as he was, in the sense of never having outgrown his own peasant training and feeling, he could never, for that very reason, be the poet of the people at large. Many will agree with that accomplished and sensible lady whom his publisher, Mr. Macmillan, quoted to him as saying, "What a pity Mr. Barnes *will* write that dialect!" The greater pity, however, was when the poet listened to the suggestion of some of his friends, and attempted ordinary English verse. When he became conventional, the distinctive mark and flavor of his work was gone. But, when he forgot the politer world of the scholar and turned to humble scenery and life, he occupied a ground of his own and moved freely as without a peer.

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"Hwomely Rhymes" he well called these rude wild flowers of song, for no other singer has entered so fully into the remote experience of those who till the soil and make few demands upon fate. A note of bitterness crept into Burns's rustic melody; and, when his cotter comes home at night, he is very apt to bring with him a morbid consciousness of society, and the wrong it has done him in keeping him where he is. But this strain of reaction does not belong in any ideal expression of rural life; and Barnes was happy in being able to preserve that atmosphere of primitive content which we love to associate with out-door things. Here the elements of poetry are always unchanged. The freshness, humor, and pathos of the life a-field — which so powerfully touched the imagination of Blackmore in *Lorna Doone*, and which Thomas Hardy, the friend of William Barnes, has hardly less successfully attempted to invest with contemporaneous interest — were the sources of inspiration which set his fancy at work.

Whatever might be the popular limitations of the dialect poems, the English ones did not add anything to the currency of their author. Grieve as his publisher might at such an evidence that appreciation of fine, delicate, and truthful pastoral poetry was not more widely spread, and add, as he did pertinently, that our heated time needs such refreshment, the fact remained that the English poems did not sell. "To me they lack but one charm," writes a friend to the author, "that of the dear old Dorset dialect. Putting them into conventional English seems to me like polishing a Queen Anne's farthing, and that refined language somewhat mars their simplicity. However, for my own purposes, I doff their finery when I can, and find myself more at home." At first glance, one is struck by the narrow range of his choice in metres, as by that before noted in his selection of themes, and by the general bareness of verse. Nor would the uninitiated give him credit for all the recondite metrical devices which are involved in the apparently simple structure of his poetry. Indeed, few have equalled him in the mastery of poetic technique; and few have ever held themselves as rigidly as he to aboriginal purity of form,— even going to the extreme of rarely reading the works of those who were writing in his own day. "I do not want," he used to say, "to be trammelled with the thoughts and styles of other poets; and I take none as my models except the Persian and Italian authors, on which I have framed

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some, as regards only metre and rhyme." His indebtedness to the Persian may be seen in the poems "Woak [Oak] Hill" and "The Knoll," which are distinguished by their assonances and hidden rhymes in the refrain. He was also fond of employing the Welsh Bardic measure, the Hebrew Thought-rhyming, and Anglo-Saxon Alliterative verse. These seem in his hands to lend themselves naturally to the quaint forms of Dorset speech, and to be in exact keeping with the sentiments and pictures which he endeavors to reproduce. He has the true lyric art, the nameless touch which goes so far to set off the born poet from all other men, even while it is so illusive that no one can tell exactly where it resides. Nothing could be more manly and unpretending than his art; but it is all the way through tender with genuine human feeling, and so full of the movement and humor of out-door country life as to have the power of really taking us out of ourselves.

Note the little song of the husband and wife, "Walking Home at Night," and compare it with any other love-song in the language, and both the peculiar charm and limitation of the author appear. It is the distinguishing mark and quality of his poems that they sing themselves. Nothing that Barnes wrote, of any length, had requisite compactness of life to give it sustained power of interest; but each bit of song is a bright, particular gem in itself, a picture set so graphically in a few words as to need no other key to its completeness. It almost seems strange that the very titles of his poems have not carried them farther into the heart-life of the world. "The Lummer Hedge," "Come out o' Door, 'tis Spring, 'tis May," "Angels by the Door," "A Bit o' Sly Courten'," "Jeane's Weddin'-day in Mornen," "The Wagon a-stooded," are illustrations of what is meant. A critic has said that Burns never surpassed portions of "Jenny out vrom Hwome" and "The Voices that be Gone," while "Grammer's Shoes" had the indorsement of the whole countryside as a veritable picture of life. "Vo'k a-comen into Church" and "The Do'set Militia" give one a novel sensation in the line of art, the stand-point has in it so much of archness and *naïveté*, exactly reproducing that of the crude country wit which so often probes nearer to the heart of a matter than the most cultured perception. Little incidents and allusions deftly weave themselves into the texture of the verse, lending that brief, catchy sparkle of life to what might otherwise be a very unpretending tale. Barnes is, to be sure,

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a painter in only one manner, but so little that is artificial enters in to disturb his judgments that a rare and beautiful element of repose breathes through all his work. Without any mark of deliberate attention, it is, too, in the best sense religious, although it suggests that here, as well as in an outward sense, William Barnes had never travelled far from home. Always he was the true son of the Church, childlike, trustful, and wholly untainted with that air of questioning and criticism which makes the muse of Burns so breezy an intruder. At the age of thirty-six, he put his name on the books of St. John's College, Cambridge, as a ten years' man, and in due course of time took his degree. He only preached at intervals, however, until in 1862 a friend gave him the appointment of rector at Caine, where the last twenty-four years of his life were passed in peaceful security. He had lived to see his school decline through no fault of his; and then, just as a pension from government and a pleasant church living came to lighten his despair, it happened that one of his pupils took first rank in the Indian civil service examination, and led to a sudden deluge of letters proffering scholars for whom he had no longer any need. The poet's middle life had been a season of clouds and storms, coming after a sunny morning; but now the restful evening succeeded, and not a shadow dimmed the sunset.

Few men have sufficient elasticity of mind and spirit to enter upon a new career at threescore, and fewer yet could undertake its most minute duties with all the ardor of a young man fresh from college. This sympathetic trait appears with happy fitness in the relation of parish minister, which he now assumed. "It was pleasant," writes his daughter, "to see him starting out to visit his district, a leather bag slung round his shoulder over his flowing cassock. In the bag were prayer-books or, at need, a pocket font or communion service. Sometimes, the well-filled pockets of the cassock coat bobbed against the comely stockinged legs,— for they were apt to be full of sweets for the children,— or now and then a doll might be seen with its head appearing out of the clerical pocket. Thus accoutred, he strode sturdily beneath the hawthorn-trees and across the shadows of great elms in the park, and knocked with his stick at the cottage doors, when he reached them. The housewives were always glad to see him, and poured out all their confidences, sure of comfort and sympathy. If he did not come on the usual day, they met him with a half reproach next time,— 'Ah, sir, we thought you

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had forgotten us.' The children would creep nearer and nearer, peeping into those big pockets from which 'goodies' were wont to come. I do not believe a child, however shy, was ever afraid of 'our parson.'"

The picture of the poet's home life alone repays the reader for an acquaintance with his biography. The world has so few ripe scholars and men of genius who are at the same time absolutely without selfishness or guile that it has a right to be impressed with this fatherly figure of one who was equally at home in teaching his boys to beat him at "ring taw" and in superintending their more serious education. Those were good days, when, after having turned in his lathe boxwood tops for himself and his sons, each varying in size according to the size of the owner, he would adjourn with them to the play-room in the garret, armed with great whips, to spend the half-hour before breakfast in seeing who could keep his top spinning the longest. Many were the arts and accomplishments to which at one time or another the poet learned to turn his hand. In his youth, he did some very creditable work at wood engraving; while the proficiency he then acquired with the flute, organ, and piano, as well as his skill as a baritone singer, were a life-long source of pleasure to him. Wood-turning was also among his avocations, and he even invented for his own use a quadrant and instrument for describing ellipses. His writings for the *Gentleman's Magazine* and other periodicals touch upon nearly every subject, and follow each other in bewildering variety, ranging from the Hindu shastas to the laws of building. Untiring as an archæologist and art collector, he yet found time to act as a local lecturer before the lyceums, antiquarian clubs, and workingmen's societies of his neighborhood, finally adding to his other numerous rôles that of reader of the Dorset poems as far away from home as London.

Even these avenues of activity, however, do not seem to have satisfied his insatiable craving for expression; for he could not be present at a play without attempting, even if unsuccessful, the part of dramatist. After losing his wife at the age of fifty, he took up painting in water colors, to divert what would seem to have been an already overcrowded mind, which found only a diversion in the occasional composition of music and poems. No one entered more heartily than he into simple sports and pleasures; and the flavor of a joke was never lost upon the poet, who in his own artless creations had given rise to many a mirthful

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smile. When some one asked him why he had never learned to smoke, he replied, "I do not wish to create a want which I have not by nature." And many were the quaint and humorous phases of country life which he used to laugh over with his friends, when they came to see him, among them the saying of the honest old vale farmer, who, seeing his neighbor's daughters on the way to their music lessons, remarked to him: "Goin' to spank the grand pianner at milking time! That'll come to summat,— that will," —a prophecy which was in time verified by their coming to bankruptcy. But he loved best to recall the man with whom he had once joked about a donkey, and who afterwards told him, "I do never see a donkey, sir, but what I think o' you." It was a happy circle of congenial spirits that gathered about the poet from time to time, and especially that cheered and brightened his declining years. In his younger life, he had had Richard Brinsley Sheridan and Prince Lucien Bonaparte for his friends; and later there were pleasant relations with Coventry Patmore, William Allingham, Prof. Palgrave, Edmund Gosse, and especially Thomas Hardy, the novelist, who had built his home near the rectory at Caine. Admirers all of the venerable poet, it is perhaps to such as they that we must go for our truest estimate of his work. Prof. Palgrave places him second only to Tennyson in the last half of the century. "He has a truth," he goes on to say, "united always to beauty in his drawing of character and of country ways,— a pure love of nature, such as one sees in the best Greek or Roman writers, exalted and rendered more tender by his devout Christian spirit. I know not, also, if any of our poets have surpassed him in the number of original pictures or motives which his three precious volumes display. His perfect sincerity of thought and style gives life and individuality to a hundred scenes of quiet country life, lying all within the same little sphere, yet each shown with a grace of its own. A perfect unity in treatment is another charm of William Barnes's work. Horace himself does not round off his little odes with more finished and lovely art."

It is not wholly without significance that the most natural of our poets should have referred so much of his inspiration to Homer, the father of all that is fundamental in poetic art. Like him, William Barnes depended largely for his effect upon the careful selection of epithets, "choosing always," as he himself said, "the one word which most characterized the object in place

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of a crowd of less significant words." Herein lies the secret of an earlier power, which has been lost in the involutions and piled-up word-painting of later time. Nor will the value of his work decrease as the world gets farther away from that flavor of early things which it was his special province as a poet to restore. He has held the mirror up to nature, and his creations have that rigid simplicity of outline which belonged to art in its beginnings, and which will keep them among the classics when the more fashionable verse of the day shall have been forgotten.

E. F. H.

BOOK NOTICES.

Current Discussions in Theology. By the Professors in the Chicago Theological Seminary.— Volume five of this scholarly annual review of current theology presents the same general features as its predecessors. It is issued rather late, as it comes down only to last midsummer. Probably the change in publishers is responsible for this delay. We notice that Prof. Gilbert, in his reviews of New Testament theology, is much more conservative than Prof. Curtiss on the Old Testament: this was perhaps to be expected Prof. Scott should not have made so inaccurate a statement concerning the Unitarian mission to India as his closing sentence gives. (Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society.)

A Look Backward. By Edward Bellamy.— Mr. Bellamy's backward glance from a future century discovers many of the weaknesses of our present civilization from the better stand-point that has been gained. The book is an effective plea for social reformation, and deserves a wide circulation in the paper covers which Messrs. Ticknor & Co. have now given it.

Show us the Father.— This pregnant little volume is made up of six discourses by Messrs. Savage, Calthrop, Simmons, Chadwick, Gannett, and Jones, the first four of which have been printed previously; while Mr. Gannett's "Faith of Ethics" and Mr. Jones's "Religion from the Near End" first see the light here, if we are not mistaken. The two addresses just named, with Mr. Savage's "Change of Front of the Universe," Mr. Calthrop's "Fulness of God," Mr. Simmons's "Unity of God," and Mr. Chadwick's "Revelation of God," form an "institute" of recent Unitarian theology, in which the strength of the thought is as remarkable as the depth of the religious feeling. Mr. Gannett, paradoxically enough, is the one who shows the clearest tendency to minimize the name and thought of God; but every needful corrective of this

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narrowness is supplied in Mr. Jones's more philosophic discourse. (C. H. Kerr & Co.)

The Fatherhood of God. By Rev. John Coleman Adams.— This little manual is the first in a new series of expositions "of prominent teachings of the Universalist Church." It is a vigorous and sympathetic setting forth of the foundation doctrine of true Christianity, well adapted to increase that spirit of faith in the essential goodness of the universe and its Maker out of which Mr. Adams has written. Not so theological as Mr. Armstrong's manual on *Man's Knowledge of God*, it supplies an excellent companion book for that little treatise. (Universalist Publishing House.)

The Realities of Heaven By Rev. T. F. Wright.— Rev. Mr. Wright's abilities as a celestial topographer may be fairly estimated from these sentences from the lecture on "The Bible as it is in Heaven": "There is nothing new in the general idea that the Bible is in heaven as well as on earth. In Christian times, men have seen that it was more heavenly than earthly in its character." "The Bible has now not a single promise unfulfilled or not in process of fulfilment. It is by this fact far removed above human compositions." Mr. Wright should inform us in what language the celestial Bible is printed. (W. H. Alden. Philadelphia.)

RECENT FOREIGN BOOKS.

Theology and Philosophy.

Dr. Martineau's Study of Religion has been issued in an American edition by Macmillan.

Le Ramayana au Point de Vue Religieux, Philosophique, et Moral, par Charles Schoebel, and an Essai sur le Gnosticisme Egyptien, par E. Amelineau, are the latest volumes of Les Annales du Musée Guimet.

Akkadian Genesis; or, The Influence of Early Babylonian Religion on the Language and Thought of Genesis. By E. G. King, D.D. (Bell.)

The Book of Psalms, or the Praises of Israel. By Prof. T. K. Cheyne. (A new translation, with a commentary. Kegan Paul.)

The Philosophy of Kant as contained in Extracts from his own Writings. Selected and translated by John Watson, LL.D. (Macmillan.)

Die Lehren des Talmuds, quellenmässig, systematisch, und gemeinverständlich dargestellt. Von Dr. Ferdinand Weber. (Leipzig: Dorffling.)

L'Homme selon le Transformisme. Par A. Vianna de Lima. (Alcan)

The Philosophy of Religion on the Basis of its History. By Prof. O. Pfleiderer. Vol. III. (Williams & Norgate.)

The Victory of the Cross. Sermons by B. F. Westcott, D.D.

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History and Biography.

Politische Geschichte der Gegenwart. Von W. Müller. Das Jahr 1887.

The History of the Jews from the War with Rome to the Present Time. By Rev. H. C. Adams. (A sketch by a fair-minded evangelical writer. Religious Tract Society.)

History of England. By the Rev. J. F. Bright, D.D. Period IV. Growth of Democracy. Victoria, 1837–80. (Rivingtons.)

Democratic Vistas, and Other Papers. By Walt Whitman. (W. Scott.)

College History of India, Asiatic and European. By J. Talboys Wheeler. (Macmillan.)

Life of the Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster. By T. Wemyss Reid. (Chapman & Hall.)

The Last Journals of Bishop Hannington, being Narratives of a Journey through Palestine in 1884 and of a Journey through Masai Land and Usoga in 1885. Edited by E. C. Dawson. (Seeley.)

Princetoniana: Charles and A. A. Hodge, with Class and Table Talk of Hodge the Younger. By a Scottish Princetonian, Rev. C. A. Salmond. (Scribner & Welford.)

The Life of Archbishop Trench is set down as a comparative failure by the English critics, the letters from his friends being the most valuable part.

Antonin le Pieux et son Temps. Par M. Lacour-Gayet. (Thorin.)

Lavoisier, 1743–94. Par Edouard Grimaux. (Alcan.)

William the Conqueror by E. A. Freeman, Henry II. by Mrs. J. R. Green, Oliver Cromwell by Frederic Harrison, and William III. by H. D. Traill are the volumes thus far issued in Macmillan's series of English Statesmen.

Miscellaneous.

Auld Licht Idylls. By J. M. Barrie. (An entertaining view of the "auld kirk" in the form of a story. Hodder & Stoughton.)

A Romance of the Recusants. By the author of the *Life of a Prig.* (Based on the records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus.)

Drames Philosophiques. Par Ernest Rénan. (Levy.)

How the Peasant Owner lives in Parts of France, Germany, Italy, and Russia. By Lady Verney. (Macmillan.)

English Economic History and Theory. The Middle Ages. By W. J. Ashley. (A valuable work from a young economist of the new school. Rivingtons.)

The Pioneers and Progress of English Farming. By R. E. Prothero. (Longmans.)

Hypnotism, or Animal Magnetism. Physiological Observations. By Rudolf Heidenhain, M.D. (Kegan Paul.)

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The Petite Bibliothèque des Economistes Français et Etrangers published by Guillaumin now numbers volumes on Hume, by Léon Say; Vauban, by Georges Michel; Bentham, by Mlle. Raffalovich; J. B. Say, by H. Baudrillart; Adam Smith, by Courcelle-Seneuil; and Cavour, by M. Luzzati.

RECENT AMERICAN BOOKS.

Problems of To-day. A Discussion of Protective Tariffs, Taxation, and Monopolies. By R. T. Ely, Ph.D. (Crowell.)

Is Protection a Benefit? A Plea for the Negative. By Edward Taylor. (McClurg.)

Principles of Economic Philosophy. By Van Buren Denslow. (Cassell.)

The first two of the three works just named are able arguments for tariff reform, Prof. Ely also considering methods of taxation and the regulation of monopolies. Prof. Taylor's little book is a thorough presentation of the argument against the protective system. Mr. Denslow is an ardent disciple of H. C. Carey and the so-called "American" school of economists. His work, though disfigured by considerable superfluous invective, is one of the strongest pleas for protection that has lately been made.

The National Revenues. A Collection of Papers by American Economists. Edited by Albert Shaw, Ph.D. (A bundle of brief but excellent papers by twenty prominent economists, of which Col. C. D. Wright's on the Scientific Basis of Tariff Legislation is one of the best. McClurg.)

Initials and Pseudonyms. By the Rev. W. Cushing. Second Series. (Crowell.)

Political Essays. By James Russell Lowell. (Houghton.)

Harvard Vespers. (Roberts.)

Railway Tariffs and the Interstate Commerce Law. By Prof. E. R. A. Seligman. (Ginn.)

The Modern Distributive Process. By J. B. Clark and F. H. Giddings. (Ginn.)

Capital and its Earnings. By John B. Clark. (American Economic Association.)

How Religion Arises: A Psychological Study. By Duren J. H. Ward, Ph.D., B.D. (Geo. H. Ellis.)

Martin Van Buren. By Edward M. Shepard. (Houghton.)

Governor Chamberlain's Administration in South Carolina. By Walter Allen. (Putnams.)

Richard Wagner's Poem, the Ring of the Nibelung. Explained and in part translated by G. T. Dippold, Ph.D. (Holt.)

Leibnitz's New Essays on the Human Understanding. A Critical Exposition. By John Dewey, Ph.D. Volume VII. of the Philosophical Classics. (S. C. Griggs.)

The recent publications of the American Economic Association give

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the addresses at the Boston meeting in 1887 on the "Manual Laboring Class," by President Walker; "Mine Labor in the Hocking Valley," by Dr. Bemis; "Statistics in Colleges," by Carroll D. Wright; "Sociology and Political Economy," by F. H. Giddings; and the "Legal Tender Decisions," by Prof. E. J. James.

Robert Elsmere is now republished in America by the Macmillans.

NOTEWORTHY ARTICLES IN THE PERIODICALS.

JUNE.

Social Problems: How they arise, What they are, and How Modern Political Economy views them. By Prof. R. M. Smith. (*Christian Thought.*)
The Religions of India. By Sir W. W. Hunter. (*Christian Thought.*)
The English Local Government Bill. By F. J. Goodnow. (*Political Science Quarterly.*)
The State and the Poor. By H. W. Farnum. (*Political Science Quarterly.*)

JULY.

The Scientific Spirit of the Age. By Frances Power Cobbe. (An arraignment of the scientific spirit for its deficiencies as respects morals, beauty, and the religious sentiments. *Contemporary Review.*)
The Future of Religion. By Émile de Laveleye. (*Contemporary Review.*)
The Impartial Study of Politics. By J. R. Seeley. (*Contemporary Review.*)
The Ethics of Kant. By Herbert Spencer. (*Fortnightly Review.*)
Goethe in Italy. By Edward Dowden. (*Fortnightly Review.*)
Lucian. By Andrew Lang. (*Fortnightly Review.*)
Lucian. By H. D. Traill. (*Macmillan's.*)
Schopenhauer as a Critic of Religion. By Prof. H. N. Gardiner. (*Andover Review.*)
The Muslim's Faith. By Rev. T. P. Hughes. (*Andover Review.*)
Current Phases of American Judaism. By Prof. A. S. Isaacs. (*Andover Review.*)
The Views of the Babylonians concerning Life after Death. By Prof. C. Adler. (*Andover Review.*)
Egyptian Souls and their Worlds. By G. Maspero. (*New Princeton Review.*)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.

How Religion Arises: A Psychological Study. By Duren J. H. Ward, Ph.D., B.D.

From Ginn & Co., Boston.

The Modern Distributive Process. By John B. Clark and Franklin H. Giddings. Price 75 cts.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The Puritan Age and Rule. By George E. Ellis, D.D. Price $3.50.
History of Prussia under Frederick the Great, 1745-56. In two volumes. By Herbert Tuttle. $4.50.

From Ticknor & Co.

Looking Backward. 2000-1887. By Edward Bellamy. Price 50 cts. (No. 38 of Paper Series.)

From Roberts Brothers, Boston.

A Book of Poems. By John W. Chadwick. Eighth edition, revised and enlarged. Price $1.25.

From Congregational Sunday School & Publishing Co., Boston.

Current Discussions in Theology. By the Professors of Chicago Theological Seminary. Vol. V. Price $1.50.

From Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston.

The Social Influence of Christianity, with Special Reference to Contemporary Problems. By David J. Hill, LL.D. The Newton Lectures for 1887. Price $1.25.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The Story of Turkey. By Stanley Lane-Poole. Price $1 50.
The Heart of the Creeds. By Arthur Wentworth Eaton. Price $1.00.
In Castle and Cabin; or, Talks in Ireland in 1887. By George Pellew, A.M., LL.B. Price $1.50. For sale by Damrell & Upham.

From the Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.

Three Introductory Lectures on the Science of Thought, delivered at the Royal Institution, London. By F. Max Müller. Price 75 cts.

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THE

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SIMPLICITY AS A TEST OF TRUTH.

In common with a great many people, I have been reading of late the works of Count Leo Tolstoï. And, in common with most of those other people, I have been greatly impressed, not merely by the literary power of the writings, but especially by the power of the man's own personality that looms up beyond them; for, as we read his books, even his novels, we perceive this personality taking shape,— clear, rugged, individual,— defining itself through the medium of the book as a mountain defines itself through a clearing mist. And, when we have finished, we find that the book itself has paled away, and left the man alone standing there distinct,— the writer no longer: more than that, the man.

Now, the remarkable thing is this: that each glimpse we have had of him during this process has attracted us and won our sympathy. But at the end, as he stands there fully revealed, he repels and provokes us. For what we see is this: a Russian nobleman of wealth and social position, an official of influence, an author brilliant and powerful, the father of a family, at fifty years of age declaring society all gone awry; civil institutions for the most part either superfluous or immoral; the distribution of social burdens unchristian; the industrious poor in the country compelled to support the idle rich in the city; all philanthropy hitherto to have been tainted with egotism, and therefore worthless; money an evil; the real duty of the rich to cast it

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from them, put themselves on a level with the poor, and work with their hands for their own living; this alone to be the real and effective philanthropy: the union of men on one level of need and of fellowship, to wring from nature (not from man) the material of their own subsistence. And, in accordance with these convictions, we see Count Tolstoï himself resigning his social position, abandoning the refinements of the city, withdrawing to a farm, and there, dressed as a peasant, spending eight hours a day at hard manual labor,— in summer, hoeing, planting, reaping; in winter, cobbling shoes,— and, moreover, finding the keenest satisfaction in this mode of life, as though he were in reality one of the dullest of the peasants whom he is emulating.

I say this conclusion of the man's career discomforts and irritates us. We are provoked that so much good material should be "wasted." We hardly care to argue about it at all. It is but a species of fanaticism, to be dismissed with a shrug of pity, like any other fanaticism. But Tolstoï is not to be got rid of so easily. He needs an explanation. Our own comfort demands it. We should be glad to dub his asceticism "affectation," and there drop it. But the humility of the man we cannot deny. His sincerity is fairly appalling. A dyspeptic, probably? No; for, from childhood up, his physique has been superb, his health unwavering. A disappointed seeker, then, revenging himself for his baffled ambition by denouncing society? No; for society has heaped honor upon him. A man of narrow mental habit, without doubt, like most enthusiasts lacking the balance that comes of culture? No; for his learning has been cosmopolitan. From Plato to Herbert Spencer, he has sought out all philosophy for the truth by which to shape his life. Of limited experience of the world, then, a closet philosopher, formulating an impracticable ideal? On the contrary, of experience wide and varied: at the gymnasium, at the university, an officer in the Caucasus and in the Crimea, a dissipated society man about town, a country proprietor, a traveller over all Europe, an official of government, a philanthropist, an author who depicts every phase of human

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motive with a clearness of vision never surpassed; at all events, a Russian, member of a race just emerging from barbarism,— an odd contempt of a man who reveals to me more about myself than I ever should have dared to put into words of my own. A dotard then? By no means: no dribbler on the verge of the grave,— a man of mature purpose, but still in his prime. For all that, he may still be diseased, morbid, a monomaniac. But his account of himself is so far from morbid that it is wonderful for its clear, healthy ring. In *Anna Karénina*, Levin (who is Tolstoï), lying under the trees, reaches at last the culminating revelation and resolve of his life,— the revelation of a life of love and charity. And, on the way home, he scolds his coachman, and bursts into sudden anger at his wife. He then realizes that the transformation of a character is not wrought by half an hour of musing. Or look at Tolstoï himself coming home from the Lyopinsky Almshouse, all worked upon by the misery he has witnessed: —

> That very evening [says he] I related my impressions to a friend, an inhabitant of the city. He began to tell me, not without satisfaction, that all this was the most natural phenomenon of town life possible; that I only saw something extraordinary in it because of my provincialism; that it had always been so, and always would be so; that such must be and is the inevitable condition of civilization. Of course there is nothing wrong about it, and it is impossible to be displeased with it. I began to reply, but with so much heat and ill temper that my wife ran in from the adjoining room to inquire what had happened. It appears that, without being conscious of it myself, I had been shouting with tears in my voice and flourishing my hands at my friend. I shouted: "It's impossible to live thus, impossible to live thus! Impossible!" They made me feel ashamed of my unnecessary warmth; they told me that I could not talk quietly about anything, that I got disagreeably excited; and they proved to me especially that the existence of such unfortunates could not possibly furnish any excuse for imbittering the lives of those about me. I felt that this was perfectly just, and held my peace.— *What to Do?* chap. i.

Did ever madman take so cool, so humorous, so *sane* a view of his own madness? Nevertheless, that Tolstoï is mad I cannot doubt; for his conduct offends every prejudice of my nature. What, then, is the root of his madness?

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In brief, this: the literal acceptance of the precepts of Christ; the conviction that the Sermon on the Mount presented not an ideal for a heavenly life, but a code for the life on earth; that the commands, "judge not," "swear not," "resist not evil," "love your enemies," "give to him that asketh," "part with cloak as well as coat," "lay not up treasures upon the earth," — that these precepts forbid courts of law, oaths, penitentiaries, war among nations, divorce, the acquisition of wealth; that they enjoin upon every man to abandon luxuries and to live in peace as a simple worker among workers, resisting no claim and no injury, but letting all partake freely of the fruits of his labor.

Now let me stop and ask myself why all this strikes me as so painful. If I am a Christian, are not these the exact words of Christ? Yes. The truth, then? Certainly. And was not Christ, besides the truth, also "the way and the life"? Or perhaps I do not believe in the divinity of Christ? The precepts then seem to me immoral? On the contrary, they embody the purest morality ever taught to the world. I admit that. Is morality, then, only a matter of belief, or is it a matter of life? A matter of life. I will imitate Tolstoï then? Ah! no: that is a different question. And *why* is it a different question? Why do I respect the principles of this man, and pity his conduct? Why do I assent to what he shows me of the futility of my present life, and yet call him a fanatic when he urges upon me a life of a directly opposite sort? Why do I class him instinctively with that poor boy at Harvard who burned his right hand in the flame the other day because it had "offended him," and who thought that he, too, was following the precept of Christ?

I think the reason is this: that this code of life seems to me too crude, too simple, for the present day. And I pity Tolstoï as I pity any other enthusiast who has misconceived society and set himself to stem the inevitable current of things. I do not cease to respect, even to admire, the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount. I turn to it, as a lawyer

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occasionally turns to his Blackstone, for refreshment and repose; but my every-day decisions must be regulated by the precedents of recent and local tribunals. Society's demands — the needs of the man social — are now become complex and intricate. They can no longer be met by such simple rules of conduct as were laid down in the Sermon on the Mount. Those rules were well in Christ's time, and served their purpose then. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* Society is a complex organism. Its laws demand of men a complex line of conduct. The simple impulses of conscience and common sense, if acted upon, would do more harm than good. I do not always formulate this conviction. That would savor of argument; and I do not care to argue with fanaticism. Still, I am somewhat relieved to be able to refer to one who has formulated it,— the author of *Ecce Homo*,— who tells us distinctly that the precepts of Christ are not the precepts Christ would have laid down, had he lived in the nineteenth century; that the law of forgiveness, for instance, as now applied to suits at law, only forbids us to take any "pleasure" in prosecuting. It still leaves it our "duty" to prosecute, the law of advanced society requiring, as it were, retaliation.

I refer to such authority with satisfaction. But, even as I do so, I am disturbed to find that it does not wholly accord with my real convictions; for I am not consistent. At the very moment that I am decrying simplicity as helpless and foolish, a vision rises before me of men of extremest simplicity in motive and in conduct, whose very simplicity has enabled them to cope with the great crises of society. I need go no further than Lincoln, but involuntarily come Grant and Washington and Franklin and a score of others in our own country alone. And why does Gladstone thrust himself in when I am trying to dwell with satisfaction on the far more subtle and intricate mind of Disraeli? All this puzzles me. In great crises, men have turned to simplicity with relief and confidence. And simplicity has sufficed. Is it safe, then, only at such times and for the heroes of history?

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Again, I see that most sciences rest on elementary truths of extreme simplicity; and that these truths, although so simple, are universal, persistent, and invariable. Universal: I cannot imagine a place where 2 *plus* 2 will cease to be 4. Persistent: I know that the essential principle of the engine by the Marquis of Worcester, "already practised" in 1628, remains the essential principle of every hand, marine, or locomotive engine built to-day. Invariable: I perceive that no art can vary from these truths without disaster to itself. An engineer is laying out a road from New York to San Francisco. He starts the rails parallel. But, when he reaches Pittsburg, he finds ties shaped somewhat differently, — a bit longer. And suppose he recognizes in this an indication from Providence that the old truth of parallelism which he has been following is too crude and simple for the work ahead, advanced engineering requiring truths more complex and more variable. And he now allows the rails to spread a bit accordingly,— an inch of divergence in a mile, say,— a mere trifle. And suppose he should keep on diverging at this rate, where would his track be by the time he reached the Pacific? Two hundred feet wide. And how far would an engine get that tried to run over it? Not a mile further than Pittsburg; not a mile further beyond the point where he ceased to follow the letter of the simple truth.

Now the science of morals, the science of man's relations with society, has also its simple truths,— truths that, like the axioms of geometry, commend themselves to me directly, without argument, I know not why. Only I cannot call them axioms; for they are not truths that are in their *application* invariable and necessary. Society can get along very well without them. Indeed, society has advanced beyond them: it would suffer grievously, were they actually applied at the present day. So we do not call them axioms: we call them *maxims*. And we worship them in theory, we suspect them in practice.

I recognize that in the applied sciences, as in mathematics, theory and practice are absolutely one. But I am told, and I tell others, that the theory of the welfare of man

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and the practice of good to society are often opposed to each other; the theory being fixed in its simplicity, the practice being adjustable to the more complicated conditions of advancing civilization. Those others are the exact sciences; but the science of man can never be an exact science, for man himself is inexact and wilful. I note the fact with complacency, as an evidence of man's superiority over brutes and numbers. I feel with Taine that "history has made man a complex organism, wherein three or four religions, five or six civilizations, thirty centuries of assiduous culture, have left their imprint." And, as man himself grows increasingly complex, his various relations towards the state, towards his fellow-man, and towards God must also grow increasingly complex; must require more intricate argument to state and to adjust, till finally, perhaps, no one will be fitted to cope with the problems of society who cannot boast, with Marat, "I have exhausted every combination of the human intellect in relation to morals, philosophy, and political science!"

Still, I am not quite at ease; for, whether a Christian or not, I have come to believe in the reign of law. And in nature the reign of law in contrast to the reign of lawlessness is the reign of simplicity. And, as I advance in my knowledge of nature, the more simple and harmonious appear the various laws to which it conforms. Why, then, should this course be reversed in the case of man? Am I sure, after all, that, while the truth for nature does not change, the truth for man does change? Am I sure that, while the more I know of the truth for nature the simpler it seems, the more I know of the truth for man the more complex it seems? Have I not mistaken the fitful and transient deviations of society from the truth for the truth itself of developing society? I often say, "The truth will prevail," "The truth will suffer." Have not such phrases misled me? For truth is not a thing: it is a relation of things. Truth is no more aggressive than the law of gravitation is aggressive. It neither triumphs nor despairs: it exists.

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I mean, then, by truth what Carlyle meant when he exclaimed: "A false man found a religion! A false man cannot build a brick house! If he does not know and follow *truly* the properties of mortar, burnt clay, and what else he works in, it is no house that he makes, but a rubbish heap. . . . A man must conform himself to Nature's laws, *be* verily in communion with Nature and the truth of things, or Nature will answer him, No, not at all!" For the bricklayer, then, there is a truth which no time can change; and, as a bricklayer, he must live this truth, or his work will be naught. Observe, *live* it! not believe it simply, but *live* it! So, we saw, there is a truth for the engineer, to which he must conform absolutely, or his work, too, will be naught. And as I am not a pessimist, and cannot believe that a Creator who has given a truth to dead things and to brutes has failed to give a truth to man, I believe there is a truth for man also, to which society must conform, or its work will be in vain.

I do not deny the existence of this truth, even when I ridicule the reformer who thinks he has discovered it. What I say to Tolstoï is, not that there is no law of truth for society, but that the law is the opposite of what he thinks it. He thinks the truth of society — the truth by which alone society can stand — is the simple truth that commends itself directly to the conscience and the common sense of every man. I answer that the truth by which society is to stand and to advance is a complex truth, not perceivable by conscience and common sense alone, but requiring extensive investigation of the facts already accomplished by society; and I must add, when pressed, that it is a truth which often affronts both conscience and common sense.

Now, here is an issue. And I hope I make it clear that it is a real issue, and not a mere issue of words. For, whatever be the nature of this truth, I must conform myself to it, or my work will not stand. And, if the truth remains simple, I can trust to my immediate conscience to show me the right conduct; but, if this truth becomes daily more involved and complex, then my conscience no longer suffices

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as a guide, and I must determine my conduct by ulterior considerations. I agree with Tolstoï that, for man considered as an individual, conscience and common sense would be safe guides. But we differ in this: that he holds that what is good for the individual must be good for the aggregate of individuals, or society; while I hold that what might be good for the individual is by no means necessarily good for society,— society being something more than an aggregate of individuals. And this idea of a different good for society directs all my theory of politics,— as when I argue for a protective tariff as a benefit between States, although I cannot conceive it as a benefit between simple individuals. So deep-rooted is this idea that it has led me to suspect any proposition in politics or in philanthropy that is simple on its face. I am convinced that its simplicity unfits it for practical application. And, as I do not admit that any truth can exist which cannot be safely applied, I conclude that this very simplicity is a test of *falsehood*.

Now there is a way of settling this difference of opinion. I believe that the truth of society is a truth which exists, and which men are obtaining increased knowledge of as they are obtaining increased knowledge of the truth of nature. I believe that their ideas conform more nearly to this truth than they did a thousand or three thousand years ago. The tendency of their ideas, then, as society advances, will indicate more and more decisively the real nature of the truth of society. And if it be true, as I have assumed, that the relations of man towards the State, towards God, towards his fellow-man, are increasingly complex, then the actual attitude of man in these various relations should also appear increasingly complex. We have only, then, to examine the nature of these relations to-day as compared with their nature in times past.

At the very outset of our inquiry, we are confronted by a law which seems to forestall it. This is the law of evolution: in brief, that progress itself consists of an advance from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous,— from the simple to the complex. But let us remember what we are after: it is

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not the structure of things, it is the law of the relation of things. The structure of the man certainly appears more intricate than the structure of the germ. But the law of life in the man we have reason to suppose no whit different from the law of life in the germ. To the eye, which looks only to structure, the man is by far the more intricate; to the understanding, which seeks relations, the germ and the man are equally intricate. We must remember that a law may remain simple, though its effects be multiplied and the objects through which it acts diversified. As to man himself, evolution declares only that he has grown more "individual." It is no contrary doctrine to assert that the relations maintained by him have grown more simple. This will be clear if we consider the first of these relations, his relation to the State. Evolution may appear to note an increasing complexity of the functions of government. In reality, evolution asserts only this: an increasing *differentiation* of the functions of government. It does not claim an increased assumption of functions by the government; so far from it that Herbert Spencer greets with alarm the proposed absorption of the railway and the telegraph by the State. He regards this as abnormal,— a contradiction of the natural course of political development. The normal course would then be that the State should surrender some of its former functions. And this has evidently been the actual course. Timé was when the State prescribed to the citizen not merely what taxes he should pay, but the prayers he should pray, the price he should get for his corn, and even the shoes he should wear and the time he should go to bed. But these functions of interference have been in large part surrendered. First, the State ceased to interfere with religion; then with manners and fashions; now, by degrees, it is ceasing to interfere with the course of trade. This last surrender is by no means accomplished, and it is subject to many reactions,— as the present reaction towards a protective tariff in Europe, the Granger laws, the dairy laws, the prohibition laws, the interstate commerce laws in the United States. But this reaction is so recent that we can argue

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little from it. The general *tendency* has been unquestionably to simplify the relations of the individual to the State. With us the positive duties of the citizen have in fact been reduced to one,— to pay his taxes. The voluntary duty of attendance at caucus and at the polls may be discharged in a couple of hours out of every year. An extraordinary obligation or two — of jury duty and of joining the sheriff's posse — have ceased to be burdensome, while military duty is so rare as to be outside of our calculations altogether.

All that evolution asserts is, in fact, the multiplication of the organs of government. The functions formerly concentrated in the monarch, the chief of a tribe, or, more remotely still, in the head of a family, would now be divided among three bodies,— legislative, executive, and judicial. And this has really been an advance towards simplicity; for no one would deny that the problem of the legislator who has merely to make the law, or of the judge who has merely to interpret the law, or of the executive who has merely to enforce the law, is in each case far simpler than was the problem of the monarch who was legislator, judge, and executive all in one.

The change from monarchy to democracy has brought simplicity in another direction,— in the relation of State to State. This will be apparent if we consider the diminution of war, and the altered conception of fit causes for war. Formerly, these causes were as various and as intricate as the passions and caprices of kings. International rights consisted of the personal obligations of individuals,— sovereigns bound by kinship, avarice, or promises without consideration, based on a vague sentiment of honor. Now, international rights are based on definite contractual obligations, and the causes of war are limited to actual breach of contract rights. But it is of the essence of contract rights that they should be capable of peaceable legal adjustment. Hence, the extra-legal settlement by war is giving way to the legal settlement by arbitration and peace commissions. Wars are still waged; but they are, as John Fiske says, wars in defence of *principles* essentially pacific. Such was our

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Revolutionary War, in behalf of the pacific principle of equal representation; such was the war of secession, in behalf of the pacific principle of federalism. Such, he claims, have been the few great wars of Europe since the overthrow of Napoleon.

Now it must be admitted that the diminution of war vastly simplifies the affairs of nations. It might not have been admitted at one time. For war did seem the simplest settlement of a grievance. My friend picked my pocket: I knocked him down. Summary. But in reality I have complicated matters. For an injury of one class I have returned another injury of a totally different class.

Still, I may insist, international politics continue to present a tangle of complications, as witness the persistent wrangle over the Bulgarian question. But this is not the point,— as to whether diplomacy has been done away. The real point is whether the theory of diplomacy has changed. That it has changed, and changed for the simpler, this very Bulgarian question affords good witness. There is no more instructive indication of the new motives that are to direct the conduct of nations than the two large volumes * in which the Duke of Argyll denounces the conduct of England in the war of 1877 and in the subsequent negotiations at Berlin. England professed to be eager to co-operate with Germany, France, and Russia in forcing Turkey to submit the affairs of the Balkan to international regulation. In the midst of these professions, she was secretly encouraging the Porte to resist any foreign interference whatever in those provinces. Her conduct — shifting, intriguing, delaying — was the very ideal of Machiavelianism. And Machiavelianism had ruled European politics for three hundred years. Yet here comes a British statesman, a conservative liberal, fully alive to the glory of England and her safety in the East, who declares the diplomacy of England in this affair to have been cowardly, shameful, immoral, and on this very simple ground: that it affronted those ordinary principles of right and wrong which regulate the conduct of private individuals.

* *The Eastern Question.*

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Respect for the honesty of Tolstoï required that I, too, should be honest. I have tried to determine the tendency of politics, and I have discovered a tendency very embarrassing to my side of the question; for I have discovered that the real tendency has been to diminish the interference of the State with the citizen and the obligations of the citizen to the State, and in the affairs between States to adjust all disputes on the same principles of justice and common sense that we apply to the disputes between man and man. In other words, the State has itself been becoming an individual, and, like any other individual in a free community, is content to leave its neighbors — including its own subjects — to take care of themselves, or, in the relations in which it does come in contact with them, to observe the same tests of right and wrong which actuate them in their private dealings.

"Of right and wrong, but not of *expediency*," I exclaim. "Statesmen are made of something more than conscience and common sense. Put a man at the head of affairs with power to apply every simple truth that appealed directly to his conscience, and what would you have? The French Revolution. What truths more simple, more reasonable, than the truths of liberty, equality, and fraternity? What government more peaceful or more stable than a government based upon them? And yet we know that the government of the Revolution was as short-lived as it was disastrous; that, instead of being a government of peace, it was a government of blood; and that it needed the strong hand of a real despot to reduce to order the anarchy which those madmen, with their 'simple truths,' had brought about."

The Revolution is, indeed, the uppermost argument with those who ridicule the doctrine of absolute right and stand out for the doctrine of expediency. But we examine the Revolution more closely, and we find that it argues the other way. The ideal truths that the Revolution proclaimed were by no means the truths that it actually followed. It represented, in fact, neither liberty nor equality nor fraternity. Under the ancient *régime*, France had been a pyra-

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mid, with two hundred and seventy thousand human beings on the top and twenty-six millions beneath them. Under the Revolution, France was still a pyramid,* twenty-six millions still beneath, and one thousand from what had been the very base now on the top. The government which the Revolution abolished was simplicity itself beside the government of the forty thousand wrangling communes that succeeded. The despotism that it cleared away was liberty itself beside the despotism that it substituted,— France ruled by Paris, Paris ruled by half a thousand cut-throats and courtesans, the half thousand cut-throats and courtesans ruled by class hatred, superstition, vague terror, avarice, brutality, and ravings of frantic imagination. The fact was, the Convention proclaimed the truth, and then left it. The government of the Revolution was a falsehood, and it fell. But the very truth which it had strayed from Napoleon conformed to. Under him all men were equal. And that truth has stood to this day.

I have to confess that in politics the tendency of development works against me. I have certainly been too hasty in asserting that political communities are tending to regulate their conduct by principles increasingly different from the principles that direct the individual man,— that there is a good for the State different from the good to its members. But this is not all. Tolstoï's code is only incidentally a code of politics: essentially, it is a code of morals. And morality — the relation of man to man — depends far less upon political ideas than it does upon religious ideas. Now, as I look out upon the extraordinary diversity of religious creeds,— the diversity that seems increasing with the increase of individual opinion,— it seems proof conclusive of an increasing complexity in religious ideas. This complexity must surely induce a similarly increasing complexity in man's moral relations. But, even as I make this statement, I am conscious of its falsity. Even were it true that creeds

* "The constitutional maxims of 1789 gave way to contrary maxims. Instead of subjecting the government to the people, the people were made subject to the government. The hierarchy of the ancient *régime* is established under revolutionary terms." — Taine, *French Revolution*, iii. 47.

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are growing more complex, their direct influence upon man's conduct is clearly diminishing. The creed of to-day makes almost no part of our daily life. We set our consciences by it on Sunday, but trust to them to keep time for us during the week. Go back fifteen hundred years, and compare the very different activity of dogmatic belief; go back to the time when men were arguing themselves away from the practical applications of Christianity into "the ineffable relations of the Godhead before the remotest beginnings of time." "Sailors, millers, and travellers sang the disputed doctrines at their occupations or on their journey. Every corner, every alley, of the city was full of these discussions,— the streets, the market places, the drapers, the money-changers, the victuallers. Ask a man, 'How many oboli?' he answers by dogmatizing on generated and ungenerated being. Inquire the price of bread, and you are told, 'The Son is subordinate to the Father.' Ask if the bath is ready, and you are told, 'The Son arose out of nothing.'"* Imagine such discussions entering into our business life to-day!

It must be admitted that creeds are ceasing to be a motive power in man's daily conduct. More than this, it must be admitted that much of merely speculative belief, formerly deemed essential to religious creeds, is now remitted from them altogether. There are two religious ideas, however, which always have played an important part in man's conduct, and probably always will. They are the idea of God and the idea of Death. It is plain that these have undergone many changes since man first conceived them. And what has been the tendency of the changes, we may easily recall. We may recall that the primitive idea was of a multitude of gods, dwelling in sticks, stones, rivers, mountains, the wind, the sun, the stars,— as many deities as there were visual objects in nature. The next idea dissociated the deities from inanimate objects, but still preserved their multitude and their constant interference in the action of nature. Such were the gods of Greece,— a variety of individuals, potent, but none omnipotent, related by ties of kindred like

* Stanley, *Eastern Church*, p. 81.

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mortals, actuated by like passions, jealous, and constantly at war with each other. Next came the unification of these many gods into a single God,— the God of Israel,—a national God, omnipotent, universal in power, but not universal in love, a God of anger, a jealous God. With Jesus Christ, the idea underwent a total revolution. Hitherto, the attributes of man had been given to God: now, the attributes of God were given to man. And this idea — the idea of a divine spirit in man making for righteousness — is the religious idea most potent in practical life to-day.

Now here, too, the actual course of things has tended against me. From the early perplexing conception of a multiplicity of gods, with intricate relations and capricious passions, we have come to the simple and harmonious conception of a single God, uniform, alike in purpose, in power, in benevolence. And this conception science is constantly helping to render more simple and more harmonious: first, by demonstrating the uniformity of law; then by rendering comprehensible the immediate attributes of God himself, as when astronomy * proves to us by the simple law of optics that a Being present in all space must have all the events of the past before his eyes at one and the same time and throughout all eternity. Of course, however, the question is not whether we shall ever be able to conceive God as he is, but whether our conception of him in himself and in his relations to man and in the relations he has imposed on man,— whether this conception has grown simpler. Without doubt, our present idea *is* simpler than that of early times. We cannot assert that it will be permanent. But that it does contain a measure of truth can be inferred from the vigor with which it has persisted through its many vicissitudes from Christ's time to this. Whether the idea of a God possessed of jarring human attributes is likely to revive, we may judge, if we will read an extract from one of the Miracle Plays, which represents anthropomorphism as the Church at one time undertook to teach it: "In one of these plays, an angel, who has just witnessed the crucifixion,

* *The Earth and the Stars.* Appleton.

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comes rushing into heaven, crying: 'Wake up, Almighty Father! Here are those beggarly Jews killing your son, and you asleep here like a drunkard.' 'Devil take me if I knew anything about it,' is the drowsy reply." *

We are shocked at this extract. It is significant that we should be. It shows how completely we have thrown off the anthropomorphic idea of God. Our idea does not reject the personality of God, but it dwells contentedly upon those simple manifestations of God which are patent to every man in the workings of his own conscience. And, if we concern ourselves with more than this, it is not to speculate upon the remote relations of the Godhead, but to admire the simple majesty of creative omnipotence,— "Let there be light; and there was light."

So of the idea of death, simplified and purified by science and the analogy of nature. Science shows us that the decay of lower forms goes only to the birth of higher forms. The poet looks out upon the night: —

> "Who could have dreamed *such* darkness lay concealed
> Within thy beams, O sun, or who could find,
> While fruit, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
> That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
> Why do we then shun death, with anxious strife?
> If light can thus deceive, wherefore not *life*?"

Speculation and argument still busy themselves with the hereafter, revelation still comforts the believer; but, after all, what argument more convincing, what revelation more comforting, than the look of peace on a dead man's face? I know of no death in fiction that tells so much and yet argues so little as the death that Tolstoï himself has described in *Ivan Ilyitch*,— a commonplace, unheroic life, a commonplace, tedious illness, ending in a commonplace, unheroic death. This is the last page: —

> Suddenly, it became clear to him that what oppressed him and was hidden from him was lighted up for him all at once on two sides, on ten sides, on all sides.
>
> He felt sorry for his wife and children. He felt that he must do

* As quoted by Mr. Fiske in *The Idea of God.*

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something to make it less painful for them. To free them and free himself from these torments, "How good and how simple!" he thought.

"But the pain," he asked himself, "where is it?"

He tried to find his former customary fear of death, and could not.

"Where is Death? What is It?"

There was no fear, because there *was no Death*. In place of Death was Light.

For him all this passed in a single instant; and the significance of this instant did not vary. For those who stood by his bedside, his death agony was prolonged two hours more. In his breast something bubbled up. Then more and more rarely came the bubbling and the rattling. "It is all over," said some one above him. He heard these words, and repeated them in his soul.

"It is all over! Death!" he said to himself. "It does not exist more." He drew in one breath, stopped in the midst, stretched himself, and died. . . .

Let me see how far I have progressed in proving Tolstoï a fanatic. We set out from exactly opposite stand-points. He started with the assertion that society is all gone wrong. I started with the assumption that society is at least on the right track. With this assumption of my own, I undertook to show that the general tendency of society has been *actually* progressive towards complexity in man's various relations, in politics, religion, and morals. I had thus intended to make plain that, as these relations grew increasingly complex, the motives of man's conduct conforming to them must also grow increasingly complex. What I have in fact made plain to myself is that in two great classes the relations have really been growing simpler, that both politics and religion are being evolved instead of (as I had thought) involved.

As to the third class, also,— comprising man's relations to his fellow-man,— it is evident that I have determined something; for chiefest among the motives of moral conduct have been man's conceptions of his relation to the State and to God. The simplification of these latter relations means, then, so much withdrawn of what had been the complicating elements in his moral code. If, then, society has been consistent in its development, the simplification of morals should have kept pace with the simplification of politics and religion.

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At once, we are confident that it has not kept pace. The conduct of nations does not yet, to be sure, accord with the full measure of Christ's precept to return good for evil. But it has advanced two steps towards it,— it has ceased to return evil for good, and it is ceasing to return evil for evil. Now let me suppose an individual to have advanced so far that he should no longer return evil for evil. What would be his standing in the community? In what regard would he be held? Tolstoï himself has shown, as in *Anna Karénina:* we feel more in sympathy with the man who did the evil than we do with the man who suffered it and resisted not.

There was a story published a few years ago — not a real story, but a very true one — of a man who tried to live exactly the life Christ taught. He went, indeed, to the full measure of the precept. He returned good for evil. His life was a failure. He was crushed out. Why? "The evangelicals said it was because he did not teach the gospel; the church people, because he was unconsecrated to the task; the Unitarians asked him, in calm disdain, how he could expect to do good if he made no difference between vice and virtue, but treated both alike; while the charity-organization people talked of prosecuting him for his encouragement of mendicity, and spoke of him as the pest of the district and the cause of half the pauperism about, because he helped the poor in their needs without inquiring into the merits of the case. And they all agreed that the weak spot in his system and the cause of his failures was just this: 'he was not a Christian.'"

Now the fate of Joshua Davidson,— that is, what was to him the worst fate, not death but failure,— this fate must await any reformer who should attempt in this age to live the precise letter of Christ's precepts. So Tolstoï himself must fail. I find myself still reiterating this. I still retain that instinctive repugnance to the practical life he has set himself; and, as I can no longer justify this repugnance by reference to the tendency of political and religious ideas, I am driven to justify it by reference to existing social and

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industrial conditions. These latter have, in fact, been uppermost with me all day, as it was the outward conditions of Tolstoï's life which particularly offended me,— his desertion of the city, his devotion to a dull form of manual labor, more than all, perhaps, his withdrawal of patronage from his washerwoman. Is not the whole tendency of civilization from the country toward the city, toward an increased division of labor, toward the manufacturing industries, to the relief of agriculture? And, while shoemaking may be a healthy diversion for Count Tolstoï, is it not for the better economic interests of society that he should devote all his time to the writing of good books than that he should waste a third of his time in the making of poor shoes?

Here, indeed, I grow indignant. I demand what would become of the shoemakers if every man did his own cobbling? What folly of Tolstoï to think that he is serving society by taking away employment from a respectable class of men who are not fitted for any other, even for the writing of books! What folly to think that he is adding to the comfort of the poor by making one soiled shirt last a week! Do not the luxurious tastes of the rich provide employment and wages for the industrious poor? As for individual philanthropy, the man is a fool who rejects the modern appliances which enable society to alleviate suffering in a systematic way. There was a day when philanthropy simply "went about doing good." That was Christ's day and Christ's way. But Christ did not foresee the results of association and of ingenious invention. Christ declared that a house founded on sand must surely perish. Any architect of to-day will tell you that sand, properly utilized, makes one of the best known foundations. A life of simple labor, of pure-heartedness, of natural kindliness, was suited to an early, undeveloped age. Now, philanthropy must pause, ponder, sift. Charity needs complex organization, boards, assemblies, great argumentation. The natural impulses of the heart must be suppressed: the good of society demands it. And again, as Tolstoï tells me what must be done to elevate man, I retort upon him with what must be done to elevate society.

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The idea of a good for society different from the good of the individuals composing it arose, most probably, from the existence at one time of governments with interests of their own apart from and often opposed to the interests of the governed. In a democracy like the United States, these interests are supposed to be identical. The idea of an ulterior good has, nevertheless, persisted. And I might be puzzled to account for this, were it not for a hint thrown out by De Tocqueville. "Americans," says he, "of all ages, all conditions, and all dispositions constantly form *associations*. They have not only commercial and manufacturing companies, in which all take part, but associations of a thousand other kinds,— religious, moral, serious, futile, extensive or restricted, enormous or diminutive. . . . If it be proposed to advance some truth or foster some feeling, they form a society. . . . There is no end which the human will, seconded by the collective exertions of individuals, despairs of attaining."

Now this custom of acting through associations has had a marked effect upon our mental habits; for what has been said of democracy itself is equally true of any association: it substitutes an anonymous impulse for individual judgment. And not merely is the scope of this impulse different from what the individual judgment would dictate, but the very *motive* of it is different; for an assembly acts always from opinion, whereas an individual acts often from conscience. The result of associative effort, therefore, is not merely to substitute an impersonal agent for a personal: it is also to substitute opinion for conscience as a motive of action. And, as the opinion of an assembly will never coincide exactly with the opinion of any one of its members,— even of one belonging to the majority,— the good which an association may set before itself will always differ somewhat from the good which any one of its members, acting individually, might see fit to practise.

Our faith in the omnipotence of associations has therefore led to this: that we have accustomed ourselves to the idea of a practical good differing always from the good that ap-

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peals directly to our individual conscience, or even to our common sense. It has even led us to regard these faculties with suspicion, as affording by their very approval the surest test of what is impracticable and even pernicious. And thus that habit of mind, that conception of an ulterior good engendered by the existence of a State with interests independent of the interests of its members, has persisted still where the interests of the State and the interest of its members have become identical. In politics, in ethics, in everyday business, it reconciles us to principles as expedient for society which we should conceive to be dishonest for the individual. It leads us still to prefer intricate policy to plain conduct. It leads us still to put faith in vague principles that we do not understand, and to abandon definite motives that are instantaneously clear to us.

Now Tolstoï's system affronts both the spirit of associative enterprise and this habit of mind engendered by it. He asserts that there is no good for society different from the individual good; that the individual good can be reached only by individual effort; and that the motives directing this effort should be the simple dictates of conscience, and that immediate perception of fitness common to all men which we call common sense. All this militates against much that still seems inherent in society. I shall no longer for that reason call it either unreasonable or impracticable. For I find that a candid examination has altered my own attitude towards the question in several regards:—

(1) As to associative efficacy, I already recognized its limits. I knew that, while it is fairly effective in preventing evil in the community, it is almost powerless in reforming evil in individuals. As to the reform of the already corrupt, I must admit the superiority of Tolstoï's method, as I admit the superiority in moral influence of the heart over the purse; as I admit that a fallen woman may be reclaimed by personal kindliness whom an institution might ruin forever with the official stamp of shame.

(2) As to the "existing facts of society," they are still against Tolstoï's system. I shall no longer call it "false"

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for that reason. It has occurred to me that all the lies that ever existed were "facts" in their time, and often very long-lived facts, too,— as the Holy Roman Empire was a fact for six hundred years, and also a *lie*,— neither holy, nor Roman, nor empire. I had thought there was nothing so "specious" as theories: now I see that there is nothing so specious as facts. I had been used to question the truth of principles, that they would not stand in the light of facts. Now I should be inclined to question the truth of facts if they would not stand in the light of principles.

(3) For that great fact of developing society which I had myself claimed to be the test of truth has proved to be against me. Instead of a progression towards a variety of truths of increasing complexity, I have found a real progression towards uniformity of truth, of increasing simplicity. Instead of getting farther away from those simple standards of right and fitness which appeal at once to the conscience and the understanding, the relations of men have been in reality conforming to them,— in politics and religion more markedly, not so much so in practical ethics. But I am inclined to doubt whether ethics can permanently sustain relations opposed to the tendency of both politics and religion. I begin to suspect that many of the prevailing ethical relations, as also certain of the relict political relations, are retained less for the sake of the good of society than for the sake of the selfish and lazy *in* society.

I am still clear that man is a complex organism, wilful and full of prejudices, of which my own were a fair sample. I am still aware that, while many existing institutions represent vested prejudices, they also represent vested rights. To appreciate these rights, to adjust them to the truth without violence, requires still a careful and trained intelligence. But, whereas before I should have claimed that this was due to the intricacy of the truths they represent, I should now admit that it is due to the intricacy of the errors they represent. Before, I had connected intricacy with truth: now, I connect it with error. I now see why the style of Carlyle and of Browning is necessarily intricate. It is because they

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are depicting not the truths, but the errors of men. For, whatever may be the case with error or with partial truth, the highest truth may always find a simple form of expression. I shall hereafter suspect what I cannot understand. Before, I suspected what I could understand too readily.

This is in reality a change of attitude towards "theory" itself. I must no longer scorn the simplicity of theories as a test of their truth for times gone by. I must rather regard it as a test of their truth for the time to come. I must cease to disparage Tolstoï as a reactionist. Stripping from his code the mere accidentals of place and circumstance, I find it substantially in accord with the actual tendency of society. I must respect him as a prophet brave enough to live now in the teeth of prejudice the literal truth which all men shall be living at some time hence.

If such be my conviction, what is my duty? Should I follow his example, and live like him the literal truth? I hastily tell myself, No. It is only genius that can afford to shoot ahead of society so abruptly. The average man had best stay in the ranks. He must press on, but he must exert his pressure from within. What renders Tolstoï's influence so forcible is that his literary genius has subdued our minds, and so made way for the moral example which is to subdue our habits. But the average man has no such presumption in his favor: his eccentricity cuts him loose from the very ties through which he might have exerted his influence.

It is evident that I am too recent a convert. I am still befogged with prejudice, weakened by the cowardice that always constrains us to the easy course of conformity. I tell myself that it is much, it is enough, if I be facing in the right direction. It is enough that my whole point of view has changed. I now see this: that Tolstoï is nearer the truth than I was. And even this conclusion affords me a singular relief, for it enables me at last to be consistent. It enables me at last to take a cheerful view of society, and still to retain my respect for the supremest of books and the supremest of men.

HERBERT PUTNAM.

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ELLIS'S "PURITAN RULE."

Dr. Ellis's handsome and portly volume * has one signal advantage at the start. The reader comes to it with the great satisfaction of knowing in advance that he has to do with as intelligent, as well-informed, and as fair-minded an authority as any that he could listen to. If any living man is entitled to say the last judicial word regarding the most misunderstood and the most sharply controverted features of that Puritan rule in New England which is not even yet beyond the range of acrimonious attack or prejudiced defence, it is, without question, the president of the Massachusetts Historical Society, who has been all his lifetime an interested student of the subject, whose long and honored professional career was in the direct line of the tradition he interprets, and who has had every advantage of knowing intimately the best students and interpreters of our early history that have lived in any year of the last half-century or more. So that he takes up the book in that grateful and contented attitude of mind which distinguishes the learner, who takes the author as his guide without misgiving, from the critic, who has painfully to question and verify as he goes along.

It is a further privilege, that he finds this provisional confidence growing upon him and strengthening, as he gets better acquainted with the book. With all the advantages we have enumerated, it is quite possible that the author should be warped by local vanity, professional sentiment, or inherited prejudice — some idol of the tribe, den, or market-place — so as to make a specious plea of what should be a dispassionate verdict. The most censorious critic can hardly say this of the book before us. More than any work of its class which we can easily call to mind, it is marked in especial by two qualities as rare as they are precious in the critical survey of a period still within reach of partisan prejudice or unjust blame. One is, the extreme fairness of

* *The Puritan Age and Rule in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay.* 1629-1685. By George E. Ellis. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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mind in dealing with administrative acts which our modern view so easily finds wrong,— such, for example, as the banishment of Roger Williams and the persecution of the Quakers. Dr. Ellis does not content himself with setting forth (which he heartily does) the merits or the wrongs that show so plainly to a modern eye, but explains, with scrupulous candor, the embarrassments of the situation, the real though (as they look to us) needless and false alarms, the natural misunderstandings, the popular prejudices,— above all, the serious and consecrated purpose and the real peril that attended the founding of a Christian commonwealth upon these shores, and the extreme difficulty of fixing its substructures firmly where the choice lay often between impracticable rock and shifting sand. All these required to be set forth with the intelligence, emphasis, and good faith that so strongly characterize this volume.

The other of these qualities is the singular kindliness and generosity of temper in speaking of those crotchety persons, who made the most troublesome subjects of colonial rule, who gave the most desperate annoyance to the early authorities, and who may be supposed to be farthest from the writer's own political or intellectual sympathies. We do not, under our better lights, easily understand or pardon the harshness of dealing with a woman of the sweet and noble traits, the fine intelligence, and the fearless sincerity which he describes in Mrs. Ann Hutchinson, who was "convented for traduceing the ministers and their ministry in this country," when the Boston settlement was less than five years old, and who was driven out to a dreary exile and a tragic fate by dread of the "antinomianism" (which was their name for Anarchism) supposed to lurk in her doctrine of the Holy Ghost.* All our sympathy goes out

* We copy the following paragraphs cited by Dr. Ellis from Winthrop's Journal:

"One Mrs. Hutchinson, a member of the church of Boston, a woman of a ready and bold spirit, brought over with her two dangerous errours: 1. that the person of the Holy Ghost dwells in a justified person; 2. that no sanctification can help to evidence to us our justification. From these two grew many branches, as (1) our union with the Holy Ghost, or as a Christian remains dead to every spiritual action, and hath no gifts or graces other than such as are in hypocrites, nor any other sanctification but the Holy Ghost himself." (p. 312.) "Other opinions brake out publicly in

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to a man such as Roger Williams is represented here,— young, generous, persuasive, large-hearted, brave, however fractious and impracticable his contemporaries may have found him; while it is shown, at the same time, that his theories (which, like every radical theorist, he thrust upon them in season and out of season) attacked and would have made impossible the very legal existence of the State in which he claimed a home and influence. Each step of the Quaker "intrusions," which so perplexed and exasperated the magistracy of the Puritan colony, is followed here with a pitying sympathy, with a recognition of every genuine and heroic quality, with a temper tenderly apologetic for every extravagance and an honest exposure of the needless cruelty of that last act in the tragedy to which it led,— the more effective, as coming from one who might well be thought professionally sensitive to that strange invasion of the ecclesiastical proprieties, as well as jealous for the observance of orderly social custom. We copy a few paragraphs, which may serve as examples of Dr. Ellis's style of treatment. First of Roger Williams: —

Alike for the noble qualities and for the petty infirmities singularly blended with them, he is to us an admirable and a singularly engaging person. He was wholly free of guile, open, sincere, and of a most generous disposition, with traits of childlike simplicity and tenderness. The resolute part which he presented to those who opposed him in his opinions or his actions had in it nothing of ugliness or perversity. He was

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the church of Boston,— as that the Holy Ghost dwelt in a believer as he is in heaven; that a man is justified before he believes; and that faith is no cause of justification. And others spread more secretly, as that the letter of the Scripture holds forth nothing but a covenant of works; and that the covenant of grace was the spirit of the Scripture, which was known only to believers; and that this covenant of works was given by Moses in the ten commandments; that there was a seed (viz., Abraham's carnal seed) went along in this, and there was a spirit and life in it, by virtue of which a man might attain to any sanctification in gifts and graces, and might have spiritual communion with Jesus Christ, and yet be damned.... All the congregation of Boston, except four or five, closed with these opinions, or most of them; but one of the brethren [Winthrop] wrote against them, and bore witness to the truth, together with the pastor, and very few others joined with them. The rest of the ministers [taking offence at latter's doctrines and sympathy with the obnoxious party] drew out sixteen points, [some of which] he cleared, [but on others] he gave not satisfaction." (pp. 319, 320.) Dr. Ellis judiciously counsels the reader "not to attempt to work his brain upon these propositions with an effort to understand what they mean or to explain how human beings, with the ordinary cares of life to engage them, could possibly stir themselves into an excitement concerning them."

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forbearing and magnanimous. Stoutly asserting and holding to convictions honestly and independently formed and resolutely maintained, his weakness showed itself only in an occasional outflow of sentiment over his privations, not in any shrinking from the inflictions they brought upon him. It seemed to be a joy to him to speak with a yearning affection of those who he believed had misjudged or wronged him, and he sought opportunities to do them kindly and very valuable service. With him, contention was a strange blending of duty and satisfaction.* Though all the powers of State and Church were engaged against him in Massachusetts, with many fretting altercations and the final infliction,— yet not without forbearance on the part of the authorities,— Williams never had there a single personal enemy. (p. 268.)

Mr. Williams was not a man to be deterred or appalled by a view of the consequences which would follow from any course of action which his conscience set before him as right. But one may doubt whether he had deliberately recognized the inevitable results which would ensue here if his views as to the iniquity and worthlessness of the Patent, and the obligation to surrender it, recommended themselves to the authorities for adoption. Desolation, ruin, and anarchy, with spoliation and free plunder, the prostration of all proprietary rights and of all securities for life, would be the inevitable issues of the baffled efforts and sacrifices for planting a colony on the edge of a wilderness. There were enemies and mischievous plotters near the Court at home, and a threatened revocation of the Charter. The crude and speculative fancies and impulses of this visionary young divine might insure for the colony the ruin which imperilled it. Nor does it seem to have occurred to Williams that he was a consenting party to, and a profiter by, the wrong and outrage which he charged; for he himself owned a house and ten acres of land in Salem, which he mortgaged on leaving there for Rhode Island. (pp. 279, 280.)

The relations of the colonies to the Indian tribes which they found on these shores have never been more fairly and intelligibly stated than in the following, especially in the points we have underscored: —

Williams went to the whole length of affirming that the King's Patent gave the colonists no right to their territory, "but that the natives are the true owners of it," so that the colonists had committed the "sinne of unjust usurpation upon others' possessions." . . . It is to be frankly admitted that none of the European colonists in America — Spanish, French, or English — had any generous allowance for the rights of the aborigines whom they found either residing upon or roam-

* "Conscientiously contentious" is the felicitous phrase by which John Quincy Adams characterized this remarkable man.

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ing over parts of this continent, or any delicate scruples about crowding or displacing them. Their aimless and wasteful lives, their roaming over and transient occupancy of vast spaces of fruitful territory,— which they skimmed for a subsistence without enriching by labor,— their cruel wars with one another in their tribes, and their general state of barbarism were regarded as good reasons for their giving place to a superior race. But the kings in their patents by no means assumed, nor did the colonists acting under them act on the assumption, that these barbarians had no natural rights. It was not long before the English colonists came to understand what estimate the Indians themselves had of those rights as implied in the deeds and covenants which they made with the whites. We learn what it was which they considered as belonging to them, and the value which they set upon it, when we know what they supposed they were deeding to the whites for a consideration. In general, the savages in these transactions appear to have supposed that they were granting to the whites a privilege of *joint occupancy of a territory with themselves, for the various uses of tillage and hunting.* They had no idea that they themselves were to move off at a distance without any reserved rights. The complaint of King Philip against the people of Plymouth was, that by building fences, dams, etc., the whites made the land deeded to them unavailable for equal privileges to the Indians. Indeed, instances were not infrequent in which a sachem in behalf of his tribe deeded the same portions of territory to *more than one party*, as if he thought that they might all put it peacefully to the same uses which had served him. As to the relations between the Indian proprietors and the English colonists whom Williams charged with an usurpation of their rights, the facts of the case did not at all trouble the consciences of the latter.... Before the transfer of the government here, the Governor of the Company, writing from London to Endicott, their agent in Salem, instructed him thus: "If any of the Salvages pretend right of inheritance to all or any part of the lands granted in our pattent, we pray you endeavour to purchase their tityle that we may avoyde the least scruple of intrusion." The instruction was strictly followed. (pp 277-279.)

These rare and inestimable qualities, as we have said, strengthen the confidence which the reader is disposed in advance to repose in his author as a guide. We might add to them such an absence of controversial motive that, while the book is, in detail and incidentally, a most effective disproof of such misunderstandings of that early polity as we have before pointed out in Mr. Adams's "Emancipation of Massachusetts,"* those or like misunderstandings are not so much as mentioned, and their refutation is only silently in-

* See this *Review* for March, 1887, p. 278.

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ferred. For besides these qualities, or in virtue of them, Dr. Ellis renders a very special service in his vindication of the average or popular temper of the Puritan colony, even in those crises of religious animosity, or apprehension which have made the great blot on the colonial record. This is especially to be noted in the case of the Quaker persecution. He shows clearly that the sense of justice and the human sympathy, in the community at large, blocked the course of administrative cruelty all along, and at length brought it to a complete stop; so that it was the spontaneous act of the colony itself, not compulsion from the far crueller government of the Stuart Restoration in England (as some have represented), that opened the prison-door to the Quakers and stayed the process against them. Still further, in a brief appendix, he shows how unjust has been the judgment of later times in throwing peculiar odium upon Massachusetts, or Salem, for the brief spasm of the witchcraft horror. Not only, by healthy spontaneous reaction, the community soon righted itself out of that nightmare episode; not only the judge who had been its active agent made the atonement of voluntary public penance for his error; but all that melancholy delusion shows a far briefer and more merciful record than the Europe, or even the sister colonies, of that or a later day. Some twenty "witches" were hanged — and then the plague was stayed; though one might suppose, from the way the pitiful story is even now ridiculously told, that they were burned alive by scores! In England and Scotland, says Dr. Ellis, there were executed — by water, cord, or fire — not less than thirty thousand alleged witches, and in Europe at large "at least hundreds of thousands"; while in the equally senseless Negro panic in New York, in 1712 and 1741, between fifteen and twenty victims were burned alive, some thirty were hanged (one in chains), and one man was "broken on the wheel," besides the seventy and upwards who were transported to West Indian slavery (p. 563). We are obliged to Dr. Ellis for these suggestive historical parallels.

The most important testimony given in this volume is however that which explains away the persistent miscon-

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ceptions that have been held as to the "theocratic" constitution of the little commonwealth,— which is sometimes spoken of as if it had been directed or at least controlled by "the priesthood" as a sacred governing order; a class despotism, ruling through the enslaved conscience of its subjects, and exercised by that small body of Congregational ministers who made the "established clergy" of that period. This foolish scarecrow has been well picked to pieces by Dr. Ellis, who knows the truth about it if anybody does. The fact is, it was no more the case with the colonists of Massachusetts Bay than it was with the "praying regiments" of Cromwell's Ironsides. How far, indeed, it was from being the case is little suspected even by some who know the general fact. We may instance by its parallel in the sister colony of Plymouth, where for nine years there was no settled minister at all, or any man competent to the generally received ecclesiastical functions; where Elder Brewster, who had yielded so far to the entreaty of his homesick fellow-colonists as to administer the rite of communion, and had sought in so doing the countenance of Pastor Robinson in Holland, was sharply taken to task by him for that temerity. As to this point we copy the valuable testimony of Dr. Ellis (p. 188):—

> Many writers upon early Massachusetts history have — perhaps naturally, but none the less erroneously — assumed that, as the government was theocratical, the influence of the clergy in its administration was supreme. So we have been made familiar with sharp and censorious accusations against "the elders," as really the prime movers and agents in bigoted legislation, the teachers of intolerance, and the instigators of persecution against those who challenged or opposed their dictation and authority. These assumptions and charges are subject to very serious qualifications. In the sweep and positiveness of statement and censure with which they have been uttered, they are simply untrue. A careful study of the Colonial Records and other early original material will rectify the errors in them. The elders and the civil magistrates were alike concerned in and responsible for and were of one mind in administering the theocratic government.

Indeed, it would be quite as plausible to say that ministers were the sufferers and the lay magistracy the aggres-

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sors in that "theocratic" rule. Doubtless there was an indirect, a powerful, and an unjust jurisdiction that lay in their hands — for the first thirty years — in the fact that full citizenship with the franchise was limited to "church members in good standing"; while (to say nothing of ecclesiastical penalties impending over the refractory) church membership could be had only under conditions of discipline, confession of belief, avowal of experience, and so on, practically under ministerial control. But in the business of administration the ministers were mostly "outside of politics," and quite as apt to be its victims as its instigators. The first who suffered the sentence of exile was Roger Williams, a popular and regularly settled minister of Salem, — his offence being eager and persistent denial of the political jurisdiction under which he lived: what has been called in later years "constructive treason." The first important case of purely ecclesiastical intolerance, that against Mrs. Hutchinson, was justified, if not urged, with grave and serious consideration by Governor Winthrop, against the ablest and most popular of Boston ministers, Rev. John Cotton. The first president of Harvard College, Henry Dunster, a clergyman whose invaluable services and eminent authority were freely acknowledged, suffered from long persecution of peculiar austerity, and was inexorably deposed under the harshest circumstances from his post of honorable service, on the ground of heresy touching baptism; and his successor, Charles Chauncy, had a like though milder experience. Of course we do not forget that many of the clergy shared, or even instigated, the intolerant temper of their day: the names of John Wilson, of Thomas Welde, and long after them of Cotton Mather, may serve as examples. But in the worst they ever said or did they were the mouthpiece, or the trusted agents, of the community about them. We might even urge that such cases were the exception rather than the rule; that, if no humaner sentiment, at least the subtilties of theological casuistry they were trained in, or the variety of character they must meet on terms of professional intimacy, made them likelier to be open to mitigations

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that would not enter the narrower and harder minds by which they were surrounded. Is it not so in our day,—that the refuge of bigotry is rather with the amateur theologians, who volunteer from the ranks, than with the professionals, who at least know something of the alphabet of dissent? Witness the English female novelists, for example.

The exposition we have cited occurs in the course of a series of chapters, of great historical value, in which Dr. Ellis has expanded into something like an independent treatise a commentary upon the principles of colonial administration. These chapters are seven, to which the thirteenth and last, on "The Downfall of the Colonial Charter," serves as sequel. The first, full of entertaining reminiscence and local feeling, is entitled "Boston and Public Meetings." The next informs us, with scrupulous care, of the exact conditions under which the Charter was held, and the grounds on which the right, as well as necessity, was assumed, of acting by its authority with independent local jurisdiction. In the third are set forth — a very important matter indeed as affecting our judgment of them — the relations, both sympathetic and ecclesiastical, of the non-conformists to the Church of England. Then in four chapters, ending with the seventh, we have "The Puritans and the Bible," "The Biblical Commonwealth," "Church Membership and the Franchise," and "Administration under the Charter." It will thus be seen that rather more than half the volume consists of general or introductory matter, before coming to that which is strictly narrative or historic, these ensuing episodes being the cases of Roger Williams, of Mrs. Hutchinson, of the Jesuit emissary who enjoyed the hospitality of Boston, of the Baptists, and of the Quakers. While most readers will find this later portion more attractive, the independent value of the book, to the student of institutions, is rather to be found in those earlier chapters. In particular, nothing that we know of in this line of investigation is more oddly illustrative than the clumsy attempts, made in pathetically good faith, to force the new wine of modern society, as our Puritan forefathers found it, into the

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ancient and shrunken bottles of Old Testament precept and precedent. Everything must be made, or imagined, to conform to the pattern given on that particular mount; and some plain case of neighborly ethics or vexed village diplomacy must needs be justified by citing the example of Ehud, of Shamgar, of Abiathar, or of Jehu, and constructing their laborious parallels of approach to Hebrew jurisprudence. That the Bible should be the sufficient and only rule of practice as well as faith, these rude expositors were stubbornly resolved,— to what effect, we learn very conclusively in these well-burdened pages.

And it needed all this side-light of illustration, to show how much is contained in the never-enough-considered statement, that the Puritans came hither, not (as has been often ignorantly said) to find "liberty of worship": not for themselves, since the Plymouth colonists, at least, had it abundantly in Holland; and certainly not to establish it for others, which they never meant to do, and would have held it a great iniquity and folly to try to do. It was not that which made the motive of their long, weary, and dangerous pilgrimage; but, as they declared in their own words, "to found a civill body politique," which should be governed solely by the Law of God as they interpreted it,— certainly the very noblest motive that can animate a company of men. Mere liberty of worship may be the most precious of privileges, or the most treacherous of snares. Mere liberty of worship led straight in Germany to the atrocities of the Anabaptists, and in England, even under Puritan rule, to the disorders and scandals recounted with acrid abhorrence in Thomas Edwards's *Gangræna*. It was that very thing which the Puritan colonists determined to avoid; and their deep honest dread of it accounts, more than anything else, for those acts which we in these days of easier faith find it hardest to understand or pardon.

It is easy for us to carp and make merry at those painful wrestings of Scripture by which they tried to make life over by a pattern that was long obsolete. But, if we will think of it, their task on its plainest terms had extreme difficul-

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ties, and lay open to extreme dangers, which they met in their own rough fashion, and so have saved us from them. Using the term in a generous way, we must say that their true task was political, that is, the founding of a State, even more — yes, very much more — than it was ecclesiastical, the establishing and defending of their own order of faith. Only we must know, if we can, what the State meant to them; and then we shall have a key by which to read the lesson of their early controversies and policies. Their little State must assert its own right to live, first of all, and to exercise its function as a State in the protecting or the judging of its subjects; and therefore any citizen who assailed that right, and was incorrigible to all gentler argument,— as Roger Williams,— must make up his mind to live outside its jurisdiction (1635). It might be torn to pieces — as many a city, province, or kingdom in the Old World had been— by radical differences of opinion touching its interior discipline; and so those dangerous free-thinkers, Ann Hutchinson and the rest, must be dismissed, with however heavy hearts, to inhospitable exile (1636), just as some among us would expel the anarchists to-day. It could continue to exist only under a constitution which insured, whatever its particular measure of truth or error, that there should be substantial unity of conviction as to its aims and purposes on the part of every citizen; and accordingly having, as the only obvious way of securing this, enacted that every voting citizen must be a member in full standing in that form of church organization which had made the common bond they united and sailed under (1631), they further reaffirmed in more formal fashion, in the Cambridge Platform (1637),— which we ought to liken not to the act of a mere church conference, but rather to one of our State constitutions enacted by a political assembly,— the details and conditions of that citizenship. When, a few years later, there seemed likely to be pressure from the victorious Presbyterian party in England, to compel a more stringent form of ecclesiastical rule upon them, a deputation must be sent across the sea, to protest against any such invasion of their

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hard-won and honestly maintained autonomy (1644). These acts all belong to one series, and they touched alike that which while religious in name was secular in fact. The dialect in which they were announced was what we, their children, may scoff at as the theological jargon of that day; but, in their essence, those acts must be judged as political, not ecclesiastical. The language was the language of the Church; but it was the life of the State that was in question. The voice was the voice of Jacob,— quaint, pleading, subtle; but the hands were the hands of Esau,— the strong rude hands of men who encamped in the wilderness, where they must hew the timber and gather the harvests for a life that was to be.

And, if we do them the justice to think of them in this way, we shall easily see that their errors and shortcomings were no worse than have befallen every attempt to found a Secular State upon a Divine Idea. The Messianic kingdom of the Jews — broken, tragic, three centuries' dream that it was — had at least two brief moments of realization: that under the Maccabees, two centuries before Christ, and that under Bar-Cochab, "Son of the Star," one century after. Under each it seemed for a time to be victorious; but the first, sheltered by the Roman protectorate, degenerated to the Herods; and the other, last flash of the expiring patriotism of Judah, was suddenly blotted out by Hadrian. The French Revolutionists had established, as they thought, a reign of liberty, equality, and fraternity,— divine ideas, surely, if any are; but their errors were far more ghastly, their failures were far more tragical, than any that befell the petty Puritan commonwealth. In this century "we have changed all that," and attempted to build up a democracy as broad as the continent, on the foundation of secular freedom and justice only; but, spite of the simplicity of our idea and our riper intelligence, we are not quite clear that the shortcomings, the mistakes, the miserable ambitions, and the crimes against humanity have not, on this larger scale of proportion, more than matched those of the poor Puritans, with their thirty miles square of territory, who tried to

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set apart so much of God's earth to administer the best justice they knew of, in the only way they could.

It is an old story, and has been told a great many times,—how those poor Pilgrims wrestled with their hard fortunes, and blundered along their rugged and narrow way. Our interest in the tale is chiefly that that way led up and on to where we stand to-day, and are trying to do their work in a better modern fashion. And so we think that it has been told none too often. It has been told boastfully, rhetorically, pathetically, reproachfully, acrimoniously; and still we were glad to hear, if so perhaps we might understand it a little better. We are glad that Dr. Ellis has told it over once more in his own way, so truly, quietly, judicially; and we are sure that this too is a way that will help, more than most, to abate the prejudice and misjudgment that have hung about the Puritan age and rule in the colony of Massachusetts Bay.

COMMON SENSE.

"I do not mean individualized common sense," said my friend. "I mean generic common sense, common sense in the abstract. Your practical common-sense man is often mistaken. A great deal of what people call common sense is no sense at all. Science is the only *true* sense, and merely awaits general acceptance to become *common* sense. Some apparent facts are simply illusions which will some day be proven such; many have already been illumined into fallibility. Common sense once said that Samuel Hahnemann was vitally mistaken, but now there are ten thousand physicians practising homœopathy openly in this country; and what physician, of whatever *-pathy*, does not prescribe belladonna in some forms of scarlet fever? Common sense ridiculed the steam engine, the electric telegraph, the telephone, and it pooh-poohed the bicycle and laughed at the idea of a man 'goin' 'round the country astraddle of a buggy wheel.' This is the vulgar common sense which is not common sense at all, but an assumption of wisdom, often based upon max-

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ims, legends, and bits of lore transmitted from an ancestry ignorant of some of the commonest facts of to-day. True common sense is fact, truth, or nothing; and its existence depends upon whether it is consistent with correct knowledge or not. This is the common sense of the educated, charitable man, the common sense of the scientific mind. Your average common-sense man is dogmatic, therefore narrow, illiberal, and unscientific."

"But, Thomas, science has so many interpreters to-day, who unfortunately do not all agree, that it is difficult to know whose *dictum* to accept. It seems to me a matter of internal conviction, or taste, which scientific theorist we believe, very much as it is in the selection of a religious creed; for they all claim to be the best, and each assumes to be all-sufficient."

"Certainly, the conduct of many students of science is open to your just criticism; but it is unworthy a thoughtful man to criticise not only the student of the creations of God, but through the student to censure the thing he studies. It has lately been said that 'modern science' (whatever that may be) is full of 'assumption, contradictions, confusion, invalid hypotheses.' Because students of science are at times unphilosophical and hasty in adopting conclusions, and are weak enough to try to emphasize and magnify a pet theory, proves nothing against science, but it does prove human judgment fallible: it proves nothing more. Science in complete perfection is simply Divinity, and Divinity is God. The will of God (God's law) is expressed science, and it is the endeavor to understand these laws that constitutes the scientist. In such a sublime field of investigation, who should be freer of any desire for controversy or self-assertion than the scientist? To speak of vexing the 'scientific soul' — as has lately been done — is an absurdity, inasmuch as it is an impossibility. God is the only 'scientific soul.' The true student of science will rarely take offence at an inexpert opinion of his work: he is not thinking of what men will say of him; he is quietly seeking for truth, testing what he finds, and offering it to be tested by expert

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workers like himself. All men are human, even the most scientific; but the greater and truer the scientist, the better will be his control of the human part of himself, his subjectivity. Some men are unfortunately numbered among scientists who follow the advice of Mephistopheles; they 'depose with knowledge, or without it, either,' but they are sure to depose. These men have not minds of a scientific cast, and it is they who bring discredit upon the study and the students of correct knowledge. To return to our starting point, these men are among those who lack true common sense."

"I am afraid there are very few men in this world," said I, "who will answer to your requirements of a scientist."

"Possibly; but because men do not attain perfection is no reason for abandoning all attempts to do the best we can."

"Ay, that is the secret of it all. Men forget the old maxim, 'What is worth doing at all is worth doing well,' and they do not try to do the best they can. The consequence is that work is only half done, or what is done is done to magnify the man and not the work. The *ego* is obtrusively evident in the work of the majority; and students of science, being human, are, I presume, subject to temptations in common with the race."

"Yes, that is true; students of science are human, but I think people generally forget it, especially those who have done little heavy work, and who know nothing about what has been called 'dead work,' the kind of work that in itself is never seen, that is below ground, so to speak, and that is simply the foundation of the visible superstructure. Human nature finds it hard that so much of this dead work must go for nothing with the world; and the result is that the vainest of us are so weak as to parade some of this crude stuff as finished work. As a consequence, the student suffers, and science suffers; the former justly, the latter unjustly. But even among the students of science there are men who are so selfish that they care nothing for the cause they are supposed to represent, unless they can gain some direct personal advantage therefrom."

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"Now you are entering into generalizations that apply to all classes of men. Selfishness is human nature, and is merely an overweening self-love; it is nothing worse than taking an unfair advantage of nature's first law by giving a strained interpretation to the Golden Rule. Self-love is praiseworthy: all our voluntary, predetermined acts are either consciously or unconsciously founded upon it. The good deeds of philanthropy are for the benefit of mankind; but there would be few philanthropists, did not benevolence, indirectly at least, contribute to the pleasure of the benevolent. I do not think human nature sufficiently sublime to evolve much philanthropy from subjective pain, disgust, discomfort, or even indifference; I even consider philanthropy, this recognized type of disinterested motives, as an outgrowth of self-love. Self-love is instinctive, and few human acts are not based upon it. You know Spinoza 'refers all our inclinations to the self-love of each individual.' And the Hindu ordinances of Menu teach the same: 'Eager desire to act,' says this code, 'has its root in expectation of some advantage; and with such expectation are sacrifices performed; the rules of religious austerity and abstinence from sins are all known to arise from hope of remuneration. Not a single act here below appears ever to be done by a man free from self-love: whatever he perform it is wrought from his desire of a reward.' But, then, all this is no reason why one should not try to develop the least offensive side of his nature, and prevent self-love from degenerating into unblushing selfishness, and keep his conduct, at least, as free as possible from obvious egotism."

"What you call 'obvious egotism' is usually known as self-conceit or personal vanity, I believe."

"Yes; but it only becomes offensive when it is obvious. If the unfortunate possessor of a large share of vanity suppresses all external manifestations of this characteristic, he is not immediately objectionable. Of course, this over-esteem will assist in shaping his character, and in time will produce definite results; but these results affect the individual more than they do the community, while the obvi-

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ously vain man not only makes himself miserable, but is a most disagreeable companion to others."

"And yet," said Thomas, "I often pity these poor egoists. Their sensitiveness is painful. They never hear an obscure remark or see a covert glance that they do not apply its meaning to themselves. All of which makes them miserably uncomfortable.".

"Egoists are necessarily superficial. They cannot get far enough below the surface of things to compare relative values. You expect vanity in a boy, especially if he is bright and self-reliant; but, if he have a deep, broad nature, he will lose his vanity in proportion to his development. Given a man's age, it is not difficult to fathom his depth by his vanity. The diminutive of selfishness is self-love; the diminutive of self-conceit is self-esteem. And, Thomas, human nature would be a poor thing without its due proportion of each; for intelligent self-esteem is but faith in one's ability to be and to do, and the highest self-love is faith in one's worthiness to be and to do his *best*."

And so we dropped into silence, and watched the flickering firelight, and from the glowing coals built castles which drifted far out of the present,— mine into the past and Thomas's into the future. My castles held chambers wherein were the ghosts of long dead possibilities; in Thomas's were the juvenile forms of bright hopes, quickening possibilities, which, chameleon-like, offer their seductive charms as probabilities. Oh, the possibilities that come to every man! I wonder if their realization would do most harm or most good in this world? We *might* have entered this or that field of action, or we *might* have taken advantage of some long vanished opportunity through which we *might* have stirred the heart of the world. But *would* we have succeeded? After all, do so many men fail to occupy their proper spheres in life? Is life so filled with mistaken careers as deductions from the intro- and retrospection of the average man would lead one to suppose? O short-sighted man!

I believe that it is almost a universal truth that, no mat-

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ter how great a man's success in life may be, he feels a certain amount of dissatisfaction that this success was not won in some other field. The temporary dismal comfort we all take at times in framing our past in a rosy halo and our present and future in sepulchral gloom is healthful in its reaction: the flame dies out or the embers crumble to ashes; and we awake from our day-dream disillusioned, and return to our present duties with an unreasoning though effective strength.

RHYS AP RHYS.

WHERE LIBERALISM IS WEAK.

Unitarianism has finally and fully decided on churchmanship.* It has gone to work in good earnest. The old peril is a thing of the past. The "left wing" is an almost forgotten phrase. Parties like colliding icebergs collide no more, simply because genial influences have melted all into a stream where distinctions are lost without submission or self-effacement. Controversy has fallen asleep, blessed for what it was; but the chief mourner indulges neither the dream of resurrection nor the hope. There is far more to be said in thanksgiving than repentance: it is a peaceful, prosperous, happy epoch.

Nevertheless, there are certain things which surely hinder us, doubtless for the most part in common with other denominations; but it is by no means necessary to assure the doctor that our neighbors have disease, in order to summon him to our own relief. These hindrances do not afflict all our churches, nor is every one hurt to the same degree or in precisely the same way. Indeed, we might almost say there are two Unitarianisms, one the central mass, the other meteoric satellites thrown off from time to time by the centrifugal force of the main body,—left unrelated in space to cool! But so sharp a division would be untrue to fact. The hindrances we have in mind we may speak of as common dangers, if not common experiences.

* See article on Dr. Martineau's scheme of union in the August number of this *Review*.

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First is the laxity of our fellowship. Thus believers, unbelievers, and (to put it boldly) any one that is willing to give money may be considered of our household. If the question be asked, "Does So and So belong to your society?" the answer usually given is, "Yes, at least he pays." He may never have shown any other interest in our existence or been conscious of any denominational preference, yet the gift of money seems to give him a certain claim of fellowship. There is no church discipline which can deal, even with known and open immorality. If a man be insensible or audacious enough, he may be recognized as one of us, however flagrant his lapses from private virtue, and may be reasonably sure that in death a charitable ingenuity will discover unsuspected merits, and a sincere but utterly unjustifiable eloquence may enroll his name in the list of unconscious and eccentric saints. Be he atheist, worldling, *bon vivant*, disloyal to every human duty, there are preachers who, in view of the sorrows of the bereaved and the pecuniary help of the departed, play the part of apologist, of eulogist even, amid the double solemnity of the sanctuary and of death. We have boasted, and with good reason, that *character* is underscored among us: it is the chief note of discipleship, and the radiant aureole of our saints. Hence, when it seems (for it is only in seeming) to be held lightly, through this supineness as to who shall rank themselves with us, we stand mystified and ashamed.

This apathy is hardly deplored, for self-reproach is silenced by the conviction that it is irremediable. To prevent it, we should need a more complex organization than we will consent to have. We should need doors for exit as well as for entrance; rules, and penalties for their infraction; officials, clothed with such powers as all guardians of institutional life require for their efficiency. If we are once resolved to end this weakness and scandal, we can surely agree on some sort of decalogue. We can specify the duties essential to church life, if we cannot adopt a series of theological symbols. We can take and require the vows of moral purity and integrity as a condition of fellowship, if not vows of intellectual conformity.

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No doubt the general moral probity of our membership accounts for this indifference, illustrating the well-known fact that unconscious and established virtue is often characterized by insensibility to the wrong doing of others, and has a certain dulness of interest and of apprehension about all subjects dealing with fault or discipline. If we were worse men, we should be better churchmen. Hence the accusation adheres that, by paying money or by bare attendance at church, any one can claim our name, and share, even when they belittle, our reputation. Our ecclesiastical Gulliver (if we may use so farcical an illustration in a serious discourse) is tied hand and foot by the Lilliput of individualism. He is expected to maintain unruffled complacency while the nimble and triumphant swarm twit him to his face with his helplessness, or persuade him that it is the proper thing for a really liberal Gulliver to be wholly bound, using only his tongue and his eyes, and not even these in self-defence or reproach of others. We do not mean to suggest that churches should assume police functions or institute a parish censorship: only this, that every member of a Christian church shall submit to the same discipline, which every one sees to be only decent and necessary for the minister; that there shall be the same moral condemnation for both alike, if they be evil livers. Let even the social leper and the moral epileptic be welcome to our shelter and our cheer; but let it be clear that they are our patients or our guests, not ourselves.

Another difficulty is the passion for entertainment. However rife it may be in other bodies, it is kept in the shade: with us it is not unfrequently avowed. Entertainment is looked for and insisted on, with little or no rebuke, in the last place adapted to it,— the pulpit. The discouraged and cynical pastor, if no other, rebels against such expectations. He reflects on the nature of his equipment,— how he has schooled himself to an accordant seriousness, sought intellectual superiority, welcomed spiritual experience, trained himself for devotional leadership, cultivated the power of lucid statement and of persuasive oratory, only to find that

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he is expected to produce a similar effect and wield a like influence to that of the stump speaker or the actor. He must excite the fancy, charm the ear, beguile the tedium of the hour with little more than incidental reference to the serious side of life. As a matter of fact, it may be that his accomplishments count for more than his highest attainments, his personal appearance for more than his erudition, and the quality of his voice for more than the power of his argument. If he takes in earnest his task of "reproof, exhortation, and instruction in righteousness," he is dismissed, as Jeremiahs always are, as one out of sorts or despondent, prophet though he be; although he would be less inspired if he did not lament.

There are parishes, however few, which are weak, weary, and hectic with sensationalism. They have been stimulated so much and so often that, however harmful the beverage, they crave their accustomed draught. There are parishes which might attain growth and efficiency by simply casting out the spirit of levity; by resolving on *seriousness;* by accepting it as the first duty of a choir to stimulate the worship by strains devoutly rendered, instead of perfunctory display; as the first duty of the pulpit, the work of edification or comfort; as the first duty of the pew, response to religious truth whether it is said or sung. Many a parish might be, and is, the citadel of the town's religious life, though it were shunned as heretical, if only it be seriously bent on its true function. It is worldliness, not heresy, that shears our Samsons.

Levity and its correspondence, sensationalism,— tame and withered, or fascinating and new,— reduce the ministerial function to the narrowest limits. "We want no more of a preacher," said a prominent churchman and an excellent man in all else, "than his preaching." The old and true conception of the pastor as the common friend, the physician of the soul, the gracious visitor in sickness, trouble, and death, was in that case sacrificed to this idea which made him the reluctant rival of the concert-room and the play-house. We all know what became of a similar order

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of teachers, followers of Plato, of Epicurus, of Pythagoras, and others of the great sages of antiquity, men who tried, as we are trying, to give rational views of life and duty to the people gathered for the purpose. Time was, in Rome, when the philosopher was venerated for his insight and moral influence. Time was, also, when his disciples became his patrons, and his patrons required above all else eloquence, wit, the power to amuse. The patrons dragged the philosopher down, until he sank at first to be the dependent and then the butt of the wealthy. Tiberius, we imagine, did no more than other prosperous Romans, when he invited philosophers to his table, that he might be amused with their pedantry, their drollery, and their pugnacity. No such fate, we are confident, awaits the Christian ministry anywhere; but acquiescence in the levity which demands of it entertainment above everything else is a step down towards the like dishonor and scorn.

Another of our hindrances is an excess of amateur philosophizing. We are and should be philosophers, if philosophy means trained truthfulness and insight. But it is a difficult character to sustain in an active pastorate, involving, as it does, a wide range of study and a highly disciplined intelligence. Life is too short and the interests of men too multiplied for us to lead a miscellaneous congregation through the processes of abstract thought. The evangelical philosopher brings his statement as the painter offers his picture. He is content to hang it in the best light and explain its meaning, but says nothing of the technique and principles of his art, save to those who have leisure and talent for such work themselves. He may rejoice if his admirers are stimulated to paint for themselves; but, if they have neither time nor ability for a professional career, he is content to paint for them, and they in turn minister to their æsthetic taste by studying his work far better than they ever could by a desultory imitation. What can be a more bizarre travesty of a church than a set of responsible citizens, capable of great service in elevating the social and spiritual condition of their fellows, abandoned year after year to mental self-

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indulgence, debating in a church whether there be, in fact, anything corresponding to the term "God," whether there be a soul or any valid hope of eternal life,— debating in a church of Christian lineage as to the historic reality of Jesus or the value of our sacred books with the same cool impartiality as when considering the Hindu sages or the literature of Buddhism? We do not say that such a travesty of a church exists, but an enemy might.

Again, that spirit of compromise, without which co-operation is impossible, may be a necessary servant; but it is an enslaving master. It is the enemy of candor, of manly self-assertion, of liberty in all its forms. It requires of the preacher that he shall take all meaning out of his message, explaining it in terms that shall be acceptable to those it was intended to correct and rebuke. Hence, the effort to disguise objectionable although essential features in his belief. Excess of this deference to social prejudice convicts him of schism; for, if he be so like his brethren, his separation was uncalled for and wilful. For the moment, the result is pleasant. He is accounted genial and charitable; but the day comes when for all that self-suppression the mere reward is to hear the question asked, "What *does* that man believe?" Worse still, the church itself loses self-respect, as well as the sense of its proper vocation, and is half-ashamed of its own individuality.

There was an hour when Islamism was threatened with destruction at the hand of its own prophet. In the early part of Mahomet's career,— that period when he was undoubtedly the sincere and devout enthusiast,— he was hated with murderous intensity. He was obscure as yet; weary of danger, perhaps; charmed, it may be, by thoughts of tolerance and charity. Suddenly, he changed his tone, and admitted that the idol gods of the Meccan temple might possibly be better than he had said, might, in fact, be legitimately supplicated and honored with a view to obtaining intercession with the one true God. There was an immediate reaction, we are told, in his favor. "He became the most popular man in Mecca. His doctrines were forthwith

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tolerated, as well they might be; and his followers were (for the time) no longer oppressed as men who would turn the world upside down."

There is one sentence of Dr. Channing which might well be a phylactery for every brow and an inscription on the wall of every church: "I must choose to receive the truth, no matter how it bears upon myself; must follow it, no matter where it leads, from what party it severs me, or to what party it allies." If we are committed to anything, it is to rationalism or naturalism,— to that, whatever name it bears, which deals honestly with facts in the interest of truth. Yet we are hindered by the longing for kindly relations, for recognition as Christians, so that our witness to long-exiled truths is less virile than it ought to be. Our theological Cinderellas are sent back into the kitchen when the guests come who are prejudiced against them. Some still fall back into the euphuistic dialect of neo-churchmanship, and seem to stand in an attitude of apology before the older churches, as if assuring them that Unitarianism is not so bad a thing after all,— many of them gentle souls, knowing and loving the unenfranchised truths, but fearing some vague mischief from plain speaking. Lastly, we suspect a lack of imagination.

We know the condition of the Christian world. We know the profound change going on in the Church everywhere. Earnest, thoughtful men are found on every side who have outgrown conventional dogmatics, and are unreached by progressive Orthodoxy. They read the works of Channing, of Parker, of Emerson, of Martineau, and are conscious they could well affiliate with a church embodying their views and spirit. In some places, they are surrounded by individual Unitarians,— good, reliable, influential people, — who, as far as organic religion is concerned, have the air of men retired from business. They have means, character, and a general denominational interest; they know the need of hospitality for newly convinced liberals; yet they do nothing, as it seems to us, for lack of imagination. They have no ache as they see men who now know the sense of

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chagrin at being misled, the temptation to apostatize from all religion, or the yearning for congenial church relations. Not less unimaginative are those who have practically turned the house of public worship into a private club-room and the centre of Christian charities into a place of social resort, as if they reasoned: "We have received this institution of the Church from our fathers. We do not need it as they needed it. Times have changed. Indeed, we hardly need it at all for ourselves; but social usage requires a clergyman for certain occasions. We prefer a friend or, at least, a person of our choice at the marriage ceremony or the funeral. We enjoy good preaching: others, still, value public worship. So, on the whole, it is as well to keep up the organization." They would thrill with delight at the welcome of a patriot exile to these shores; but no corresponding interest is awakened by men who suffer and dare as much as exiles from what is dear as country,— the spiritual home of their ancestors, their childhood, and the first years of their Christian experience.

The papers told us some time ago of a clergyman in England who had never had a fire in his parsonage or a guest at his board in forty years. Yet it is a stranger item that the fire should not blaze on the church hearth, when not strangers or mendicants, but our brothers, twice our brothers now by their manly recoil from superstition, are in need of a welcome and a home. Many of these religious fugitives have found and still find all and more than they sought. And the only misgiving we have in offering this criticism is lest we should be suspected of dissatisfaction or ingratitude. But there are those who, drifting where intellectual novelties are incessantly toyed with, where spiritual verities of thought or feeling are merely dissected or scrutinized, where church fellowship means little more than "good fellowship," turn away with a heart-hunger which betrays them back to what the apostle Paul called "the beggarly elements" they had left behind.

Every church, wherever it be, should have a share in the missionary work of the body, not only by assisting its larger

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operations, but also by private charities at home. This work is manifold. There is the intellectual mission to correct misbeliefs and make-beliefs; there are works of mercy, to feed and clothe the poor, to inculcate temperance and economy,— in a word, to save the body; there is also the ecclesiastical mission, to maintain unmutilated and unchilled the devotional tradition of the body, so that if a man be a devout Christian, whose only quarrel with Orthodoxy is its non-truthfulness, he shall find everything else, to which he is accustomed, if he come to us. The Church needs nothing at this hour so much as a refuge for her rationalistic children; and we need nothing so much as profound compassion for the sincere and godly multitude, practically without a shepherd or a fold.

R. A. GRIFFIN.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

LIFE OF A HEBREW SCHOLAR.

Michael Heilprin:* a noble scholar. It was my privilege to call this man my friend, to receive from him an esteem and affection which I could never understand, but which made me worthier of them than I should otherwise have been. Therefore, I come to speak his praises now that he is dead. It is always fit and pleasant to give honor where it is due. It is never more so than when the good we celebrate was cloistered from the world, or when the work was known and held in due respect while still the workman was withdrawn from public view. With Mr. Heilprin it was so to a very great extent. His literary labors were for the most part anonymous. The only exception was his *Historical Poetry of the Ancient Hebrews.* His terrible toil on Appleton's Cyclopædia was justly prized by the publishers and editors of that admirable work; but its amount and character were known to few,— only to his immediate coadjutors and personal friends. The same is true of his critical work upon the *Nation*, which began with its fourth number and continued for more than twenty years. Many thousands have read his articles with admiration who had not the faintest idea of the personality

*Died at Summit, N.J., May 10, 1888.

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of their benefactor. It is not often that so much of intellectual power is exercised in this impersonal way. He was well satisfied to have it so. Not that he was indifferent to the good opinion of his friends and those who were well qualified to judge his work, but to do it honestly and well was ever his main source of satisfaction. For general fame or reputation he had little care. This disposition is ever an encouragement to our praises of the men of parts and character whom it adorns.

Though I knew Mr. Heilprin well for many years, he was ever slow to talk about himself; and I must rely upon a friendly hand, incapable of erring in such matters, for the particulars of his earlier life. He was born in Piotrkow, in Russian Poland, in 1823, inheriting the aptitude of a long line of Hebrew scholars, the earliest upon the list in the catalogue of the British Museum writing in 1558. His father, Phineas Mendel Heilprin, who, sharing the fortunes of his son, died in Washington, D.C., in 1863, was a merchant-scholar in the manufacturing town of Tomaszow, where Mr. Heilprin spent his youth. The father, engaging in the business of the place, was a Hebrew scholar of high rank and an ardent student of Maimonides, yet not less of Kant and Fichte and other philosophers of the Gentile schools. Michael began the study of Hebrew, as did his playmates generally among the Polish Jews, at the age of four or five. He never at any time was sent to school or had any teacher except his father. German was his mother tongue; but, when still a boy, he obtained a perfect mastery of the Polish language. He studied simultaneously Latin, Greek, and French, rising regularly every morning at two o'clock and settling down immediately to his books. From an early period, the grandeur of Hebrew poetry and the difficulties of Hebrew grammar had much more attraction for him than Talmudic subtleties. In his own unconventional way, he became the instructor of his brother and a sister, and when about fifteen collected around him a number of equally youthful disciples. To "take and give not on again" was never satisfactory to him; but, if ever at any time his manner was didactic or pedagogical, it had ceased to be so in his full maturity. While still a boy, his mental outlook was enlarged by visits to Prussia with his father; and his linguistic attainments began to attract the attention of distinguished Hebraists. Already he had begun the study of comparative philology, making careful notes of his own observations. In after life, he re-

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tained lively recollections of the Polish insurrection of 1830–31, and of his growing sense of the oppression of the Russian yoke. This came at length to be so unbearable that in 1843 his parents sought a refuge from it in Hungary, and he went with them and his young wife; for, though but twenty years of age, he was already married.

For two years after his arrival in Hungary he devoted himself to the study of the language, history, and institutions of his new home. The great national liberal movement, under the leadership of Szécenyi, Eötoös, Deák, and Kossuth, was then well under way; and Mr. Heilprin was pledged by his experience in Poland and by his recent studies to unite himself with this. He established a bookstore in Miskolcz (which is still flourishing); and, coming much in contact with the Hungarian gentry, he soon enjoyed their merited esteem so much that, though he was still wearing the peculiar costume of a Polish Jew, he was received into the local club of nobles. When the revolution of 1848 broke out, his reputation as a writer was established, and his revolutionary poems were widely popular. He was offered and accepted the position of secretary to the literary bureau attached to the department of the interior. After the proclamation of Hungarian independence in 1849, he followed the government to Debreczin, and back to Pesth and to Szegedin, when the exigencies of war necessitated these removals of head-quarters from place to place. The revolution soon collapsed, inherent weakness co-operating with the basest treachery to this end; and Mr. Heilprin barely escaped capture by the Austrians. After remaining in concealment for some months, he succeeded in making his escape, and went to Paris. There began that failure of his eyesight which obliged him finally to rely very largely upon others' reading for the acquisition of his stores of information. This great misfortune had its compensations. It made the studies, which might otherwise have isolated him, a bond of union between him and the members of his family. Unable to obtain in France the means of livelihood,— especially with failing sight,— the rigor of the Austrian authorities having somewhat relaxed, he resolved to run the risk of returning to Hungary. His six months in France were not wholly lost. He made a long pedestrian excursion, following the river Loire. It was one of many that renewed his youth from year to year. No sturdier walker could be found, nor one who more enjoyed perambulation. Another

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pleasure which he had in France was in attending the lectures at the Sorbonne of Michelet, Jules Simon, and others.

Even before returning to Hungary, Mr. Heilprin had resolved to seek a home in England or the United States; and, while teaching school in Ujhely, he addressed himself ardently to the study of the English language, so that when he finally left Hungary, in 1856, he had thoroughly mastered it. His principal text-book was Gibbon's *Decline and Fall.* He scrupulously fixed the pronunciation of every doubtful word, and identified on the map every locality mentioned in the work. Going to England, he again met Kossuth, who gave him a letter of introduction to Mr. Seward, which he never used. It was the advice of Rev. William Henry Channing that determined him to come to America; and it was among his friends in Brooklyn, N.Y., that he ultimately found some of the most kind and faithful of his own,— Mr. R. H. Manning, his wife, and sister Elizabeth, with whom Margaret Fuller had spent a happy season of some months' duration just before starting on that journey which had no return. When Mr. Heilprin came to this country, other Hungarian exiles were already here,— among them two sisters of Kossuth, and one of these, Madame Zulavski, had tender nursing under Mr. Manning's roof until her death, when, at her burial, Mr. Heilprin spoke the gratitude of the exiles to the Manning household, ever a fountain-head of kindly offices to those in need of them.

It was a precarious living that he earned by teaching until 1858, when his connection began with Appleton's New American Cyclopædia. It was then in its third volume; and at his first meeting with the editors, Messrs. Ripley and Dana, he so impressed them with the extent and accuracy of his scholarship that he was at once intrusted with the revision of all the geographical, historical, and biographical articles. He himself wrote many of these articles, that on "Hebrews" being one of the most notable. His contributions generally were such as gave attention to subjects which, but for him, would have been overlooked. But his greatest service to this work, for which he cherished an affectionate interest only equalled by his interest in the *Nation*, was on the lines of verification and unification. It is safe to say, as has been said already, that "no other similar work of collaboration published in the English language has ever had this merit in so high a degree,— in which, for example, there was a uniform spelling of proper names, a uniform date for the same event,

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however often mentioned, a uniform system of transcribing words (especially proper names) from foreign languages not using the Roman alphabet." His work on the first edition ended in 1863; and began on the second, much revised, in 1871 and ended in 1876. Other work of a similar character engaged him further on, and close akin to it were his articles in the *Tribune* or the *Nation* reviewing works of an encyclopedic character. Reviewing in the *Tribune* a certain biographical dictionary, complete in one volume, he ventured the statement that it could be convicted of five thousand errors; and he never would have ventured it if he had not been sure that he could make it good. His reviews of the Encyclopædia Britannica in the *Nation*, as volume after volume came out, revealed at once the breadth and accuracy of his own knowledge and the surprising carelessness of the editing under consideration.

Mr. Heilprin's connection with the *Nation* began in 1868, and hardly ended with his death; for it may be assumed that in more than one careful article in that journal we shall yet be able to detect the impress of his hand. His work for it was not only of the kind which has been specified, but ranged through a wide field of critical and historical subjects. He had hardly been a month in America when Sumner was struck down by Brooks; and the anti-slavery conflict, in full career, convinced him that human rights had not all been fully established in America. He recognized but one great battle here and in Hungary, and his sympathies with the anti-slavery party from the first were keen and strong. In 1860, he wrote an elaborate article in the *Tribune*, demolishing a Jewish rabbi, who had come to the rescue of slavery with an army of Bible texts. But, while always deeply interested in our politics and reforms, his writing for the *Nation* was mainly upon European literature and politics or in review of American works that dealt with these. He was especially at home in all the ins and outs of the Eastern question, and probably did more to diffuse sound information and create just opinion on the Bulgarian and kindred complications than any other writer in this country. His affection for the *Nation* was remarkable; so was his jealousy for its good name. Writing for it anonymously, its reputation for accuracy was to him a constant inspiration; and an error in any part of it hurt him almost as if it were his own. It was well for it that he was sympathetic with its principles; for he would never write for

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any journal, even on literary subjects, with whose principles he disagreed.

From 1858 to 1863, Mr. Heilprin resided in Brooklyn, in close association with the exiled members of Kossuth's family. From 1863 to 1865, he was in Washington, following the fortunes of the war with intense interest, and acquiring a knowledge of its details that was afterwards of incalculable benefit to him in the revision of the Cyclopædia. The restoration of the political liberties of Hungary, which failed to satisfy Kossuth, was to him a source of great encouragement and joy. Francis Deák, who had brought about the new order of things in Austro-Hungary, ever remained his ideal statesman. He was not unlike him in his absolute integrity, his simplicity and fairness, and the convincing logic of his argument. Had he chosen to return to Hungary, as did many of his fellow-exiles after 1867, he would undoubtedly have achieved distinction in the political history of the United Empire. But, if Hungary was his first adopted country, America was his second; and his work here had now become so happy and assured that he did not care to break it off.

Through all his editorial and journalistic work, Mr. Heilprin had kept a roomy corner in his mind — the corner next his heart — for his Old Testament studies; and, when the revision of the Cyclopædia was completed in 1876, he began to put his studies into literary form, and in 1879 published the first, and in 1880 the second, volume of his *Historical Poetry of the Ancient Hebrews*. At an early age, he had made himself familiar with the course to date of modern criticism of the Old Testament; and of every subsequent stage he had kept himself thoroughly informed. He had accepted, not grudgingly, but with enthusiasm and delight, those views of the Old Testament which have been developed by Graf and Kuenen and Wellhausen and Reuss (central to which is the assignment of the Levitical portions of the Pentateuch to the fifth century B.C.); and his sympathetic criticisms of their studies in the *Nation* from time to time have been an important factor in familiarizing American scholars and readers with them. But he was a slavish follower of none of these distinguished men. In his *Historical Poetry of the Ancient Hebrews* there are many novel points of view, many original constructions of the text and of the *tendency* of various documents. His translations of the poems and fragments attested equally his familiarity with Hebrew and English. For

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vigor and for beauty, they are alike remarkable, so that it is not difficult to appreciate the fact that, as a poet, he first won his literary reputation. A third volume, interrupted by his death, contains, we have reason to believe from his confidential communications, matter of uncommon interest. Its completion was retarded by his interest in the Jewish refugees who were driven by Russian persecution to our shores a few years ago. His interest in these was not that of a Jewish sectary, which he had long ceased to be, but was partly inspired by loyalty to his own race, partly and mainly by his sensibility to every outrage and indignity offered to his fellow-men. But, in spite of his untiring zeal and self-sacrificing devotion, the attempt to establish colonies in Oregon, Dakota, and New Jersey was very disappointing, mainly because of inadequate financial support.

Mr. Heilprin's knowledge of history was nothing less than an epitome of its universal course. His stomach for facts was something wonderful. His command of dates was by tens of thousands. His accuracy was equal to his range. He would run his eye along the pages of a dictionary of dates, and make corrections by the half-dozen or the dozen upon every page. The time and place of the six hundred battles and engagements of our Civil War were all at his tongue's end. Even Macaulay could not "say his popes," fearing he might be slaughtered with the Innocents; but it may well be doubted if Mr. Heilprin would have failed in the attempt. His confidence in his memory was very great, and he wrote the most elaborate historical reviews without a particle of special preparation. This is an easy thing to do where one gets all his knowledge from the book in hand. But this Mr. Heilprin never did. For example, I recall a review of the voluminous memoirs of Metternich. It was written from the stand-point of a much wider knowledge than the book involved. It checked and challenged many statements. I asked him how much special preparation it required, and he said, "None whatever." So much knowledge of details is generally fatal to the broader view. It was not so with him. His apprehension of the philosophy of history was not less vivid than his apprehension of the concreter elements. He was satisfied with no "disconnection dull and spiritless." He was enamoured of the broadest generalizations and the remotest causes of events.

Those who knew Mr. Heilprin only in his writings did not

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half know him. There was nothing specially attractive in his style. It was simple and transparent, and never faulty in its grammar. But his conversation was phenomenal. His speech was hardly adequate to express the crowd of his ideas. The appearance of a slight impediment arose (so he explained) from his thinking with equal ease in several different languages, while to make choice in which to speak was sometimes difficult. Those who have read his *Historical Poetry of the Ancient Hebrews* and who have heard him talk on the same subject will bear me witness that the book is nothing to the talk. His intellectual enthusiasm was immense, and swept along his hearers in a tumultuous flood. He had a reading knowledge of eighteen different languages, having acquired Roumanian in the last weeks of his life. He could speak eight, if I remember rightly, with sufficient ease. Withal, he was extremely modest. For all his vast acquirements there was never any assumption of extensive knowledge, never, apparently, any consciousness of it. He made it easy for those who knew but little to talk with him. He never reminded them of their ignorance, but gave them credit for much wider knowledge than they had.

The heats of scholarship did not exhaust in him the natural juices of the man. "Learned in books," he was not "little in himself." The face of nature always had for him delight. He was a man who

> "set his face,
> In many a solitary place,
> Against the wind and open sky."

For much that he would blot in this article, he would insert that he was a vegetarian from 1850; but he kept the faith in silence, without urging it upon his friends. Perhaps his death at sixty-five argues against the habit of his life. The vigor of his intellect was not at the expense of his affections. His heart was as a little child's. He had great faculty for friendship, was ever loyal and kind, and faithful in the observance of those little offices which the student life may easily obscure; while for his immediate family he seemed to have a heart as free, a care as gentle and deliberate, as if he had no life but that of his own fireside joys. His domestic circle was remarkable for its mutual helpfulness, for its intellectual sympathy, for the delight with which its members encouraged each other in the pursuit of knowledge. Mr. Heilprin lived to see two of his children arriv-

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ing at distinction in the fields of literature and science; and this was not the least of many satisfactions which rendered his severely simple life one of the most beautiful and enviable that I have ever known.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

CHARLES H. WHEELER.

Suddenly and at the same instant, by collision of a railway train, died on the 30th of June Rev. Charles H. Wheeler and his wife, of Winchendon, Mass. He was one of the men, happily not rare in his profession, in whom marked abilities and shining promise have found their fortunate lot not in an eminent public career, but in winning the confidence and love of a rural community, and in setting the stamp of a devoted life upon church, school, and village. The opportunity of such a career is not so common now as it was once; but it ought to be remembered and recognized as the unique reward of a faithful ministry, and it should not be lost sight of among the very different phases which professional distinction takes in modern life.

In the case of our friend, one who knew him but little is likely to think first of a certain placid and gentle way he had, which might be traced, in part, to that modest consecration of his powers to a life-long work, and in part to the discipline of spirit which he accepted with so rare serenity and faithfulness, in the anxious charge of a wife who was for many years a mental invalid: devoted to each other in life, the earnest hope of both was met, for "in death they were not divided." A somewhat better acquaintance revealed the remarkable hold he had gained upon the affection of the people he served, reviving among them the best traditions of the old-time stable ministry,— which neither in need nor in deed has quite passed away in our restless generation. But in one of his gentle and quiet temperament (as it seemed to us on the outside) the gifts which in a different sphere might have made him more widely distinguished are not so easy to be seen; and in memory of this pure and true-hearted brother we reckon it a privilege to copy as we do from the discourse spoken at his funeral by a near friend and companion of his earlier studies, Rev. Edward H. Hall, of Cambridge:—

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It was the rare quality of his mind, quite as much as his character, which first drew me to him, and established the intimacy which has continued unbroken to this day. Amid the religious excitements of that time [thirty years ago], no one seemed more responsive than he to the fresh spiritual thought of the hour, none more quick to see all that was best in it, none who rejoiced more heartily in the moral and mental freedom which it promised. As a writer, he had a clearness, a beauty, and even elegance of style, without sacrifice of vigor, which seemed to us all to mark him for professional eminence. He had the unusual power of giving his thoughts their perfect literary form in his mind before touching pen to paper; so that when he came to write he had but to transcribe what was already complete, even to the turning of a phrase. By nature he was studious, or at least alert with scholarly instinct, gathering his stores of information easily from every hand, and needing only the spur of necessity, to prick the sides of his intent, to keep him in the front rank of our writers and thinkers.

From that time on (after his first brief ministry) you have known him better than I; have seen what a power he has made himself in the community to which he came, and have been daily witnesses of his fidelity and devotion as a pastor, his high ability as a preacher, his unfailing vivacity and charm as a companion, his beautiful and heroic constancy in his darkened home. Towards none of my fellows in the ministry has my heart gone out in profounder sympathy, or, I may now say, in profounder admiration. Never have I seen the sternest and most perplexing of responsibilities so calmly assumed, or so resolutely and nobly borne. However questionable to others the path of duty before him, there was no question to him. So long as the happiness and perhaps the very existence of another life were involved, his obligation was clear, and he could not hesitate or swerve for an instant. No sacrifice was too great, no thoughtfulness too tender and minute, no devotion too entire, no separation from the world or from friends or from outside activities too absolute, when such an end was to be secured. The supreme object of his later years has been accomplished, how bravely and unfalteringly you know. The one light upon that awful hour is the perfect consummation it has brought to the sacred purpose he so long held.

RECIPROCITY IN MISSIONS.

Those who can recall the religious movements and impressions of something more than fifty years ago may remember a certain shock of curiosity or surprise, and a new look given to things, when Ram Mohun Roy, a Hindu rajah, appeared as the instructor of his people in *The Precepts of Jesus a Guide to Truth and Happiness.* Although faithful in external garb and practice to the tradition of his people, and at his death in England wear-

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ing the sacred thread which marked his Brahman caste, he had not only been converted to a partial acceptance of Christianity, but had himself converted to his own Unitarian understanding of it at least one orthodox English missionary, who had sought his aid in interpreting the Scripture in one of the native tongues. His example was perhaps the first that brought some of us to realize what we have been led in so many ways to see since,— that, in offering their message to the Oriental world, Christians cannot take altogether the attitude of masters and teachers, but have to deal with a civilization more ancient, and an intelligence more trained and subtile, than their own. In mathematics and philosophy, a returned missionary once told us, he found his Hindu pupils superior to his Christian teachers and associates; and to what intellectual compromises this has led, we are perhaps only beginning to learn. Every fresh study we see in European magazines of the Asiatic mind, character, or institutions, serves to show freshly the intricacies and obscurities — not to say subtle and grave perils — that attend the conflict of civilizations and religions on Oriental soil.

This new, strange sense of reciprocity — of a process in which we that are of Christian nations have as much to receive as to give — we have had occasion to notice as often as we are led to think what may possibly be our own lesson for that vast mysterious East. A tale of singular interest and charm, "Yone Santo, a Child of Japan," which has been running through late numbers of the *Atlantic*, shows one, with infinite pathos, the sensitiveness and delicacy of moral feeling, wrought into social custom and tradition, which is often rudely assailed or ignorantly put aside by Christian teachers, in dealing with their too humble-minded and willing disciples. Surely, Christianity must have some great blessing in store for those populations of mild manner and subtile thought, if it shall ever repay the enormous affront it has inflicted on them in the brutality of the message it has borne. It may be that to mitigate that affront by taking the attitude, at first, more of learners than of teachers in that great school of comparative religions, is the special share in that service reserved for us. To help, if possible, in understanding how this may be done, we have in view — in prospect, as we trust — special studies, in the course of the next few months, from most competent witnesses, of our own work in China, Japan, and India.

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Towards this last, in particular, we have had of late several aids of peculiar interest and suggestiveness. Mr. Dall's thirty years' labors in Calcutta have been recalled to our attention both by the sudden tidings of his death, a year ago the past summer, and by the homage paid his memory by the associates and children of his charge; but that work needs a far more ample interpretation and recognition among us than it has received as yet. The visit among us in 1883 of Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, kinsman and successor of Chunder Sen, raised among us an interest quite as eager and keen as that of Ram Mohun Roy fifty years before. Appealing still more nearly to our sympathy, and opening a still deeper glimpse of the secrets of that strange Oriental life is the more recent narrative of those two high-caste, gifted, and accomplished Hindu ladies, the Pundita Ramabai, and Mrs. Anandibai Joshee, who came to this country in order to carry back to their countrywomen that science of medicine which seemed to them the most precious gift that could be given them. It is the latter we have especially to speak of in this connection; having, in our brief notice of her biography by Mrs. Dall,* spoken only of the sympathetic and rarely attractive quality of the life as there narrated. We recur to it now principally to re-enforce what we have just been saying of the *altered tone* of the Oriental mind, its more frank self-assertion, in its own characteristics and tradition, in presence of those whom it as frankly accepts as guides and teachers. In an address at Calcutta in 1883, *before the age of eighteen*, this extraordinarily gifted and brave young woman spoke as follows, in English, in setting forth the motives that led her to seek instruction in America: —

I go to America because I wish to study medicine. I now address the ladies present here, who will be the better judges of the importance of female medical assistance in India. I never consider this subject without being surprised that none of those societies so laudably established in India for the promotion of sciences and female education have ever thought of sending one of their female members into the most civilized parts of the world, to procure thorough medical knowledge, in order to open here a college for the instruction of women in medicine. There is probably no country so barbarous as India that would not disclose all her wants and try to stand on her own feet. The want of female physicians in India is keenly felt in every quarter. . . .

* *The Life of Dr. Anandibai Joshee, a Kinswoman of the Pundita Ramabai.* By Mrs. Caroline Healey Dall. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

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I am neither a Christian nor a Brahmo. To continue to live as a Hindu and go to school in any part of India is very difficult. A convert who wears an English dress is not so much stared at. Native Christian ladies are free from the opposition or public scandal which Hindu ladies like myself have to meet within and without the *zenana*. If I go alone by train or in the street, some people come near to stare and ask impertinent questions to annoy me.... If I go to take a walk on the strand, Englishmen are not so bold as to look at me. Even the soldiers are never troublesome; but the *Babus* lay bare their levity by making fun of everything. "Who are you?" "What caste do you belong to?" "Whence do you come?" "Where do you go?" are in my opinion questions that should not be asked by strangers.

I propose to myself to make no change in my customs or manners, food or dress. I will go as a Hindu and come back here to live as a Hindu. I will not increase my wants, but be as plain and simple as my forefathers and as I am now. If my countrymen wish to excommunicate me, why do they not do it now? They are at liberty to do so. I have come to Bengal, and to a place where there is not a single Maharastra. Nobody here knows whether I behave according to my customs and manners, or not. Let us therefore cease to consider what may never happen, and what, when it may happen, will defy human speculation.

In all biography there are few more touching examples than that of this brave child-wife, wedded at nine for the sake of the larger mental life that freedom promised, leaving her native land at eighteen in order to win and bring back the treasure of a higher professional training, and by her death at twenty-two failing of her great life plan, while in her pure memory she has left a lesson to our people which may prove of equal value with that she hoped to take home from them.

HENRY GEORGE AGAIN.

We have received lately the following letter by way of comment upon the objections we had made (in May) to certain points in Henry George's theories of land-holding. It is apparently written by a disciple and advocate of those theories. We have, as we then said, no hostility to any *practicable* control which a municipality may exercise to check the gambling speculation in city lots (especially) of which we have seen so much mischief, our objections lying against the tendencies of those theories (as we understand them) in their bearing on the broader interests of society and morals. The question here treated is purely a commercial one, and should be argued by a man of busi-

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ness or an expert. It is, however, of still greater moment that all honest opinion should have a fair hearing, and we gladly open our pages to our correspondent. The topic as he states it is "Land Rent as a Market Toll."

The most important question to be considered in connection with Mr. Henry George's proposed single tax system (and one which seems to have been generally overlooked by his critics) is whether or not it would materially reduce the expenses attending, and thereby increase in proportionate ratio, the interchange of the products of industry. While, as stated in the recent criticism of his theories in the *Unitarian Review*, "harvests of food must be got into existence by slow, hard, thrifty labor," it by no means follows, even if they did "lie underground, like layers of clay or beds of gravel," that, with the present cost of distribution, suffering and want would not exist. Why is it that in years of plenty harvests rot on the ground within a few hours' travel of the city's starving poor? Again, in a world where so much needs to be done to make even human existence even possible, why is it that so many willing hands find no adequate scope for their industry? Is it not in a great measure due to what may be called the extravagant *market toll*? Men need clothes as well as food, and countless other necessities to maintain anything but a savage existence; but each individual must devote himself to some special industry if he would pursue it successfully, and, before the artisan, mechanic, or operative can exchange his wares for the products of the farmer, stockman, or miner, a host of incidental expenses, often amounting in the aggregate to more than the original cost of production, must be defrayed,— freight rates, storage and handling charges, commissions, etc. Now, all these charges might be very measurably reduced, if it were possible to eliminate from them the interest charge (or any considerable part of same) on the real estate over, on, or in which the merchandise is transported, handled, stored, or exchanged. The magnitude of this item need not be dwelt upon. The possibility of its collection is what gives the fabulous values to real estate in commercial centres (even the freight rates are enormously increased by the terminal charges, railroad entrance to such a centre being more valuable than hundreds of miles of track in the rural districts). Markets are a prime necessity to all material progress. Only by the handling of merchandise in bulk can business of any magnitude be economically transacted. Whether or not the workingman has benefited by the growth of these great commercial centres is not the question to be considered, but whether he has derived the full proportionate benefit to which he is entitled for his share in their creation.

Prof. Harris, in the July (1888) number of the *Forum*, estimates that the aggregate amount of land rental in the United States cannot greatly exceed $400,000,000 per annum, or an average of about $8 per inhabi-

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tant; but he overlooks the fact that this amount (if it be correct) is not in reality paid in an equal proportion by each, but is mainly drawn from the pockets of a comparatively small portion of the total population. The great bulk of the amount is paid directly on city property and eventually by producers, who have a sufficient value in labor or its products to bring to exchange for the labor or products of other producers. Any one has to but look about him in any community to observe how small a portion of the total population this class is. The idle and incapable are not amenable to the tax, and the capitalist deducts it from the wages of his employees or adds it to the price of his wares. The fact that this item of land rent is so small in the aggregate is but a proof that there is not that interchange of products which is required for the prosperity of a nation of fifty million souls, or, in other words, that the high cost of the market toll restricts trade and thereby also the income of the toll-gatherers.

The best remedy is to open the doors for healthy competition in the providing of market facilities, which the present system of taxation discourages. No sooner is a new business enterprise inaugurated, a competing line of railroad or steamship line, a new exchange or warehouse or store, than around comes the tax assessor, levying an embargo on what is to be a benefit to the community.

It is a mistake to suppose that the taxation of land values up to their full rental figure (which is the actual measure proposed by Mr. George, and not the general confiscation and rental of land values by the State) would lower the market price of landed property, except where due to speculative causes. The tax on improvements would be decreased just in proportion as that on the land value was increased; and the owner of such property could lower indefinitely the rate on the combined value of land and betterments by simply increasing the value of the latter, so that the most enterprising and energetic proprietor would always be placed at the greatest advantage, and thus be enabled to underbid his competitors, which would result in the lowering of market costs. If the land proprietor had not the means to make such adequate use of his property, he could easily dispose of part of it to another, whom the low rate of taxation on improvements would induce to purchase, and apply the money thus acquired to the proper employment of the remainder.

No one would be deprived of any value to which he is rightfully entitled; but those who desire to draw a revenue from the public by simply securing and holding possession of locations needed for the world's work, without doing anything to make these situations in any way more suitable for the purposes for which they are required (or, in other words, giving society nothing in return but an exhibition of speculative cunning), would find they had reckoned sadly without their host. In short, industry would drive idleness to the wall.

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It is perhaps not to be denied that land speculation as often ends disastrously as successfully to the speculator; but, even in the former event, the enforced idleness of such property — held back from the use for which it is at the moment fitted, in the hope that it will at some future day be required for more remunerative purposes — cannot have other than a detrimental influence on the material progress of the community, without any corresponding benefit, as where the speculation fails it is because the location *does not* become a centre of trade as expected, and is of no more use to the community than to the individual.

E. F. HUDSON.

EMERSON'S DIVINITY SCHOOL ADDRESS.

A number of our Unitarian churches and conferences, more especially in the West, have lately been commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of one of the most important events in the religious life of America,— the delivery at Divinity Hall Chapel, Cambridge, July 15, 1838, of that famous address which, as Dr. Garnett has lately said, "is well-nigh the only example of sustained passion" in the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson. It is, indeed, a festival of thought worthy of punctual observation, the semi-centennial of an address which marked an emphatic new departure in religion as plainly as Dr. Channing's famous Baltimore sermon in 1819 had done before. *That* discourse was a protest of outraged human nature against the insults and injuries heaped upon it by a theological scheme which invented most of its own premises: *this* discourse was a reassertion of the supremacy of the soul of man above even the two or three supernaturalisms which the early Unitarians had retained in their creed,— perhaps the most illogical system of doctrine, Mrs. Humphry Ward has recently said, that has ever sought acceptance among men. The young man who left his place in the Unitarian pulpit because of unwillingness to observe the communion service in the usual manner had come, in six years' more of patient brooding, to plant himself fairly and squarely upon the ground of natural religion,— the religion which is an intimate part of human nature, which has brought forth every so-called "supernatural revelation," and before which every established religion is rightly summoned, from age to age, to justify its existence. He was called by the ever-present Spirit to rebuke the mechanical and traditional notions which filled the mind of the age. "Miracles, prophecy, poetry; the ideal life, the holy life, exist,"

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he cried, "as ancient history merely: they are not in the belief nor in the aspiration of society, but when suggested seem ridiculous." Accordingly, Emerson lifted up his voice, thrilled with unusual passion, against the corroding respectabilities which had almost eaten the heart out of religion. Wonderful was the strain which the narrow room in Divinity Hall echoed, that refulgent summer evening, as it caught the sweet perfections of his voice. Forever memorable was the utterance of his prophetic burden, declaring the constant supremacy of the Soul above every past inspiration. "That supreme Beauty, which ravished the souls of those Eastern men, and chiefly of those Hebrews, and through their lips spoke oracles to all time," was now speaking in the West also.

The eyes of the wise and prudent, however, were closed. Even the vision of the saintly failed them when this genuine prophet appeared and prophesied boldly. Andrews Norton, the critic of evidences, and Henry Ware, the gentle preacher, were equally at fault when confronted in the flesh by an apostle who had been with Jesus and learned his secret,— that "God is, not was; that he speaketh, not spake,"— and accepted his faith "in the infinitude of man." As we read to-day the marvellous sentences, saturated with faith and tender piety, as we note how carefully the speaker distinguished the religion of Jesus himself — "the only soul in history who has appreciated the worth of a man"— from the noxious exaggerations which the uninspired have heaped upon his person, building churches not upon "his principles, but on his tropes," we can scarcely feel more than an amused pity for the blind who saw here "the latest form of infidelity." He would have the life and dialogues of Christ "lie as they befell, alive and warm, part of human life and of the landscape and of the cheerful day." But "insulation and peculiarity" seemed to these fearful Christians the essence of a living gospel!

The moral for us to-day would plainly seem to be to purge ourselves of dogmatism, and to attach ourselves with a first and strongest love to the poets and the prophets. Fearful is the habit they have of coming out victorious in the end over those who argue learnedly and construct with precision a chain of evidences for believing there is quite certainly a God and very probably a soul! "The most helpless of mortal men," these dreamers and mystics, if asked how they "dare say so or why it is so," when they pronounce the world to be the mirror of the soul, they

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yield the verbal argument to keen professors of theology. Time and thought are yet the true allies of these "babes of God." A Jeremiah Mason, great lawyer though he be, is not able to understand "the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart"; but his daughters *are* able, he confesses, even with pride. So a new generation finds the fears of the elders amusing. So we welcome Emerson's remedy for the deformity of established religion, "first soul, and second soul, and evermore soul"; and we gladly behold in him a Christian after the pattern of Jesus, a teacher who has helped many to see the "rounding, complete grace" of the shining laws of conduct as they come full circle. "A friend and aider of those who would live in the Spirit," beyond all other Americans, Emerson has taught us that "the Ought, that Duty, is one thing with Science, with Beauty, and with Joy."

CRITICAL THEOLOGY.

DRUMMOND'S PHILO.

By this fine contribution to the higher scholarship of liberal theology * Dr. Drummond well proves his eminent fitness to hold the post of service so long dignified by his illustrious predecessor, Dr. Martineau. The topic he has chosen, with the faithful and purely historical treatment of it, to which attention is called upon the threshold, has special attraction for the philosophic student of Christian doctrine. We might, indeed, almost say that no one is entitled to discuss that doctrine at all, as to its first meaning and the way of its appearing, who has not given careful attention to the pre-Christian schools of Alexandria. The Johannine theology, developed into the Nicene and post-Nicene,— which has been at the heart of all the speculative controversies of Christendom from the beginning,— has both its root and many of its later characteristics here. Its central thought and the very phrases of its nomenclature are found in the remarkably instructive chapter of speculation which Dr. Drummond has set himself to interpret. And, although he hardly hints at so much as a line of connection between the two, it is safe to say that he has done more for the true interpretation

* *Philo Judæus; or, The Jewish-Alexandrian Philosophy in its Development and Completion.* By James Drummond, LL.D., Principal of Manchester New College. London: Williams & Norgate. 8vo. 2 vols.

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of Christian dogma than he would have done by any amount of commentary upon later creeds.

We can better judge the value of what he has done, if we consider the material for the understanding of this period which was at the student's command a few years ago. Scattered essays and treatises, some of them of great value, one might find, indeed, but none which brought so wide a compass of matter so essential into a single view. Most of them, too, were *doctrinaire* or polemic in their motive, lacking the passionless historic aim which wins absolute confidence to every statement of the book before us. Thus some of Dorner's hints and glimpses are as brilliantly suggestive as we find anywhere; but they are meant simply as foregleams of his *Lehre von der Person Christi*. Thus Gfrörer prefaces his *Urchristenthum* with two volumes, clearly and brilliantly written, more than most, but with the curious warp of having to prove that Jesus himself (regarded as one of the holy order of Essenes, and so allied with the Egyptian *Therapeutæ*) took his doctrine from Alexandrian sources, and the *Logos* of Philo thus became, at a single remove, the Word of the apostle John. Looking back and forward, we find the Alexandrian theosophy traced by Dähne in its relation to the Jewish tradition, and by Vacherot in the contribution which it made to the creed of Christendom. That doctrine itself is well expounded, from the speculative stand-point, by Matter and Simon in French; but with incomparably greater clearness, precision, amplitude, and intelligenee by Zeller in German. Jacob Bryant had contributed the modest help of his *Sentiments of Philo concerning the Logos;* but we recall little else in English excepting the erudite but oddly sophistical essay of De Quincey on "The Essenes" — where, to make out the point that this religious body (described by Philo) was a secret Christian order, contrived as a shield from persecution, Philo himself is spoken of as a "contemporary" of the historian Josephus, much as a child born last year might be called a contemporary of Gladstone.* We mention these (having some thirty years ago struggled more or less successfully with them all) as showing the perplexity that

*The main dates of Philo's life are very easily made out; namely, that he was born not later than B.C. 20, was the eldest of a legation sent to Caligula in A.D. 40, and died probably not many years after. As his lifetime thus embraces that of Jesus, and as some of his writings are of almost exactly the same date with the ministry in Galilee, the interest of this contemporary phase of religious thought becomes apparent.

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beset the student of these things a generation back, and the nature of the service rendered in this orderly, lucid, and very instructive dissertation.

We should have been glad, indeed, of a supplementary chapter (which the author has shown himself so amply competent to give, but which he seems to have thought foreign to his purely historical motive) tracing the later development of the Judæo-Hellenic thought of Alexandria till it became fused and transfigured in the Christian dogma. For that is, after all, our one point of real interest in the matter. It is of little account to us that Epicureans, Stoics, Neo-Platonists, and other inheritors of the Greek tradition taught and wrangled in the schools of Alexandria; or that the Jewish colonists, who had been sheltered and indulged there under the Ptolemies till they became a third of the inhabitants of that vast city, had among them men thoughtful and liberal enough to enter eagerly into that wide world of speculation — if it all ended there. But, as the Jews of Ezra's time had found in the *Ormuzd* of their Persian masters something (they fancied) like the attributes they adored in their own Jehovah, so those of Philo's time found in the Greek doctrine of the universal Divine Reason (*Logos*) something which made vivid and real to them, under a new light, that idea of Revelation which they regarded as the peculiar treasure of their people. And, in their fond dwelling upon and working over of this idea, they elaborated that mould of thought into which the new life of Christendom was to be cast a little later.

Dr. Drummond's treatise is of especial value as showing, more clearly than we remember ever to have seen it put before, *how far back* that particular tradition of Greek thought may be traced, with which he deals. He begins his historic exposition with Heraclitus (B.C. 500), tracing it through Anaxagoras, Plato, Aristotle, and finally the Stoics, whose doctrine of the Divine Reason needed hardly a change, to become an accepted article of Jewish and then of Christian faith. The treatment of the Stoic doctrine, in particular, is very full, and deservedly so; Zeller's briefer handling of it being the only one we recall that can be fairly compared with this. "In it," says Dr. Drummond, "the doctrine of the Logos reached its highest development prior to its contact with Jewish and Christian influences; and though the eclectic tendencies of Greek thought helped to prepare the way for the Alexandrian philosophy, they did not contribute any

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idea of such importance as to require our separate notice." (Vol. i. p. 131.)

Book First of the work before us deals wholly with the Greek, or Gentile, share in the long process of evolution. Book Second begins with an admirable statement of the radical difference between the Hellenic and Jewish conceptions of religion, which "it was the problem of the Alexandrian philosophy to harmonize" as well as it could. A familiar Old Testament phrase, "the word of Jehovah"— necessarily λόγος in Greek — easily gave the common ground. Any translation of the Hebrew scriptures into Greek would inevitably have suggested points of identity with the Greek speculative idea; and the Septuagint, in particular (which was the "received version" of the period we have to deal with), was prepared under the full pressure of the motive we have spoken of: "in several passages," says Dr. Drummond, "changes have been introduced of such a character that they can be regarded only as intentional adaptations of the ancient Scriptures to modern or Hellenistic opinions." His brief chapter on this topic (i. 156–166) is full of curious and interesting citations to illustrate this point. With the Septuagint, he says, "we have not only entered on a period when the Jew could venture to translate his sacred literature out of the holy tongue into the language of profane culture, but have come within the range of Greek society, and caught at least the popular echoes of its philosophical terms and ideas." It only needs to follow out this hint, remembering that the Septuagint is the form in which the New Testament writers knew and cited the Hebrew scriptures, to feel its full significance in the interpretation of the Christian idea. Even the Christology of Paul, dating as it doubtless does from Rabbinic sources, is manifestly shaped here and there by the thought, to which he as yet hesitates to give the key-word, of the Alexandrian philosophy. The later so-called Pauline Epistles stand on the very edge of the transformation which was fast coming into clear expression.

We are fortunate in having within easy reach, in what we call "the Apocrypha," a series of writings, some of them of great eloquence and beauty, which show the process at a most interesting stage. Most persons know that what distinguishes the Apocrypha from the Old Testament is not its difference in doctrine, or inferior religious value,— for in either point *Ecclesiasticus* would compare favorably with *Ecclesiastes*,— but the mere fact

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that it was written in Greek, not Hebrew. But most persons, it is probable, do not fully appreciate how much is contained in that one fact. If Dr. Drummond had included in his plan a complete outline of this stage of Jewish development, he might have illustrated the point more fully, and perhaps with added interest and value to his argument, by taking up *in series* the several writings here included, as some of his German predecessors have done. The only one of any marked speculative interest, however, is the *Wisdom of Solomon*, whose remarkable character and great importance he exhibits in one of his most interesting chapters, of more than fifty pages (i. 177–229). We copy a passage (describing the destruction of the Egyptian first-born) which, more perhaps than any single one, goes to justify Gfrörer's assertion that the *personal* Logos is the earlier Alexandrian doctrine, the purely speculative view coming later,—in fact being less Hebrew and more Greek:—

> When tranquil silence folded all things, and night in her own swiftness was in the midst of her course, thy all-powerful Word [*Logos*] leaped from heaven, from royal thrones, a stern warrior, into the midst of the doomed land, bearing as a sharp sword thy sincere commandment, and, having taken his stand, filled all things with death; and he touched heaven, and walked upon earth" (vol. i. p. 227).

Whichever way we take it, whether as vigorous personification or as the vivid conception of a Divine Person (as held by later creeds), we do not fail to see how significant in the history of religious thought is the temper of mind which could employ the phrase. Just so, in much of the Christian theology of the third and fourth centuries, it is often quite impossible to tell from the writer's language whether he is dealing with the Logos as merely an Attribute, or as a veritable Person. Perhaps he did not know, himself.

These two elaborated introductions bring us to Book Third, which expounds in great detail the system of Philo himself,—occupying nearly a third of the first volume, and all of the second. The scattered, loose, and sometimes incoherent opinions found here and there in the fifty or more brief essays, or homilies, with their quaint descriptive titles, that make up the works of Philo, are here brought together in an orderly treatise, under such formal topics as the nature of Philosophy, the Universe, Man ("anthropology"), the nature of God, Divine Power, the Word of

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God (*Logos*), and the spiritual nature ("the higher anthropology"). A very great service is done in this orderly presentation, of which few persons would suspect the difficulty who have not groped for themselves through that strange wilderness of exposition, allegory, moral homily, or purely arbitrary metaphysical assertion, which makes in outward form the "philosophy" of Philo. It is not, in our modern sense, a philosophic treatise at all; but, as it has been elsewhere described, in these voluminous writings* are found all the various characteristics and opinions which have been ascribed to the Jewish mind of that period,— not set forth in an orderly manner, but floating at random in an interminable flood of paraphrase and comment of the Pentateuch. One is at a loss to know how far he accepts the Hebrew tradition as fact, or how far he uses it as a veil to his own fond fancies. As with the Church Fathers, most of his exposition is in the form of homily, and reads like oral discourses, not always wanting in pulpit eloquence, taking some sacred legend for the text. The narrative is treated with the utmost freedom to square it with the prevalent style of religious speculation. "None but a fool would think the world was made in six days, or in any given period of time"; since it is the divine nature to act always, and creation is eternal. Adam is the intellectual nature, and woman is formed from the necessity of joining with it the sensual and material: that Eve was taken literally from his side, "who can believe it? the tale is mythical." The river of Paradise is Wisdom; which, being "parted" into four heads, "becomes the four cardinal virtues." And so on, interminably.

In feeling his way along that oddly tangled path, one is tempted to say that Philo is less a philosopher than a preacher,— with a fancy as riotous and a theology as vague as Jeremy Taylor's; that he can scarcely, in his soberest pages, be thought of as imagining himself to deal with objective and concrete verities, but only with the glimpses, hints, and wayward likenesses of things which occurred in his warm, fluent, and rhetorical discourse. And thinking of him in that way,— unformal, uncritical, neither demanding nor expecting anything like a coherent body of opinion,— perhaps the reader of Philo in the original finds himself on the pleasantest and kindliest terms with the guide he tries to follow; pleasanter and kindlier, surely, than

* Upwards of twelve hundred folio pages, Greek and Latin, in the edition once most accessible to the explorer.

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when he undertakes to bring that wayward and subtle intelligence to walk within the formal hedgerows of respectable dialectics.

We ought, however, to say that it is no such forcing process which Dr. Drummond has attempted, but rather to furnish a clew to the main courses, so that he who holds it may walk easily and pleasantly in that labyrinth by himself. His task has been performed — to judge by the evidence of text and indices — with a fidelity and thoroughness that leave us nothing to desire excepting the unwritten Book Fourth, needed to show the place of this very interesting episode in the larger history of Christian thought. In particular, he has improved upon the impersonal and abstract fashion in which such expositions are too commonly made, not only by giving incessant citation, at every point, of the very words of Philo, but by copying out (in English) numerous passages of some length, distinguished by difference of type, so as to show a good deal of the characteristic fluency of style and fertility of fancy we have mentioned, which are a very important matter in our judgment of Philo the writer or Philo the man. In this way he escapes, so far as the formal nature of his exposition permits, that frequent fallacy which exhibits an author as if he were a mere bead-roll of abstract opinions in which his expounder chances to take an interest. Imagine Descartes or Malebranche or Berkeley to be dealt with in such a way! The personality of any man of genius is of quite as much value as any set of "views" he may happen to hold.

Of course, the ordinary student looks first, most, and last, at the doctrine of the Divine Word (*Logos*) as held by Philo and his school,— that doctrine which makes the key both to the system of the Stoics, two centuries before Christ, and to the Christological controversies three centuries after. It is impossible for any person to make himself familiar on one side with the style of this earlier speculation, or exposition, and on the other with the doctrine of the later Christian school of Clement and Origen, — or, later still, with the phraseology of Athanasius or Gregory of Nyssa,— and not recognize that he is engaged in the same line of argumentation, occupied with the same general school of thought, and dealing with different stages in the development of the same idea. It is well not to forget how close this relation is; and so we copy here — mainly as given in the little book of Jacob Bryant before referred to — a succinct statement of points in which the similarity consists. "It is hardly too much to say that in the

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various treatises of Philo almost every cardinal point of the later school of Christian dogmatics is clearly anticipated or reproduced; at least, a groundwork is prepared for it in the style of thought and language which they helped to make familiar. We find in him already the Word as the second Divinity,— θεός, but not ὁ θεός,— the first-born Son, the Image, Messenger, and executive Agent (ὕπαρχος) of God, the Light of the world, the Advocate, Mediator, Intercessor, mediatorial High Priest, the Refuge and Physician of souls, Shepherd of the flock, Ordainer of all things, Type of the creation, Seal of testimony, Fountain of wisdom, and sinless Saviour from sin. We find the doctrine of Ransom or Redemption, of spiritual blessedness, of repentance and faith as the source of good works and the ground of justification; of the Holy Spirit and a Divine triad. How important the service thus rendered in advance by this rich circle of ideas, this complete system of religious symbolism, to those who strove to interpret to the succeeding generation the life and ministration and spiritual offices of Christ!" And again: "The Word as the immanent Reason and Life of things, as the divine and creative energy, made part of men's philosophic creed, and was ready to be engrafted in due season on their theology. But the same Word was yet to be recognized as manifest in the flesh and dwelling among men, before the Alexandrian speculations could become fruitful in men's religious life. That which had been developed as philosophy was to be seized and appropriated as faith. This was a revolution for which the world had yet to wait."

However orthodox the student's bringing up may have been, the impression would seem to be irresistible, that all the earlier discussions respecting the Trinity and the Deity of Christ, which to modern thought are purely dogmatic and theological, were in their first sense purely speculative and philosophic. We cannot go into this matter here. Dr. Drummond, as we have said, scrupulously abstains from carrying his exposition over into the later stage, where it would lose "the calm and still air of delightful studies" in which we have his companionship and guidance here, to toss and chafe in the wild winds of controversy. But those who wish to hold firmly in their hand a clew by which they may walk steadily and intelligently through those wildernesses of strife cannot possibly do better than to make themselves familiar in advance with the substance of this learned, lucid, faithful, and most interesting exposition.

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

CHARACTER AND GENIUS IN POETS.

The discrepancy between character and genius in many of the most celebrated poets is one of the curiosities of literature.

It might be supposed that a great poet, if not morally great, would at least be morally blameless, that only he could stir or charm us whose life was free from reproach. The fact in the majority of cases will be found, I believe, to be quite otherwise. The association of a poor character with great genius among poets is rather the rule than the exception.

The *genus irritabile vatum* of Horace indicates one, but by no means the most reprehensible vice of the tribe. A faultless, pure, and noble character in a poet, like that of Sir Philip Sidney, is perhaps a single example.

The facts of literary biography go to confirm Schopenhauer's *dictum* that genius is purely physical, a quality of brain which falls to the lot of an individual entirely irrespective of his character. That, whether bad or good, is a spiritual phenomenon. It follows that genius and character have no necessary connection. The instances in which they harmonize, as in Milton, Gray, and Scott, and, we may add, our own Longfellow, seem to be exceptional. More often they are found to conflict. Goethe, the greatest of modern poets, though not a "bad man," as his enemies and others imperfectly acquainted with the facts of his life have denounced him, was certainly not a blameless liver.

Let us consider the characters of some of the foremost English poets of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Pope, the most justly celebrated among his contemporaries, the most spirited and philosophical, who developed as none had done before him the characteristic force, the epigrammatic intensity of the English pentameter, and initiated a style of versification which has long commanded the homage of English literary taste, and which Dr. Holmes, I think, exemplifies when he makes use of the same metre, as in his "Urania," — Pope was vain and irascible, even as depicted by his partial biographer, Dr. Johnson.

Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson's friend, the sweetest, kindliest, most lovable of English poets, so much of whose poetry has passed into popular use, was shiftless, thriftless, slovenly, and is fitly characterized as an "inspired idiot." When asked the meaning

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of the word "slow" in the first line of "The Traveller," whether he meant tardiness of locomotion, he could not answer. "No, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "you did not mean tardiness of locomotion, but that general sluggishness that results from depression of feeling."

Burns, a brave, original poet, Scotland's best songster, was intemperate and otherwise immoral.

Coleridge, a man of magnificent genius, unsurpassed in true poetic sensibility, deserted his family, left them to be supported by others, was the victim of opium, and an unscrupulous plagiarist.

In Scott, dear Sir Walter, magnanimous, modest, unegoistic, unsubjective, pure and healthy as "the heart of the waters," we have a wholesome, saving, blessed exception,— a noble character as well as a charming poet.

What shall we say of Wordsworth? Measured by some of his pieces, the greatest English poet after Shakespeare and Milton; judged by others, weak, prosy, dawdling, insufferably tedious, yet mercilessly eager, in the phrase of Dogberry, to bestow all his tediousness on us, apparently unconscious that he is not at his best, and fancying that his readers cannot fail to be interested in his platitudes. If, by some fortunate accident, we had lost half his productions (supposing that we could select that half), the remainder, like the Sibylline leaves, would have gained vastly in value. In my young days, it was the fashion to ridicule and despise Wordsworth, who was identified with his "Idiot Boy." It was not until by personal examination I became acquainted with his writings that I learned to prize him.

Matthew Arnold has ventured to make a selection of Wordsworth's poems, which, it seems to me, is not altogether successful. For instance, he omits "The Kitten and the Falling Leaves," which is one of the most characteristic, graceful, and climacteric of Wordsworth's lyrics.

Emerson says that modern English poetry reaches its climax in Wordsworth when he is at his best. Emerson had in his mind especially the wonderful ode, "Intimations of Immortality," etc., which not only marks the climax of the author's genius, but in my judgment is the foremost achievement of its kind in English literature. Take the eighth section, beginning, "Thou whose exterior semblance doth belie," only Shakespeare's highest flights, as that in "The Tempest," "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces," etc., may vie with it.

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But how is it in the case of Wordsworth as it regards the point I am discussing,—the discrepancy between character and genius? Wordsworth is chargeable with no vices; but he was vain, egoistic, not a man whom, independently of his poetic gift, one could esteem and admire.

Shelley, an unquestionable genius, wrote much fine poetry, and had the then rare insight to be an admirer of Wordsworth; but Shelley seems to have been absolutely destitute of moral principle, even of moral perception, and has left a shameful record in his biography.

But the supreme instance of that divorce between character and genius of which I speak is that of Lord Byron, a great poet, surely one of England's greatest. In considering this extraordinary man, I am confronted, as I revert to the recollections of my young days, with the most interesting moral phenomenon, next to Napoleon I., of his time, one who commanded almost as much interest as his imperial contemporary,—interest of much the same kind, a compound of sympathy, wonder, and hate. Good and religious people generally abhorred him. It was not safe for one's reputation to speak well of him. He was held up to the world as a moral monster. The epithet "demon" was applied to him. This especially while "Don Juan" was in course of publication. For myself, I confess, I could not help admiring him. He died, sinking, as Disraeli expressed it, "into the marshes of Missolonghi," in 1824, at the age of thirty-six. After his death, much was written about him, mostly hostile. As Macaulay said, "All those creeping things that riot in the decay of nobler natures hastened to their repast." And Byron's was a noble nature, however perverted, however faulty his character. Matthew Arnold sings:—

> "When Byron's eyes were shut in death,
> We bowed our head and held our breath.
> He taught us little, but our soul
> Had *felt* him like the thunder's roll."

The marvel of Byron's literary life is its fecundity. In the short space of sixteen or seventeen years, he produced, amid the distractions and dissipations of a wild life, the mass of writings which makes him one of the most voluminous poets of his time. When he composed his poems was a mystery, for no one ever

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found him writing. His days were spent in amusement or unliterary pursuits.

I fancy Byron is not much read nowadays. There is a fashion in poetry as in everything, and lovers of poetry at present are struggling with the unmusical obscurities of Browning; but there are poetical merits independent of fashion, and there are passages of Byron's poetry, such as the description of the night at Brussels preceding the battle of Waterloo, in the third canto of "Childe Harold," the address to the ocean at the close of the fourth canto, the song of Lambro in "Don Juan," "The Isles of Greece," the "Destruction of Sennacherib," and others, that will live as long as the language in which they are written.

I have said that Byron is a supreme instance of discrepancy between moral character and genius. He was not only a libertine and a *roué*, but vain and excessively egoistic. And yet he was not destitute of some noble traits. He was courageous, heroic, beloved, adored by all his dependants. He was a lover of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. His espousal of the cause of struggling Greece, his planting himself in that country, was no melodramatic ostentation, but the result of sincere conviction. His services there were very important according to the testimony of Dr. S. G. Howe, a competent eye-witness, and contributed much to the final success of the Greek cause.

F. H. H.

BOOK NOTICES.

Solomon Maimon. **An Autobiography. Translated from the German. With additions and notes by J. Clark Murray, LL.D.**

Prof. Murray of McGill College, Montreal, made a lucky "find" some three years ago, when he picked up, in a Toronto second-hand bookstore, a copy of the rare and curious *S. Maimon's Lebensgeschichte.* In this good fortune, he was like George Eliot's Daniel Deronda, who in a similar way fell on this "wonderful bit of autobiography, the life of the Polish Jew, Solomon Maimon." George Eliot, who is said to have read almost everything on the Jews in preparing to write *Daniel Deronda,* was one of only two or three English writers that have had any acquaintance with this remarkable character, who has been called "the acutest Jewish intellect since Spinoza." He lived in the last half of the last century; and, as an expositor and critic of Kant, he is recognized by Kuno Fischer as among the very first. In his *History of Recent Philosophy,* Fischer devotes a whole chapter to Maimon, in which he speaks of

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his "extraordinary acuteness," and of passages in his writings in which "the thought bursts out with really resplendent power." Kant himself, speaking of Maimon's work on the *Transcendental Philosophy*, says that none of his opponents had understood him and the main problem so well, and that "very few could claim so much penetration as Herr Maimon in profound inquiries of this sort." In the history of philosophy, therefore, the life of a thinker of this order of merit has no little interest for students.

In its general human interest, however, apart from the pages which Maimon devotes to Kantianism, the Talmud, and the Kabbala, this autobiography is, we think, one of the most curious and entertaining records ever written. Maimon was in his external circumstances a good deal of a "tramp." He was usually in circumstances of domestic trouble or financial distress, and the account which he gives of life among the Lithuanian Jews of his time is as graphic as the life was repulsive. Amid all the filth and poverty of his sordid surroundings, the young Maimon grew up a lover of books, a devotee, of course, of the Talmud; and it was not until middle life that, falling in with a work of Wolf's, he blossomed out as a critical metaphysician. He was married at eleven and a father at fourteen. The narrative of his matrimonial fortunes is one of the most entertaining parts of the volume, which has a peculiar interest of its own in portraying the Jewish life of the time. Maimon was careless and unmethodical to a high degree in his personal habits and in his writing; but he had a pure intellectual flame burning within him, and, as a record of mental development under unpropitious circumstances, his life-story is, as Prof. Murray says, "one of the most romantic stories ever written." We cannot refuse our admiration to a man who, with all his foibles, could write thus of the influence of the great Maimonides upon himself: "When my passions began to grow, and I had sometimes to fear lest they might seduce me to some action inconsistent with those teachings [of Maimonides], I used to employ, as a proved antidote, the abjuration, 'I swear by the reverence which I owe my great teacher, Rabbi Moses ben Maimon, not to do this act'; and this vow, so far as I can remember, was always sufficient to restrain me."

Quite incapable of earning his own living, Maimon was once reduced to think of suicide; but, with that total frankness which is a great charm of the whole record, he laughs himself at the serio-comic situation where he stood bending over the canal in Holland, and "only the upper part of the body obeyed the command of the mind, trusting that the lower part would certainly refuse its services for such a purpose." More extraordinary and entertaining is his account of his desire to be received as a Christian at a time when he was "hard up." His would-be conversion, which seemed intended for "revenue only," is one of the frankest self-revelations on record. He could not deliver a confession of faith which should contradict his reason, and wisely concluded to remain a

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Jew. "My religion enjoins me to *believe* nothing, but to *think* the truth and to *practise* goodness." Maimon was, indeed, too much of a philosopher to become an adherent of the common Christian doctrine of his day. The pages where he rationalizes the Jewish faith in which he was reared are extremely interesting to the student of Judaism, and show how far in advance of his generation this unfortunate philosopher was. "The greatest of all mysteries in the Jewish religion consists," he says, for instance, "in the name Jehovah, expressing bare existence in abstraction from all particular kinds of existence, which cannot of course be conceived without existence in general."

The copious literature of autobiography has few more striking instances of candid self-disclosure of a remarkable intellect working in a base environment than this one of Solomon Maimon. Prof. Murray has earned the thanks of many readers for the felicity of his translation and the thoroughness with which he has wrought into the volume all existing information as to his subject. (Cupples & Hurd.)

History of Prussia under Frederick the Great. 2 vols. 1740-1745; 1745-1756. By Herbert Tuttle, Professor in Cornell University. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

It has been said of Carlyle's *Frederick* that it would be hard to find a book so full of information and entertainment with so little instruction. Carlyle was so fond of scenic effects and so hated "formulas," that is, any sort of method or generalization, that, while he seemed willing to spend a month in hunting up the last detail of one's pedigree or uniform who hit his fancy, he leaves his reader at the end no wiser than he began how it happened that the military system of Prussia, constructed at such immense cost, fell to pieces twenty years after Frederick's death, at the first touch of Napoleon's hand.

This exaggerated criticism may serve to hint a lack which, with all the wealth of matter heaped upon us in that splendid book, Mr. Tuttle has found himself called on to supply. He points out very plainly where Carlyle was weak,— in his total ignorance of what was to be got by a study of the Prussian archives; he might have said even more than he has done of the defect of scope which weakens that great work, to whose literary power he does full justice; and he points out the vast treasury of material which the serious student of the time and topic has now within his reach. Prof. Tuttle's own experience of diplomatic life at the German capital, his personal acquaintance with men who make the political and military greatness of the empire now, and his student habit of thorough and conscientious research, all entitle him to undertake a task which would have daunted most men by the comparisons it invites, and give a well-earned confidence in every one of his carefully studied chapters. And this confidence is strengthened by what the reader presently discovers of his sober, critical, dispassionate style, not at all lacking either in readableness or in point.

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It is one of the dramatic surprises of which history is so full, that the year of Frederick's accession was also the year of the Emperor Charles's death, and so of that appalling condition of things into which his heroic daughter Maria Theresa was plunged as she came to her father's throne. So, with hardly any preface, the story of this young, hard, crafty, ambitious, merciless sovereign of twenty-eight, begins with the story of that most unscrupulous and cruel aggression (as it will always look to us) by which he plunged Germany into war, and wrested Silesia from the Austrian crown. Mr. Tuttle treats with the brevity it merits the diplomatic pretext, which Carlyle makes "good for all it is worth," and tells clearly, plainly, and fully, without any expansion of rhetoric or adventure, the story of the double war that followed. For modern uses, it is unfortunate that the work is thus encumbered at the start with military details,— which we take to be the most effective of all methods for the "confusion of useless knowledge" that vex the patient reader.

But the author takes advantage of the short interval of peace before the outbreak of the Seven Years' War (with which these volumes conclude) to give three chapters which form a condensed study of Prussia at home, of remarkable instructiveness and value. The chapters containing this interlude are entitled "Recuperation and Reform," "Civil and Judicial Organization," and "The Philosopher of Sans Souci." In them we find a picture given with such impartial and firm precision as we have rarely seen equalled, of the merits of the system, and the hard, unrelenting temper with which it was administered. We have marked whole pages of this characterization which we would willingly transfer to ours, but must content ourselves with a sentence or two. Of the king it is said that "his part was neither that of a philanthropist nor that of an oppressor: it was simply that of a strict and thrifty steward of an estate, who makes improvements in order to increase its annual yield, without changing for the better or the worse the condition of his tenants" (ii. 103). And again, "Instead of striving to remove or at least to reduce the barriers which separated the several orders in the State, [the Prussian system] took every precaution to perpetuate them; to make them solid, firm, and formidable; to render it impossible to cross them, whether from a lower to a higher, or from a higher to a lower station in the social scale" (ii. 104). The extraordinary and callous lack of every feeling that might unite a sovereign with his people, the brutal severity of the military system in which the men were expressly to be taught "to fear their own officers more than the enemy," the absolute indifference to any man's comfort or welfare, or to anything beyond the prosperity of the State which meant its military strength, the ostentatious favor shown to Frenchmen of science or letters with the ignorant disdain of the young life of thought just beginning to be felt in Germany,— all these have often been told, but never more effectively than in these cool, brief, and well-filled pages. They do not rival the

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vigorous characterizing of Carlyle, or the delightful flow of narrative in the corresponding pages of Parton's *Voltaire;* but they have quite enough of literary skill to attract the reader, and a sobriety of judgment all their own, while they give welcome relief amidst the dreary story of incessant intrigues and almost perpetual campaigns.

An Introduction to the Study of the Middle Ages (375–814). By Ephraim Emerton, Professor of History in Harvard University. Boston: Ginn & Co.

Prof. Emerton's "Introduction" is a text-book carefully prepared by an experienced and skilful teacher, resting on the best earlier and recent authorities, well illustrated with maps, and well furnished with references, index, and table of dates; a most serviceable guide to one who studies to work out a clearing for himself in that broad wilderness of what is more fitly called the "Dark Ages," which spreads between ancient and mediæval history. In particular, the perplexed and tangled movements of the various tribes of Barbarian invaders are made as intelligible as they could well be in so limited space; while several citations from early annalists serve to illustrate the sort of material the historian has to do with.

Among the authorities cited we regret to miss the name of Ozanam, whom we are inclined to value as putting one, at easier terms, on the track of more points of interest — in the fifth and sixth centuries especially — than any other writer we can easily name, unless it be Hodgkin, whose *Italy and her Invaders* and *Cassiodorus* receive, we are glad to see, proper attention. One might suspect, indeed, that the author is shy of Catholic authorities in general: he cites even Montalembert with a sort of half apology; while one whose interest is in studying the spirit of this period finds them the most valuable of all. On the other hand, the political growth of the Church is very intelligently treated, with fair justice to such men as Leo and Gregory the Great, whom some Protestant writers have regarded with a jealous and unfriendly eye; and the pioneering work done by the missionary monks, particularly their service in the fields of education and of agriculture, is well exhibited in a chapter by itself.

The book, we think, might have been made much more interesting (if that were an object) by expanding a little the treatment of the premature attempts at the reconstruction of society, especially that under the administration of Theodoric the Goth as interpreted by Cassiodorus, which deserves to be treated, in some fulness, as an earlier parallel to those in the time of Charlemagne, as explained by his enlightened adviser Alcuin: these latter are excellently given, with sufficiency of illustration. To one who is moved by the failures of history as much as by its glories and successes, that blighted and thwarted early Gothic civilization is one of the most attractive topics.

In general, we may say of this book that it improves in the handling

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as it goes on; the earlier part is a little repellent, with its barbaric hosts of unchristian names, while the latter half may even be praised as very attractive reading,— which is more than we bargain for in a text-book. And in the department of the native institutions of the Germanic tribes, which make the background of mediæval political history,— where we infer that the author had the special aid of his coadjutor, the late Prof. Ernest Young,— there is no book within easy reach that can take its place.

It ought, we think, to have been made a little clearer — what we understand, indeed, to be the author's view — that the complex and plural term "Middle Ages" (for there was a separate "middle age" of letters, of science, of art, of the Church, of the Empire, and of several other things included in civilization taken broadly), while it applies in a general way to the whole period between the fall of Rome and the Protestant Reformation, yet belongs in especial to the time *after* that covered by this "Introduction." The great "Middle Age" of history begins with the consummated alliance of Church and State under Charlemagne (A.D. 800); and its grand central drama is the conflict of powers between the pope and the empire, which, as we infer, is left in reserve, for a sequel to the present work.

We will not close this notice without calling attention to the valuable bibliography, with its running comment on the more important authorities, which is given in the form of head-notes to the fifteen several chapters. The most important omission we note here is that of Greenwood's *Cathedra Petri*, perhaps the ablest and most valuable contribution in English to the political study of this period. But, as the author elsewhere says, "The matter of references was one of the hardest, because I wanted to put in mainly those which the scholar might, by some stretch of the imagination, be supposed to be able to use or get. The list might easily have been made ten times as long."

A Unitarian Oberlin; or, The Story of Jasper L. Douthit. By A. P. Putnam.— Dr. Putnam's sketch of the devoted life of Mr. Douthit will be read with interest and cordial admiration by all who can appreciate a true apostle when they see him. It has been a life of many hardships patiently borne, of uncompromising adherence to the anti-slavery cause, to temperance, to education, and to liberal religion. In all times, in facing the Knights of the Golden Circle, who were organized to resist the draft in war-days, as in resisting the tendencies of thought in the Western Unitarian Conference, Mr. Douthit has been a sincere, courageous, and true-hearted man, whose high intentions and noble endeavors it would be impossible not to recognize and to honor. But no fact is plainer in this brief biography, although Dr. Putnam does not point it out, than that Mr. Douthit's environment and temperament have not been favorable to a clear knowledge and balanced appreciation of theo-

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logical movements in the world of liberal religious thought. So strenuous a life, so strong a habit of contention, even though gained in the best of causes of practical helpfulness, do not favor that confidence in the power of truth to vindicate itself in religion, which is not philosophical indifference, but true philosophy,— love of wisdom. A more thorough culture than our brother has had within his reach, a more kindly atmosphere than the "Egypt" of Southern Illinois can furnish, and, above all, closer contact with his fellow-laborers, East and West, than his devoted but isolated career has allowed him, would be needful to justify many of the judgments which he renders in *Our Best Words*. The most heroic of us are too much the servants of our surroundings. Few of us can hope to unite in ourselves the uncongenial attributes of the ardent apostle and the calm student of truth in matters of theology. The one thing which should be in the power of most is, at least, the effort to rejoice in the largeness of the human nature that includes the missionary and the philosopher, the effort to discriminate the spheres in which each is a just authority, the effort to discourage the narrowness and the intolerance to which fallible mortality lays both too often open, when either denies instead of affirming. (Damrell & Upham.)

Robert Elsmere. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

The novel which has made the most stir in literary and religious circles in England of any written since George Eliot's death, to which Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Andrew Lang have devoted elaborate articles in the reviews, is at length brought out in America. Without doubt, it will find here a larger audience even than it has obtained in England; for it deserves, simply as a finished work of art, a very wide reading, and is, apart from its positive religious teaching, a novel of the first order. But the problem which occupied Robert Elsmere — the clothing of religion, "the most overwhelming of human interests," with "new ways of worship and new forms of love," other than those of the common doctrinal Christianity — is stirring the minds of very many in our country; and all such will certainly find in this powerful and finely wrought book help, if not deliverance.

The story of Robert Elsmere's life turns upon a conflict which Mrs. Woolley, in *Love and Theology*, and Mrs. Deland, in *John Ward*, have both recently been treating with less elaboration, and with a different distribution of the opposing forces,— the divergence in religious belief of a clergyman and his wife. Robert Elsmere has been at Oxford under Henry Grey (Thomas Hill Green), and has had his "natural disposition and reverent compliance" in matters of religion changed into "an actual, burning certainty of belief" by Mr. Grey's lay sermons. Grey had no belief in "the exquisite fairy tale of the common Christian mythology"; but, with Elsmere, "belief in Christianity and faith in God had not been at the outset a matter of reasoning at all, but of sympathy, feeling, con-

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scientious daily experience." He enters the church with no conscious doubts, therefore. Mr. Grey's influence had been religious, not theological. He marries Catherine Leyburn, a Puritan Saint Elizabeth, and settles in a family living. Here both sides of him — the Christian philanthropist and the ardent scholar — find full play. He preaches with a zeal drawn from constant labors among the poor and the ignorant of his country parish. He studies in the noble library of Roger Wendover, the Squire of Murewell, and a noted free-thinker and author. He projects a history of early France. As he advances, it is borne in upon his mind that the miracles and prodigies which crowd that mediæval period sprang from a *habit of mind* which marked a certain stage of human development, and but a transient stage. The squire returns from his travels. Elsmere falls captive to the clear logic of the writer who had accounted for the New Testament miracles by this same mental disposition prevalent in Palestine in the lifetime of Jesus. "The image of a purely human Christ, a purely human, explicable, yet always wonderful Christianity," rises slowly before him; and his creed is formed anew. He believes, as ever, in God, but now in Jesus, "the teacher, the martyr, the symbol to us Westerners of all things heavenly and abiding, the image and pledge of the invisible life of the spirit." But for him "*miracles do not happen.*" Behind Christianity, "around it, including it, I see the great drama of the world sweeping on, led by God from change to change, from act to act. It is not that Christianity is false, but that it is only an imperfect human reflection of a part of truth."

Elsmere is convinced, and with him "conviction is the conscience of the mind." The parting with the Christian mythology is sore, but it is thorough. He cannot, however others can, remain in a church whose creed he has ceased to accept. "He cannot live to any purpose with a whole region of the mind shut up, as it were, barred away" from the rest of him. He resigns his living, and, after some months of secular philanthropy in the east of London, organizes a New Brotherhood of Christ on these two articles of faith: "In thee, O Eternal, have I put my trust," and "This do in remembrance of me." In the same spirit that "spread the Church, the spirit that sent out Benedictine and Franciscan into the world, that fired the children of Luther or Calvin or George Fox,— the spirit of devotion, through a man, to an idea, through one much-loved, much-trusted soul to some eternal verity, newly caught, newly conceived behind it,"— the East End mechanics and artisans gather around the devoted apostle of the new, but ever old, faith. Elsmere breaks down under his devoted labors. He dies in Algiers, feeling that we cannot realize God "in words; we can only live in him, and die to him." His wife, whose deep affection had always kept her from persecuting him in the position with which, intellectually, she was unable to sympathize at all, came at the last to recognize that there is more than one way of true salvation. The story of the mental variance

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between these two who loved each other fondly is told with the utmost delicacy of analysis.

Mrs. Ward is a niece of Matthew Arnold, and it is to something like Arnold's rationalism that Elsmere finds his way. But she does not agree with her relative on the point of the honesty in the Broad Church position. The theism which Elsmere holds, sure at least that it can never be disproved, while he relinquishes a Christianity which is a question of documents and testimony, he must preach outside of the Establishment. In this respect, as in many others, Unitarians will find themselves in full agreement with this remarkable story. They will find nothing new or strange in Elsmere's creed, but they will read here a deep and finished recital of the way in which an earnest man, who cannot keep his mind and his religion apart, comes to a faith with which modern Unitarianism is in hearty sympathy. Since George Eliot, indeed, there has been no English novel of character which, for its thoughts or for its art, we can place on an equality with *Robert Elsmere*. Its tone is tender and reverential, its expression is firm and admirable from beginning to end, and of its moral and its ideas we find ourselves, as Unitarian believers, cordially appreciative.

John Ward, Preacher. By Margaret Deland. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. pp. 473.— This tale, characterized by a friend as having "just missed being powerful" (surely a very high praise), should be more fairly judged as a work of promise than as a work of art. In the latter view it is overburdened with material: the triple plot and the less familiar characters confuse us; while the bleak severity of its main interest — the difference of husband and wife on the point of eternal perdition — would suggest the proportions of a *Silas Marner* rather than of an *Adam Bede*. It would have been powerful as a sketch; it is less so as a novel. For in the former view we have, unrelieved, the sombre and tragic interest, turning on that grim nightmare of the Puritan theology, followed up with a directness, simplicity, and courage in the handling, rare among writers of fiction. One asks, indeed, whether the plot is suggested by the author's experience, or rather by her logic. It exhibits fearlessly the lurid paradox of that particular creed, that belief in the hopeless damnation of the many is essential to the hope of salvation in the few. The "preacher," who holds this creed in all its fervid gloom, is united in singular constancy and tenderness of mutual affection with a wife who warmly repudiates it and chooses conscious agnosticism instead. Separation becomes inevitable, equally miserable to both, and the difference is softened only in the very shadow of death. Perhaps, after all, the story needed those accessories and dilutions of its bitter flavor.

A Wayfarer's Wallet. Dominus Redivivus. By Henry G. Hewlett. Mr. Hewlett's second modest volume of verse contains, like his first,

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much poetry of a high order. This sonnet on Evolution and Genius exhibits his strong grasp on one of the problems of recent thought: —

"All things that live, our priests of science teach,
Observe one law of growth. From germinal cell
Or sensitive spot, as fit conditions fell,
Were types evolved; and, mastering conflict, each,
By fine degrees of change, did slowly reach
Its latest form. Can science thus dispel
The mysteries of the human miracle,—
High thought, right will, fair dreams, harmonious speech?

"I turn for answer to the midland shire,
Where yeoman fathers, versed in wool, evolve
A Shakespeare,— suddenly! the Sussex fields,—
Where farmer squire succeeds to farmer squire
Till Shelley leaps. Alas that science wields
Faith's dogma-mace, when doubts are hard to solve!"

The verses on the "Foundering of the Birkenhead" touch upon another evolution,— the development of the finest spirit of self-sacrifice out of animal cruelty and lust of life. Other poems which we cannot stay to name exhibit Mr. Hewlett as a deep thinker and a true poet, living in an age in which fundamental questions are daily pondered. *Dominus Redivivus* is a "plea for the Christianity of Christ" against the creed-makers and all their word-constructions. The first part is a finely wrought summary of the life and teaching of Jesus from the liberal stand-point. The second part is an earnest contrast of the gospel simplicity with the doctrine and the practice of the various churches. Jesus would find only among liberal Christians in the Old World and the New

"The plain evangel of one Father, God,
One Master, Christ, one human brotherhood."

But Mr. Hewlett is not a bigoted Unitarian, though its poet and convinced believer. He commends

"The fine discerning that concedes
Believers are not measured by their creeds,
The larger charity which keeps no score
Of mental flaws in natures true at core."

We commend his poems to all lovers of deep and noble verse.

A Book of Poems. By John W. Chadwick.— It is a pleasure to greet Mr. Chadwick's Poems in an eighth edition revised and enlarged by a third as many pages as were in the first. The present volume contains "In Nazareth Town," "A Legend of Good Poets," and the "Hymns and Praises" with which Mr. Chadwick has illustrated many occasions in the last few years. Of the thorough genuineness and high spiritual quality of his verse we do not need to speak, as his place among our minor poets is now fully assured. (Roberts Brothers.)

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Political Essays. By James Russell Lowell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. pp. 326. $1.20.— The quality of these twelve papers is easily understood from what the public know already of Mr. Lowell, as beyond comparison the most brilliant and highly cultivated man of letters among us who interests himself in questions of practical politics. Their special interest is to be inferred from their dates — which embrace the thirty years from 1858 (a protest against the temporizing with slavery on the part of the American Tract Society) to 1888 (Place of the Independent in Politics). All except these two deal directly with questions growing out of secession and reconstruction.

The Story of Turkey. By Stanley Lane-Poole.— The latest volume in the "Story of the Nations" Series is an excellent specimen of historical compilation from the skilful hand of Mr. Lane-Poole. He has been assisted by Mr. E. J. W. Gibb, who has written the chapters on Ottoman literature and administration and Stambol, by Mr. Arthur Gilman, the editor of the series, and two other gentlemen of high authority in this field. The book illustrates well the union of picturesque narrative and scholarly accuracy which characterizes the whole series. Most of the woodcuts are reproductions from works of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare. Edited by Horace Howard Furness, Ph.D., LL.D., L.H.D. Vol. VII. *The Merchant of Venice.*— Dr. H. H. Furness in this new work maintains his reputation as the foremost Shakespearian scholar of the country. The appendices exhibit immense labor of research concerning all the questions that may be raised in connection with the play. It is needless to commend, but we feel called to acknowledge with gratitude the precious gift.

The Heart of the Creeds. By Arthur Wentworth Eaton.— Rev. Mr. Eaton is a Broad Churchman, in full sympathy with Dr. Mulford and Prof. A. V. G. Allen. In nine brief chapters he seeks the heart of the great doctrines of the Church, finding, for instance, that revelation comes to us, in the fullest sense, from all of history and present human life, and that the atonement is a perpetual process of reconciliation of the human spirit with the Divine. Mr. Eaton writes in an admirable temper of reverent constructiveness, and his work is a cheerful sign of theological progress. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Mexico, Picturesque, Political, Progressive. By Mary E. Blake and Margaret F. Sullivan.— This entertaining and instructive account of the Mexico of to-day is the work of two journalists of reputation. Mrs. Blake writes of the picturesque aspects of the country and of its social life, and Mrs. Sullivan of its politics, religion, and education. Together they have compiled a volume of travel thoroughly bright and informing, which deserves a wide circle of readers among people jaded by accounts of travel in more distant but more familiar lands. (Lee & Shepard.)

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A Pure-souled Liar.— This is a story, related as fact, of a woman lying, for the sake of another, in the most extreme and in probable manner. If the moral world were governed by such principles of senseless self-sacrifice as Christine Yanal acts upon and Vida Raymont ignobly permits to operate to her own benefit, it would be a world most sadly out of joint. Told with considerable power, the tale has little of probability or of reason in its plot. (C. H. Kerr & Co.)

Nature Readers. Seaside and Wayside. No. 2. By Julia McNair Wright.— Miss Wright's forty-five lessons, in conversational style, relate to ants, worms, flies, beetles, jelly-fish, sea anemones, barnacles, sea stars, and some other familiar forms of salt-water life. They supply admirable supplementary reading, well illustrated. (D. C. Heath & Co.)

The Boston Tea Party, and Other Stories of the American Revolution. Revised and adapted from Henry C. Watson.— This third series of stories of American History in Lee & Shepard's Classics for Home and School contains a large number of narratives supposed to be told at a reunion of survivors of the Lebanon (Me.) Liberty Club that planned and executed the famous steeping of British tea in Boston Harbor. Like its predecessors, it is excellent for supplementary reading.

Jesus the Christ. By Rev. Stephen Crane, D.D.— Unitarianism will be led to observe in this second little volume of "Manuals of Faith and Duty" issued by the Universalist Publishing House the central position of the author,— that Jesus was "something unique, neither absolutely God nor absolutely man, but *sui generis*,— a being after his own order." This is substantially the Arianism of the early Unitarians. The entire incapacity of the conception to satisfy the mind or the heart of the Christian believer time has completely shown.

Pamphlets received of value and interest are "The Preacher's Office," by S. R. Calthrop, a sermon before the graduating class of 1871 at the Harvard Divinity School,— one of the preacher's most notable efforts, now especially interesting because of its courageous utterances concerning evolution seventeen years ago; "The Church and the People," by Brooke Herford; and "Unitarian Faith for Young People," a paper read before the League of Unitarian Women, New York, by Mrs. John Bell Bouton.

RECENT FOREIGN BOOKS.

Theology and Philosophy.

Die Psalmen. Uebersetzt und ausgelegt von Dr. H. Hupfeld. Erster Bd. pp. iv, 680. (The first half of a new third edition of Hupfeld's standard commentary, somewhat condensed. Edited by Dr. W. Nowack. Gotha: Perthes.)

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The Book of Genesis. By Marcus Dods, D.D. (An able series of expositions, from a mediating stand-point, by a prominent Scotch divine. Armstrong.)

Religionsphilosophie, oder Allgemeine Philosophische Theologie. Von W. Vatke. Herausgegeben von H. G. S. Preiss. (A posthumous volume from the celebrated Old Testament critic. Bonn: Strauss.)

Bacon. By Prof. J. Nichol. (A first volume in the Philosophical Classics on the Life of Bacon. A second will treat his philosophy. Blackwood.)

The Universal Christ, and Other Sermons: Preached in Liverpool. By Charles Beard, LL.D. (To be noticed. Williams & Norgate.)

History and Biography.

The Church and the Eastern Empire. By Rev. H. F. Tozer. (An excellent brief history of a difficult matter. A. D. F. Randolph.)

History of Canada. Vol. I. By William Kingsford. ("Inferior only to Parkman." Trübner.)

William Shakespeare: A Literary Biography. By Karl Elze. Translated by Dora Schmitz. (Bell)

Thomas Carlyle and J. S. Mill. By E. Jenks.

The Brontë Country in its Topography, Antiquities, and History. By J. A. Erskine Stuart. (A very attractive little volume to admirers of the Brontés. Longmans.)

Life of John Mitchell. By William Dillon. (A life of "the greatest Irish Irreconcilable" of the century.)

Miscellaneous.

The Principles of Socialism made plain, and Objections and Quack Remedies considered. By Frank Fairman. With a preface by W. Morris. (A good brief statement of English Socialism. W. Reeves.)

The New Social Order. By John Fordyce, M.A. (Written from the stand-point of the Christian Socialist. Kegan Paul.)

A Dream of John Ball. By W. Morris. (A vigorous picture of the English yeomen who joined Wat Tyler and Jack Straw in that popular uprising of the fourteenth century, of which Prof. Thorold Rogers has taught us to think more wisely than Shakespeare's historical dramas have done. Reeves & Turner.)

Paris Bienfaisant. Par Maxime Du Camp. (A detailed account of the philanthropies of Paris. Hachette.)

Vassili Verestchagin, Painter, Soldier, Traveller. Autobiographical Sketches. (Bentley.)

Histoire de l'Art pendant la Renaissance. Par E. Müntz. No. I. (Intended to do for the Renaissance what Perrot and Chipiez have done for antiquity. This first part begins with the "primitives" of the fifteenth century in Italy. Hachette.)

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Circuit Journeys. By the late Lord Cockburn. (The famous judge's diaries on his early circuits. Douglas: Edinburgh.)

M. Renan continues in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of July 15 his peculiar studies of the History of Israel, and M. E. Burnouf endeavors to make out a case for "Le Bouddhisme en Occident."

The *Presbyterian Review* for July has an able critical notice of Dr. Martineau's *Study of Religion* by Prof. J. M. Baldwin. He finds that Dr. Martineau's "experience" lends an additional humanizing force to the argument,—"an experience told with an eloquence that is extraordinary and almost burdensome, and with a form and literary quality unsurpassed, perhaps, in English philosophy. . . . This book reveals the logical instincts of Mill bursting with the spiritual potencies of Schleiermacher."

A new periodical which we are glad to welcome is the *Ethical Record*, devoted to the word and work of the Societies for Ethical Culture. The first two numbers, for April and July, contain Dr. Adler's admirable address delivered at Harvard last January, on "Ethics and Culture"; "The Adoration of Jesus," by Dr. Stanton Coit, who has taken charge of South Place Chapel, London, which now ranks as an ethical society; "What can we give in Place of the Old Faith?" by W. M. Salter; "Ethics and the Pulpit," by John H. Clifford; and full accounts of the charitable and philanthropic activities so earnestly carried on by the four American societies. There is little novelty in this work to a Unitarian, although the details are most interesting reading. It is not what they do, but what they omit, that distinguishes our Ethical Culture brethren from us. The closing pages offer hymns and music for use in the Sunday services.

The death of Prof. A. Schweizer July 3, at Zürich, removes the last survivor among the personal disciples of Schleiermacher.

RECENT AMERICAN BOOKS.

Five Discourses on Future Punishment. Preached in Grace Church, Kansas City, Mo., by the rector, the Rev. Cameron Mann. (Five vigorous sermons in advocacy of conditional immortality, or the "theory of final destruction." Whittaker.)

The Story of Media, Babylonia, and Persia. By Madame Z. Ragozin. (Putnams.)

My Story of the War. A Woman's Narrative of Four Years' Personal Experience as Nurse in the Union Army and in Relief Work. By Mary A. Livermore. (A. D. Worthington & Co.: Hartford.)

Pennsylvania and the Federal Constitution, 1787–88. (A stout volume, edited by J. B. McMaster and Frederic D. Stone, and published by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. It exhibits very fully the circumstances under which the Federal Constitution was ratified by the large State that was first to accept the principle of equal representation in the Senate.)

California inter Pocula. By H. H. Bancroft. (A description of "the

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flush times" in California, sketching the peculiar characters and society of that period. Historical Publishing Company: San Francisco.)

Uncle Tom's Tenement. By Alice W. Rollins. (A novel of the tenement lodging question. W. E. Smythe Publishing Company.)

The Russian Peasantry. By Stepniak. (A very valuable work on the economic, social, and religious condition of the peasantry of Russia. Harpers.)

From Lands of Exile. By Pierre Loti. (A remarkable volume of sketches of the Far East by a French naval officer. Gottsberger.)

NOTEWORTHY ARTICLES IN THE PERIODICALS.

JULY.

Rise of the Scottish Pulpit. By W. G. Blaikie, D.D. (*Presbyterian Review.*)

The New Thirty Years' War. By E. W. Claypole. (The subject is Darwinism. *Universalist Quarterly.*)

Ruskin as a Political Economist. By F. J. Stimson. (A more appreciative estimate than the one usually given by economists. *Quarterly Journal of Economics.*)

A Study of Religion. (Eulogistic article on Dr. Martineau's work. *Edinburgh Review.*)

Our Missionaries. By Sir W. W. Hunter. (*Nineteenth Century.*)

AUGUST.

State Socialism. By John Rae. (*Contemporary Review.*)

The New Dogmatism. By Lewis Wright. (An unfavorable examination of Edward Clodd's "Story of Creation." *Contemporary Review.*)

What is Left of Christianity. By W. S. Lilly. (*Nineteenth Century.*)

The Armada. By A. C. Swinburne. (A tri-centenary poem. *Fortnightly Review.*)

Post-office Parcels and Telegraphs. (A fully illustrated account of the English postal service in its two functions not yet adopted here. *English Illustrated Magazine.*)

The Invitation to celebrate the French Revolution. By Goldwin Smith. (*National Review.*)

Michael Angelo. By W. W. Story. (*Blackwood's Magazine.*)

J. C. Shairp. By Lord Coleridge. (*Macmillan's Magazine.*)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The Story of Turkey. By Stanley Lane-Poole, assisted by E. J. W. Gibb and Arthur Gilman. Price $1.50.— For sale by Damrell & Upham.

The Story of the Nations. The Story of Media, Babylon, and Persia. Including a Study of the Zend-Avesta or Religion of Zoroaster from the Fall of Nineveh to the Persian War. By Zénaïde A. Ragozin. Price $1.50.

A Sketch of the Germanic Constitution from Early Times to the Dissolution of the Empire. By Samuel Epes Turner, Ph.D.— For sale by Damrell & Upham.

From Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

The Complete Life. Six Sermon-lectures from the Stand-point of Modern Thought. By James H. West. Price 60 cts.

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LOOKING BACKWARD, the latest novel by Edward Bellamy, presents a marvellously beautiful and pacifying picture of American life, A.D. 2000, in a vast, happy, competitionless, crimeless, paternal, serene Republic, where individualism and monopoly and the dread struggle for existence find no place. The Boston *Advertiser* calls it "immensely interesting and immensely suggestive." $1.50.

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A STUDY OF PURITANISM.

The history of Puritanism marks one of the most instructive chapters in the annals of the English race. Far wider in its scope than has been generally recognized, Puritanism has left an indelible impress upon the institutions of both the Old England and the New. Its type of character blended the heroism of the stoic, the exaltation of the saint, the self-denial of the ascetic, with the narrowness of the fanatic. While it lived, it was a standing menace against impurity; and, in its death, the principles of stern integrity, of unsullied virtue, which it had sought vainly to compel a nation of weak mortals to adopt, passed into the national life, a rich legacy for future generations.

Historically, Puritanism in England is an influence, a protest, a revolt, a triumph, a fall. Commencing in a longing among the sober-minded for greater sanctity of life, it is soon heard protesting against the sensuousness, the debauchery, and the vice which accompanied the Renaissance. In time it grew to regard all worldliness as sin, all pleasure, however innocent, as vanity. Like those ancient religions which, purely spiritual in their conception, yet issue in the gross materialism of idolatry, Puritanism, in the intensity of its moral convictions, paved the way, by its rigorous proscription of all natural and harmless recreations, for the wild and bestial orgies of the Restoration.

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Narrow, however, as Puritanism was, unfitted as it was for shaping the destinies of a people, it is in no spirit of narrowness or bigotry that its principles can be adequately comprehended, or its influence upon the Anglo-Saxon race be weighed. A liberal age alone can fitly or fairly judge the Puritan age; for, widely as the modern liberal movement may differ from the Calvinistic movement of the sixteenth century, in doctrine, in method, in results, the two systems resemble each other in this: that each has asserted and emphasized the worth and importance of the individual soul. Not as allied to any earthly church did the Calvinist expect to inherit the kingdom of God, but as a spiritual member of Christ's body. The salvation of every soul was a personal matter, achieved by the direct interposition of Christ; and a faith thus solemnly won was not a thing to be lightly held. Nor was it. The Puritan's relation to his God overshadowed all other interests in his mind; and yet it was not until the heavy hand of oppression had driven him outside the pale of the national Church, not until the growing sacerdotalism of the prelates seemed to foredoom his dearly loved Protestant faith, that he became the stern, moody, inflexible foe of episcopacy which he is usually painted.

Originally, Puritanism manifested no open rupture with the spirit of the age. It is seen as the devout element in a semi-political Church. It was thoroughly Protestant, whereas the State religion as set up by Henry VIII. was avowedly anti-Protestant. But in those early days it made small show of numbers. The tenets of the Reformation had made little impression on the mass of Englishmen when Henry broke away from the papacy. It was no part of the design of this monarch, in establishing a national church, to foster opinions which he held in abhorrence; and his new departure seemed to promise little for the cause of the reformed faith. The changes effected in doctrine and ritual were so slight that the popular mind received no severe shock. While the supremacy from being vested in a Roman pontiff was incorporated in the crown, while the

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religious houses (many of which had become hot-beds of immorality) were confiscated, and glaring ecclesiastical abuses were reformed, the service was still, with few alterations, the service of the Catholic Church rendered into the vernacular. There was the same pomp of worship, the same method of church government; and the national instinct of independence was flattered by the transfer of authority from the pope to the king.

It is perhaps quite as well upon the whole that no violent changes were carried into effect at the outset in England, although no questions of policy can excuse the cruelties practised in Henry's reign upon the thorough-going reformers. But a sudden wrenching of the popular faith, which centuries have combined to settle in one groove, would certainly have been disastrous. As a matter of fact, the break with the mother Church, although followed by such apparently insignificant alterations in religion, was in itself a step so important that a more decided reformation could not fail to grow out of it. To justify even thus much of reformation, Henry and his ministers were forced to make use of arguments which in their logical outcome were fatal to many of the doctrines and practices which they desired to retain. Time of course would be required for the development of the new faith, and the obvious advantages of this gradual change of base are seen in the ease with which the popular adhesion passed from the Roman to the English Church.

But great evils are inseparable from any system of State religion. It will either overawe the civil power or be overawed by it. The Church of England, having been called into being to serve the selfish purposes of the king, stood pledged from the moment of its birth to unswerving loyalty to his person. It rendered a glad assent to his headship, and lent itself a willing instrument in his hands. As a tool, it was pliant and useful, its spiritual being quite subordinate to its political function.

But at Henry's death the whole aspect of religion in England was changed. The charge of government fell into

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the control of men whose sympathies were largely Protestant; and the young king, Edward VI., was a ductile instrument with them. The articles of faith were at once revised in the interests of the prevailing Protestant belief, and the break with the Catholic Church was emphasized, where before it had been veiled. Suddenly, it became apparent that the Church of England was a Protestant body with strongly Calvinistic leanings; and before the subjects of the crown had had time to recover from the surprise which this change had occasioned they were sternly bidden to conform to the new order.

Easily as the establishment which had been set up in Henry's reign had fitted into the place of the older worship, the bulk of the people of England had not ceased to be Catholic at heart. They still distrusted heresy; and this summons to an entire abjuration of their faith came with an abruptness which startled and antagonized them. Great movements make head slowly; but the ascendency which the men about the king had acquired depended for its perpetuity upon the overthrow of the Catholic sentiment. The Church, true to its policy, again became the vehicle of ambition. Catholics throughout the realm experienced the bitterness of persecution, and the cruelty which attended the short-lived triumph of Protestantism under Edward paved the way for the bloody reaction of Queen Mary.

In the relentless crusade which this infatuated woman waged upon her religious opponents, degrees of Protestantism counted for nothing. To have cast off the supremacy of the Pope constituted heresy worthy of death, and the added contumacy of the most pronounced Calvinist could suffer no greater penalty. But papistical bigotry served only to cement the opposition to Rome into a firmer bond. The fact that Cranmer's mild Protestantism, even after the most solemn recantation, was not sufficient to save him from the stake, warned the whole people of the true character of the religious contest. The advanced Protestants were in communication with the fountains of the reformed faith on the Continent, and more than all others they stood for the

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religious liberty of Englishmen. Every execution under Mary gained hundreds of converts to Protestantism, and the revolt naturally carried men to extreme views.

The day of Catholic triumph was brief, but it was of sufficient duration to effect a vast alteration in the popular religious belief. When Elizabeth came to the throne, she was met by a strong pressure from the ultra-Protestants, who looked to see a return to the rigorous and radical measures which had prevailed in Edward's reign. If at the outset they were disappointed; if the clear judgment of the queen, singularly — and for England happily — wanting in religious enthusiasm, prevented the establishment of a strictly Calvinistic form of worship, which would have alienated from her not only the old Catholics, but those moderate reformers who were quite content with the ecclesiastical compromise of her father,— the steady trend of events throughout her reign conspired to bring into greater and still greater prominence the teachings of the advanced Protestants.

Elizabeth had little love for these strict religionists, it is true; but in every crisis of the national life it was the strong arm of the Puritan (the name by which they were now generally known) which interposed between England and her foes. On the Continent, the queen saw that the cause of Protestantism was her own cause; and while she aided the Huguenots in France, and the struggling provinces of Spain in the Low Countries, she could not with consistency add to the burdens of her own Puritan subjects at home. This she had no mind to do. Freedom of religious thought she would gladly have granted, while enforcing as mildly as possible an outward conformity to the established worship. Throughout the greater part of her reign, Elizabeth was successful in preserving a fair religious balance among her people; and, although her fame is not free from the charge of persecution, the fact that the supposed necessity of preserving unity of religious faith was hardly controverted in her time is some extenuation of her fault. The general wisdom of her policy was at-

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tested by the affection in which she was almost universally held.

Under her prudent management, England advanced rapidly in domestic prosperity, gathering her energies for the great struggle which was to check the victorious march of the Catholic reaction.

The result of the Spanish war inspired the Puritans with high hopes. To their activity and heroism upon the sea was due the defeat of the terrible Armada; and their loyalty, above taint of disaffection, marked their party as the main reliance of the kingdom against foreign invasion. It is true that, in the supreme hour of England's peril, her Catholic population responded nobly to the call of patriotism, choosing rather to incur the displeasure of Rome than to give aid to their country's foes. But it was not less true that, since her accession to the throne, the most insidious and unrelenting enemy with which Elizabeth had had to deal had been the Catholic Church. After the Spanish defeat, the force of popular sentiment became too strong to be resisted. Proscriptive measures were loudly demanded; and, in the humiliation of the Catholics, the Puritan fancied he saw greater security for the future of his own views.

For many years, the growth of this party in numbers, in respectability, in power, had been steadily increasing. Puritan seamen had wrested the control of the seas from Spain, and Puritan merchants had grown rich on the spoils of her shattered commerce. "The bulk of the country gentlemen, the bulk of the wealthier traders, had become Puritan." The clergy throughout the realm who were noted for devotional zeal were almost to a man of that faction. The sentiment of the Universities was largely tinctured with Puritanism; while the gorgeousness of public worship was gradually being modified, in response to an intelligent demand for a more simple ritual. There were yet many reforms which the Puritan desired to see effected in the Church; but these, which he refrained from pressing upon the queen in her last days, were confidently expected from her successor. The Puritan of the Elizabethan age was no

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fanatic: he was prosperous, he was powerful, with well-ordered ideas as to the object and conduct of life. A little too much of a precisian, without doubt, but yet a man in whom the gush of pure natural affection was very strong,—a lover of home and the family, jealous of the training and care of his children, a devoted friend, a kind neighbor, a patriotic citizen. Puritanism was unquestionably the strongest element in the State, morally and intellectually. There can be no doubt that a consciousness of their strength inspired the Puritans with patience to wait through the closing years of Elizabeth's reign, during which they suffered considerably. The Church itself seemed fast coming over to their views; and, with the ascendency in the House of Commons which they held, the outlook was hopeful.

But the accession of the new dynasty to the throne of England was destined to blast the Puritan's anticipations of religious reformation, and his longing for political liberty as well. Before he had set foot in his new dominions, James had been assured by Archbishop Whitgift of the loyalty of the Church of England, and of its peculiar adaptability to aid in the administration of monarchical government. He came therefore to his new charge fresh from the ratings of the Calvinistic ministers of Scotland, with a mind already predisposed to the most extreme High-Church principles. His feeling upon religious matters was not, however, generally known at his accession. By the mass of Englishmen he was looked upon as likely from his Scottish blood to be favorable to the sterner Protestantism which prevailed in his northern dominions. The petition, therefore, which met him upon the threshold of his reign, for a redress of ecclesiastical grievances, was presented with very considerable confidence. Eight hundred and twenty-five ministers of the Church of England joined in asking for certain reforms, which, while aiming at the restraint of arbitrary power on the part of the bishops, and the abolition of certain ceremonies which in the minds of the Puritans savored of popery, in no sense trenched upon the real dignity of the Episcopate. The general aim of the changes proposed was Calvin-

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istic; and, had they been adopted, the doctrine and ritual of the Church would have been brought into more thorough sympathy with the Protestant spirit of the age. But the petitioners were careful to disclaim any design to revolutionize the Church. "Neither as factious men desiring a popular parity in the Church, nor as schismatics, aiming at the dissolution of the State ecclesiastical, but as the faithful ministers of Christ and loyal subjects to his majesty, they humbly desired a redress of some abuses." *

Thus respectfully did his Puritan subjects address their new monarch. They had reason to expect at least considerate treatment at his hands. Of all the people of England, none had given such incontestable evidences of patriotism and loyalty as the Puritans; and Elizabeth, with great practical shrewdness, had humored their conscientious scruples for the most part, requiring from their ministers only nominal adherence to those forms to which they were averse. James, however, viewed the statesmanship of his predecessor with ill-concealed contempt; and his jealous temper at once took offence at the action of the petitioning clergy. The hope that he held out to them by granting a conference at Hampton Court was groundless. The animosity of the Universities had been awakened by the third article in the petition, which asked "that impropriations annexed to bishoprics and colleges be given to preaching incumbents only; and that lay impropriations be charged with a sixth or seventh part for the maintenance of a preacher." This was a blow at their revenues; and the Oxonians attacked the Puritan ministers in an answering petition to the king, in which the democratical character of the reformed churches of the Continent was pointed out, and a warning was uttered against encouraging a spirit at home whose growth would inevitably infringe upon the royal prerogative. Cambridge joined Oxford in pleading for the retention, unchanged, of all doctrines and usages of the Church as they were at present established. The voice of the bishops was added to those of the two great seats of learning, and their united arguments suited well the temper

* Quoted in Neal's History of the Puritans.

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of the king. If he had entered England with a favorable regard for her church establishment, he was now more than ever convinced of its value as an adjunct to arbitrary rule.

The conference was held, and the prayers of the Puritans were rejected with insult and ridicule. Notwithstanding the fact that there was as yet no pronounced discontent with episcopal supervision, under proper restraints, in the Church, James persisted in viewing the petition as primarily an attack upon the bishops and through them upon his own supremacy. "No bishop, no king," he told them; and, lest they should indulge a hope of any further liberty of conscience within the Church, he said, "I will have one doctrine, one discipline, one religion in substance and ceremony." And, in closing, the memorable words, "If this be all your party have to say, I will make them conform, or I will harry them out of this land, or else worse."

A book of canons drawn up by Bancroft, a prelate whose hostility to the Puritans was of the most bitter and relentless type, was speedily issued, in which *ipso facto* excommunications were dealt out unsparingly to all who in any manner called in question the doctrines, rites, ceremonies, or government of the Church. A rigid conformity in all matters of public worship was enforced; and, as a consequence, nearly "three hundred Puritan ministers were silenced or deprived, some of whom were excommunicated and cast into prison, and others forced into banishment to preserve their consciences."

Up to this time, Puritanism had existed almost entirely within the Church, the number of non-conformists, embracing Presbyterians, Brownists, and Anabaptists, being very small. And, although there had been just cause for discontent with the treatment many prominent members of the party had received under Elizabeth, there had been in her reign no organized persecution. Now, however, we note the beginning of a system of oppression, which drove many loving adherents from the Church of England, while it harassed and abused those who remained within its fold. The sig-

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nificance of this spectacle, too, is heightened, when we reflect that, coincident with the rise of this new spirit of proscription among the prelates and hand in hand with it, was springing up a spirit of absolutism in civil affairs, whose assumptions placed the liberty of the subject more and more at the mercy of the king.

In his History of the English People, Green observes that James was never anything but a foreigner in England, that he never understood the people, the Church, or the government. And, certainly, a careful study of the events of his reign must convince any unbiassed mind of the truth of this statement. He came among a people loyal and generous, well disposed towards him,— their gratitude at having a Protestant succession assured atoning for any feeling of race jealousy they entertained,— and anxious to unite with him in securing the stability and glory of the realm. Long before he died, he had antagonized every element in the national life whose support he should have courted. The limits of the present article forbid anything but a glance at the history of twenty-two eventful years,— a time of grievous tyranny, of great suffering on the part of the people, but in which the sword was forging that was to put an end forever to absolute monarchy in England.

In the first Parliament which met after the death of Elizabeth, the Puritan element predominated. The House of Commons refused for the first time to transact business on the Lord's day, and so urgent was their demand for church reform that James dissolved them to be rid of their importunity. Their dissolution, however, did not occur until 1611; and meantime the tyranny of the ecclesiastical courts and the arrogance of the prelates were making the cause of the Puritan the cause of all patriotic Englishmen. The right of petition was denied, the judges, at the instigation of the king, holding "that it was an offence finable at discretion and very near to treason and felony in the punishment, as it tended to the raising sedition, rebellion, and discontent among the people."

The degrading doctrine of passive obedience was taught

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in the Universities and from the pulpit, while the press sent forth pamphlets which were fairly blasphemous in their adulation of this weak and corrupt king. He himself was never tired of asserting his boundless prerogative, which he claimed as of divine right. To the Parliament he said: "As God can create and destroy, make and unmake, at his pleasure, so kings can give life and death, judge all, and be judged by none. They can exalt and debase, and, like men at chess, make a pawn take a bishop or a knight." At another time, speaking in the Star Chamber in justification of the arbitrary manner in which the common law was overruled, he addressed the judges thus: "The king, sitting in the throne of God, all judgments centre in him; and therefore for inferior courts to determine difficult questions without consulting him was to encroach upon his prerogative and to limit his power, which it was not lawful for any lawyer or subject to dispute. As it is atheism and blasphemy to dispute what God can do, so it is presumption and a high contempt to dispute what kings can do or say: it is to take away that mystical reverence that belongs to them who sit in the throne of God. Plead not," he continued, "upon Puritanical principles, which make all things popular, but keep within the ancient limits." *

These rantings of a mind half unhinged by egotism were taken up by the court clergy, who vied with each other in the task of self-degradation. The doctrine of passive obedience was aimed at the Puritan. It was the very antithesis of Calvinism, which taught men to obey God before the king. James had experienced in his early life the boldness with which that stern doctrine inspired men. More than once he had been taken to task by the Scotch ministers. "I must tell you, sir," said Andrew Melville to him on one occasion, "there are two kings and two kingdoms in Scotland. There is Christ Jesus, the king, and his kingdom, the Kirk, whose subject James VI. is, and of whose kingdom not a king nor a lord nor a head, but a member." † These and similar words never ceased to rankle in the

* The foregoing citations are taken from Neal.
† Green's History of the English People.

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breast of a monarch whose notions of autocratic rule were as lofty as those of any despot who ever existed. It was enough for James to know that the Puritans were Calvinists. Therein he discovered the potent seeds of rebellion; and, as he drew towards the end of his reign, he relaxed no measure of severity against them, but rather by added impositions he increased the weight of persecution under which they suffered.

It is not surprising that under these circumstances the Puritan character gradually underwent a change. Hunted, fined, imprisoned, pilloried for no crime, denied even the right of emigration, which many would gladly have availed themselves of, these men of strong minds, deep affections, and clean, sober lives, had their thoughts more and more driven inward. They had their Bibles; and, as they pored over the records of ancient Hebrew history, they discovered a vivid likeness between their own case and that of the oppressed people of God which that history chronicles. The Bible was their refuge, the source of their strength; and, in the narrow, literal view they took of it, of their weakness as well. For their constant study of the Old Testament, which was the portion of Scripture which they held most in favor, resulted in an unconscious modelling of their lives after a type of character in many respects unsuited for dwellers in a world of seething thought. On the new problems in theology, science, and politics which were rapidly coming to the front, the Bible cast but an uncertain light; and yet it was by this standard alone that Puritanism was attempting to try all things. But, however defective as a text-book of general knowledge the Bible might be, it certainly gave good ground for judging the folly and tyranny of England's oppressors. The contrast was great between the lofty virtue of the Hebrew seer and the almost universal corruption which ruled in English public life; and this contrast was ever prominent in the Puritan mind. They had a vivid idea of what England should be. Their dream and desire were expressed in the one word, "Godliness"; and it was the fading away of their ideal that filled them with gloom.

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Looking out upon Europe, they beheld the lines closing in about the struggling Protestants in the Empire, while at home the State religion was tending steadily away from the standard which had been maintained even in Elizabeth's time. Puritan ideas of virtue and morality were shocked by the flagrant debauchery of the royal court,—a debauchery more coarse and revolting, if less systematically wicked, than that of the Restoration. Upon the stage were displayed the coarseness and vulgarity of an age which had lost the sense of beauty and the gush of innocent emotion that characterized the Renaissance, and retained only its fondness for gaudy pleasures and drunken revels. Intrigues, seductions, murders, follow each other in the plays of the period. Nothing is too sacred to be dragged in the dirt by the writers for the stage, who for the most part depicted the warring passions they felt within their own breasts, and the reckless, tragic lives they led. At the masques and revels devised for the amusement of the king, gluttony and drunkenness held full sway, the actors sometimes rolling in helpless stupor at the royal feet. The king himself was upon one occasion put to bed because he could no longer keep up under the quantity of wine he had drunk; and titled ladies of the court imbibed until they grew tipsy.

The popular sports and pastimes partook of the same heavy, vulgar character as the plays. Bear and bull baiting were favorite amusements. Even the May-day celebrations, which appear at this distance of time to have been very pretty and innocent diversions, were attended with dangerous excesses.*

There surely was some excuse for the severity with which Puritans regarded the manners of this degenerate reign. And when we remember that rottenness and corruption were rampant not only at court and on the stage, but in the Church and in every department of government; that

*Stubbs, quoted by Taine in his History of English Literature, describes the May-day practices in Elizabeth's reign: we have no reason to suppose their morality had improved in the interval. He says: "But their cheefest jewell they bring from the woodes is their Maie poole, which they bring home with great veneration.... Of a hundred maides goyng to the woode over night, there have scarcely the third parte returned home againe undefiled."

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England was ruled by base-born, greedy, unscrupulous favorites, who prostituted their high positions to lust and ambition,—we cease to wonder that they became imbittered against their oppressors. Their sufferings were manifold; for not only were they persecuted for conscience' sake, they were forced to bear their part in enduring the general tyranny of the reign. James had tried through successive Parliaments to coerce the Commons into recognition of his absolute power. Failing in his attempts, he had endeavored to rule the kingdom unaided; and the supplies which Parliament had refused to grant he exhausted every expedient to obtain. Customs dues were illegally imposed, forced loans or benevolences were exacted, monopolies were revived which ground the faces of the poor and the tempers of the rich, the nobility was degraded by the sale of peerages, and the law courts were systematically debased.*

By all these acts, the Puritans were sufferers; and, as they composed the greater part of the trading and mercan-

*It was the practice of the king, when any cause was pending before the courts wherein his private interests or questions affecting his prerogative were at issue, to send for the judges, and by cajolery or intimidation assure a decision favorable to his wishes. The following is a fair instance of his procedure upon such occasions. "A cause happened to be argued in the Court of King's Bench, wherein the validity of a particular grant of a benefice to a bishop to be held *in commendam* came into question; the counsel at the bar had disputed the king's general prerogative of making such a grant. The king, on receiving information of this, signified to the chief-justice through the attorney-general that he would not have the court proceed to judgment till he had spoken with them. Coke (the chief-justice) requested that similar letters might be written to the judges of all the courts. This having been done, they assembled, and, by a letter to which they all subscribed, certified his Majesty that they were bound by their oaths not to regard any letters that might come to them contrary to law, but to do the law notwithstanding; that they held the attorney-general's letter to be contrary to law and such as they could not yield to, and that they had proceeded according to their oath to argue the cause."

The independence of the judges put the king in a great rage. He sent for them to the council chamber, and rated them soundly for daring to question his action in the matter. Overawed by the tone of their sovereign, and fearing the loss of their offices or the ruinous fines of the Star Chamber, the judges fell upon their knees and acknowledged their error. But Coke defended his brethren in the stand they had taken. The king then put the following question to the judges: "Whether, if at any time, in a case depending before the judges, his Majesty conceived it to concern him either in power or profit, and thereupon required to consult with them and that they should stay proceedings in the mean time, they ought not to stay accordingly?" They all, save Coke, declared that they would do so; but he only answered that, when the case should arise, he would do what should be fit for a judge to do. Coke, for his incorruptibility, was suspended from office and soon afterwards dismissed.—*Hallam's Constitutional History.*

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tile population, the burden of illegal taxation bore upon them with peculiar weight. But to every measure of tyranny they opposed a firm front, and both in and out of Parliament exhibited that passion for civil liberty and lawful government which has given them their chief claim to our gratitude. By their sturdy refusal to accede to his demands they forced the king again and again to convene his hated legislature. He found it impossible to continue a personal rule over such subjects; while the singular fatality which attended him in the choice of his ministers helped to render all his schemes abortive. It is true he met every succeeding Parliament with the same absurd claims of boundless prerogative, yet no sitting closed without his being forced to yield something to the steady pressure of the Commons. He had thus gradually lost ground. His guilty ministers had been impeached. He had been compelled to revoke the odious monopolies, and the House had more than established its ancient right to a voice in every branch of the government.

It was in vain that the Star Chamber sought by fines and imprisonments to break the Puritan spirit of opposition; in vain that the judges were corrupted and justice made panderer to the king's autocratic will. The only effect of these measures, so far as he was concerned, was to solidify the forces which fronted him. Popular leaders were beginning to appear, whose eloquence fired the nation and kept the spirit of liberty at fever heat. The Puritans who filled the House of Commons were men whom no royal frown could daunt, whom no dungeons could subdue. And Puritanism at large was learning a lesson. Repeatedly, during the earlier years of the reign of James, had the Puritans protested their loyalty to his person, and persecution had failed to draw from them any sentiment inconsistent with their protestation. They were loyal still, wondrously loyal, considering the burdens that had been put upon them; but the enthusiasm of a former day had departed. Vain, fickle, cruel, and egotistical, James had proved himself to be utterly unworthy of the love or confidence of his

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people. It was impossible to respect such a prince; and we can only understand the patience with which his misgovernment was endured by reflecting upon the anarchy and misery through which England had drifted during the civil wars of a few generations back. There was a widespread dread of again awakening the spirit of internal strife. "The crown was, to sober-minded Englishmen, the centre and safeguard of the national life." To preserve its dignity they would venture their lives; but as these men beheld their religion desecrated, their property confiscated, their dearest rights invaded without scruple by a monarch who was incapable of appreciating disinterested service, there was a growing feeling that duty and patriotism united in calling them to resist the encroachments of tyranny at whatever cost, to preserve the State and its liberties, religion and honest government, even at the sacrifice of the royal comfort and prerogative.

There was in this feeling a hint of that transfer of allegiance from the Crown to the Parliament which future events were to bring about. The House of Commons reflected very perfectly the sentiment of the people. It stood between them and unrestrained tyranny. In the face of a positive interdict of the king, it had boldly continued the discussions of questions affecting the national welfare. It had supported the dignity of the realm, whereas the policy of the king had brought it into disrepute. Its conduct had been wise and prudent, its actions orderly, its mistakes few. On the other hand, the king was always blundering. In a word, the Parliament had the advantage in every comparison that could be drawn; and, when its Puritan sympathies are taken into account, it is easy to understand the increasing popular affection in which it was held.

Had the successor of James been a wise and liberal king instead of a blind and tyrannical one, he might easily have won back the ancient love of his subjects by acting in unison with their representatives. In that case, the history of England would have been different, and the story of Puritanism would have been spared its least attractive chap-

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ter. An atmosphere of freedom, friendly intercourse with broader minds, the modifying influence of varying religious creeds growing peacefully side by side,— such a state of affairs would have prevented the cramped and narrow growth, the cruel and persecuting spirit, which was to mark the Puritan of the next generation. It would have developed the essential elements of Puritan character,— honor, virtue, temperance, love of God and man, of home and country. From his own freedom from restraint would have grown a larger charity, a wider vision, a deeper insight into spiritual truths. There were boundless possibilities in Puritanism. The best blood of England nourished it. Oppression could retard its growth, could cause gloom and bigotry to usurp the province of sweetness and light for a time; but the flower and fruit were sure to come in the end. These have brightened our own day; for the faith that works by love, that with old-time boldness is doing the pioneer work of the churches in the modern world, strikes its roots deep into the Puritan foundation of two centuries and a half ago.

CHARLES E. PERKINS.

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SACRIFICE.

There is a sentence of St. Paul which has often come to my mind in a way to make it seem very puzzling and inconsequent. He is made to say, in our common version (Rom. v. 7), "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die." This, as it stands, is flatly unmeaning. I certainly cannot understand it; and I do not think the translators understood it, either, or else they would have made it more intelligible. Naturally, then, I turn to the Revisers, to see what they have made of it; but I do not find that they understood it any better, for, in the latter half of the verse (which is what particularly puzzles me), they only change to this: "FOR peradventure for THE good man [or, for the Holy Spirit] *some one* would even dare to die." The paradox and the fatuity remain just what they were before; simply, we can give a better guess at what the Greek may possibly have been,—at least in the two words "for" and "the."

I now do what I ought to have done at first, and turn to my Greek text. And here I begin to find a little light. For I notice that (in the latter half of the verse) the verb means "dares," and cannot possibly mean "would dare"; that its subject is not "some," or "some one," but rather "any one," as in the earlier half; and that for the phrase rendered "a" or "the good man" the literal meaning is "the good," or some other expression (as "the good cause") denoting pure quality. But especially I note that for the strange and unmeaning term "peradventure" it would be a much more natural rendering to say "swiftly," or "promptly." And, putting these hints together, I seem to find a meaning like this: that, while it may be hard to find one willing to die for a point of mere individual right, yet any man braves death *readily* where a point of conscience or personal duty is concerned. And in this, instead of the vague and paradoxical assertion that puzzled me before, I have a meaning that

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is both intelligible and noble.* I do not know what the commentators say about it, but this, it seems to me, is what Paul himself says,—certainly a far manlier and nobler sentiment than his translators have given him credit for.

For, as we cannot fail to see, the meaning we had first found has something in it quite pitiful and craven. It seems to show that when the words were written the spirit of sacrifice—in the sense of devotion to duty—which we are so familiar with, both in its humblest and its grandest forms, was quite in its infancy. It seems to show a clinging to life and a dread of death, in men's average temper, which we should call mean and cowardly. It would appear a piece of almost incredible heroism, that one should risk his life for the noblest cause or the noblest leader!

Now I need not speak here of the Christian martyrs, whom these very words of Paul—leading up as they do to his noble exhortation, "I beseech you by the mercies of God that ye give your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, *which is your reasonable service*"—were helping to educate up to that high pitch of moral daring. We are well used to the same thing in other shapes, and nearer home. There are the old familiar stories of feudal devotion of clansmen for their chief: nay, only a few weeks ago more than one loyal subject offered his own life, if by any miracle of surgery it might be made effective to save the dying Emperor of Germany. There is the absolute self-surrender of the Nihilists of our day for a cause that seems to us not holy at all, but very atrocious—save for this one quality, of inspiring such devotion. There was the humble heroism of that negro boatman in the war, who said, very simply, "Somebody has got to die, and it may as well be me," and

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* The verse as it stands in Greek is as follows: *μόλις γὰρ ὑπὲρ δικαίου τις ἀποθανεῖται· ὑπὲρ γὰρ τοῦ ἀγαθοῦ τάχα τις καὶ τολμᾷ ἀποθανεῖν.* It will be seen that the interpretation turns on the ambiguous meaning of *τάχα*, to which I have given what seems to me its more natural interpretation. To make sure, however, I sent the text to a friend, a very eminent professor of Greek, who replies as follows: "Not knowing the context, I should be inclined to understand it thus: 'For one will hardly die for what is just, and yet one may easily venture to die for the Good.' Is it an argument for elevating the good, *τὸ ἀγαθόν*, in Plato's sense, above the [special] virtues? The omission of the article with *δικαίου* and not with *ἀγαθοῦ* suggests this."

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so cast off the boat under a storm of shot that instantly struck him down. Every year, it is likely, there are scores of firemen, who take their lives in their hand, knowingly, to rescue those helpless in the flames; of railway engineers, who go open-eyed into the jaws of death, hoping by their own risk to save the train; of pilots and ship-captains, who will not quit the post of danger while one life may possibly be saved. A case happened the other day which shows exactly what all this means, which we probably all saw in the papers at the time and most of us have forgotten since, in the crowd of newspaper horrors: an apothecary's clerk, having to unpack a carboy of nitric acid, found that by some defect in the glass or the packing the acid had escaped; and, in doing what he could to save others from the deadly fumes, he inhaled them himself and died that night, giving his body a living sacrifice, which was his reasonable service, doubtless — as an apothecary's clerk. In short, Paul appears to be arguing with a far lower temper of mind than what we all know by examples so familiar, which we may fairly enough call the fruit of that Christian training the world has lived under for these eighteen and a half centuries since Jesus lived and died.

I need not, then, go on with St. Paul's argument, to show how that voluntary sacrifice of Jesus bridged over (so to speak) the unfathomable gulf between man and God, and served somehow as a "reconciliation" and "propitiation" for us; so that, however guilty in his own esteem, one might take heart from that high example, and approach the Eternal Judge without abject terror and with some good hope. We sometimes, indeed, hear it said by the rationalism of our day that it was by his example, not his sacrifice, that Jesus saved the world from its burden of despair and guilt. But, if we look at the evidence of any of those earlier centuries when the struggle was most visibly going on, we shall find that the record of his actual life was almost wholly lost sight of; such a thing as to find a human example in him is (so far as I remember) quite unknown; while the one point continually put before the believer's conscience

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was the wonder of that great sacrifice,—not at all in its modern "vicarious" sense, but in its purely moral quality, of willingly laying aside the greatest splendor and power, to assume the lowest service and to die a slave's death upon the cross. In this sense, as those records will show, that sacrifice made the central thought and power of the first Christian ages. And, that we may rate this great moral fact at its just value, we should try to understand, if we can, the temper of mind to which Paul speaks.

It seems probable that the ancient conviction of the value and efficiency of sacrifice, as a means of placating the Deity, may have had to do with what we call the Oriental feeling of a sovereign's absolute right to dispose of his subjects' lives. This Oriental feeling I will illustrate by two anecdotes out of Herodotus. When Xerxes was setting out on his expedition into Greece, a certain prince, who had shown the monarch magnificent hospitality, begged as a special favor that the youngest of his six sons might be allowed to stay at home to comfort his old age; upon which the king ordered the heads of all six to be struck off and set on stakes on the two sides of the way by which the host was to march, as a warning that no man might with impunity speak of right or favor where the sovereign was concerned. Again, as he returned to Asia from that disastrous expedition in a single crowded ship, which labored in a storm, and the captain said it was impossible that so many should be saved, Xerxes appealed to his lords and nobles on board to devote themselves for their king,—which (forgetful or unmindful of that insolent act of cruelty) they instantly did, paying him reverence and plunging into the wild sea; then, landing safe, he first rewarded the captain's skill with a golden crown, but directly after ordered him to be beheaded, as having caused the death of so many Persian nobles.

These stories show us that Asiatic notion of absolute sovereignty, which in all its essentials is held there to-day. By a recent report the Shah of Persia, who is the successor to the throne of Xerxes, has only begun this very year to show a sense that the sovereign may have duties as well as

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rights. We have to do, however, not with that, but with the religious idea of sacrifice it led to. The patriarch Abraham had it borne in on him (as we should say to-day) that to insure the favor of his deity he must kill his own son and burn his body on a hilltop on a heap of stones,— the regular way of sacrifice; and he created a new era of religious sentiment by coming through a deeper insight to see it in a different light, and daring to set a humaner example. Thus the sacrifice of Isaac — as it is sometimes very improperly called — is in our modern critical view a legend or myth, telling in a way partly fictitious how that step was made from the dismal superstition of human sacrifice in its most pitiful form, the offering of the oldest child upon the altar. But, though the form was left behind, the idea has remained. Fathers and mothers, during our civil war, offered up their sons "on the altar of their country" with a feeling as distinctly, solemnly, tenderly sacrificial as that we ascribe to "the father of the faithful." In a more consciously literal sense we find the old thought coloring the entire argument of "Romans" and "Hebrews" where they speak of the death of Jesus. Down even to this day, the vocabulary of "revival melodies" reeks with the thought of blood,— the blood of human sacrifice.

We have little occasion, at the present stage of liberal exegesis, to discuss the theological idea — which is little more at this day than the ghost of an idea — of vicarious sacrifice in its stricter sense. But there is also a human idea, a point of human character and experience, represented in the phrase "sacrifice and reconciliation," or "reconciliation by sacrifice," which we may briefly reflect upon to our advantage.

I will begin by copying an illustration from Mr. Ruskin. Now Mr. Ruskin is apt to take a view of things which seems to most of us wildly ideal and unpractical. But his view is at the same time in itself a very lofty one, and we may well compare it here with that of Tolstoï discussed in these pages a month ago; while his language in setting it forth is often both superbly eloquent and austerely noble. In fact, if we

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wish to see what the Gospel code of morals really is, and how it applies to common things, we might look far before we found a teacher to whom we could go so well.* Here is his illustration of what we mean by sacrifice: —

> Five great intellectual professions, relating to daily necessities of life, have hitherto existed, and these exist necessarily in every civilized nation: the Soldier's profession is to defend it; the Pastor's, to teach it; the Physician's, to keep it in health; the Lawyer's, to enforce justice in it; the Merchant's, to provide for it.
>
> And the duty of all these men is, on due occasion, to die for it. On due occasion: that is, the Soldier, rather than leave his post in battle; the Physician, rather than leave his post in plague; the Pastor, rather than teach falsehood; the Lawyer, rather than countenance injustice; the Merchant,— what is his due occasion of death? It is the main question for the merchant, as for all of us. For, truly, the man who does not know when to die, does not know how to live.

Passing over what is here said of the merchant's double function, as a dealer in commodities and as an employer of other men, and the way the rule of integrity is exhibited in each, we come to what follows: —

> Supposing the captain of a frigate saw it right, or were by any chance obliged, to place his own son in the position of a common sailor; — as he would then treat his son, he is bound always to treat every one of the men under him.† So, also, supposing the master of a manufactory saw it right, or were by any chance obliged, to place his own son in the position of an ordinary workman; — as he would then treat his son, he is bound always to treat every one of his men. This is the only effective, true, or practical rule which can be given on this point of political economy.
>
> And as the captain of a ship is bound to be the last man to leave his ship in case of wreck, and to share his last crust with the sailors in case of famine, so the manufacturer, in any commercial crisis or distress, is bound to take the suffering of it with his men, and even to take more of it for himself than he allows his men to feel; as a father would, in a famine, shipwreck, or battle, sacrifice himself for his son.

Here we are arrested by these words: *sacrifice himself for his son*,— which is here spoken of as a thing of course, and which we feel to be a thing of course. But what a long

* See Preface to *The Crown of Wild Olive*.

† See, for an example, the conduct on shipboard of Charles Reade's ideal sailor, David Dodd, in *Very Hard Cash*.

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way we have advanced from the idea of Abraham's time, when it was thought a natural and right thing for a father to *sacrifice his son for himself!* Even as far down as Micah, fifteen hundred years later, to trust the common reckoning, it is spoken of as quite a possible thing that a man should give "the fruit of his body for the sin of his soul," — that is, kill his own child for a scruple of conscience or an act of worship; and against it the prophet urges that all the Lord requires of us is "to do justly and love mercy and walk humbly with our God."

But at any rate we see this: that the idea and the need of sacrifice are not outgrown in modern life. So far from that, it is the element of sacrifice that more than anything else makes a man's life moral,— something better than that of a well-trained animal. Even the simplest, easiest, commonest, pleasantest duty, *done as duty*, has that element in it. More than any other, it is the mark of a true nature, that when the moment comes to make the sacrifice, it is made (as Paul says) *promptly*, cheerfully, and without hesitation,— just as a brave soldier does not hesitate, when the order is given to advance; just as a true father or mother does not hesitate, when personal comfort or indulgence must be given up for the benefit of a sick child. The virtue of the act consists in renouncing something: that is Goethe's own hint of the pivot of a manly discipline. Even those very relations of human life which are most absolutely founded in mutual love and trust — the relation of husband and wife, of brother and sister, of parent and child — are not at all fulfilled by indulging the sentiment so natural and sweet, but are precisely those which most constantly demand the sacrifice of present feeling or interest or comfort to instant duty. One is constantly struck, in diaries, letters, or other records of the Puritans, with the austerity of the sense of duty on one side, contrasted with the extreme tenderness of family affection on the other. Nay, without something of that austere savor, those relations can no more be kept true and sweet than food without salt. We do not see the salt; we do not taste it, *as such;* but we

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know by the wholesome flavor that it is there, in every particle of the food. Much more, "every sacrifice is seasoned with salt." Mere sympathy and affection, the placid, kindly flow of family love without break, jar, or difference — such as we like to dream of, such as we find in the "goody-goody" class of sentimental stories — is in most cases, probably in all cases, mere illusion but for that saving salt. And the disappointments of domestic life, which make the great staple of modern introspective novels, come thickest, fastest, and worst where — as in the lawless "Bohemia" of continental fiction — love is regarded as a sentiment to be indulged, not as a quality to be ripened under training, a quality that requires daily sacrifice not only *for*, but *to* the object it lays hold on. The lamp that shines clearest and steadiest upon our daily walk is what Ruskin has so well called "the Lamp of Sacrifice."

But I wish to keep as close as I can to the religious motive and thought we started with. And so I come to consider what we may call the response in the soul, or the correlative in the religious life, of the idea of sacrifice; that is, the idea of reconciliation or redemption.

Reconciliation, religiously speaking, implies two parties to be reconciled, and two things to be done. It implies on our part what is called ransom, or propitiation, which is the price offered; and on the part of the Divine Law what is called pardon, or acceptance, which is the reward obtained. In the symbolic language of the New Testament, Christ is said to pay the ransom for us with his blood, and to purchase by it the Divine pardon, which is then freely given to the believer. This we hold to be the language of pure symbol, not of literal fact; yet it stands for a very real fact in the life of the soul, and it is this fact, not any theorizing or dogmatizing about it, which we are trying to understand. Doctrine or symbol apart, then, what does that language mean?

That the sacrifice made by Christ in his acceptance of the doom of death was in any literal way the purchase of our redemption, turns upon a notion of the sacrificial act

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which is so far away from our present notions that we can hardly see how it exists at all, or realize that it ever did exist. We cannot possibly think seriously, for example, of such a thing as seeking to buy any favor or advantage to ourselves by cutting the throat of an innocent animal, a lamb or a kid; still less by knocking down a bull and bleeding him to death. But this was so familiar and must have seemed so reasonable once that in "Hebrews" it is freely used to impress upon Christian disciples the moral value and religious meaning of a martyr death, like that of Jesus. With us it is just the other way. As a religious image, "the lamb that was slain" does not impress us at all, till we think of the sinlessness and patience of the victim it represents. "As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth": that is the prophet's picture of the just man brought to the bar of his persecutors, and the symbol abides in the world's "heart of heart." So the girl princess standing at the altar in Aulis, her scarlet robe (in the vivid poetic diction of Æschylus) picturing the blood about to gush at the stroke of the high-priest's hand, made in her virgin innocence so pitiful a picture to the fancy of the Greek that later fancy, out of pure compassion to that pleading image, held that she was caught from the sacrificial knife by the same offended deity that had demanded the offering, and made, herself, a priestess at that deity's altar. It is the human aspect of the tragedy that comes home to us. We are quick to feel the moral quality, where we find only horror and disgust in the ritual act. That a brave man should meet death bravely when it comes in the line of duty; that a pious man should meet it piously, with trust and resignation; that a patient man should endure patiently the agony of it when it comes in an agonizing form,—all this seems to us very natural and simple: very noble, also, as we see it on its purely human side. It is the highest form we know, of that great tragedy of human life whose office (according to the old saying) is to purify the soul by those two profound emotions, awe and pity,— as we have seen of late years in three marked examples, each of which enchained for months the sympathy of the civilized world.

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And of sacrifice in this purely human sense the noblest form is self-sacrifice for an object wholly free from all taint of self-seeking: of which the death of Jesus is the accepted type. He is often said to lay down his life for us; and once (John x. 18) he is said to do it of his own free choice. Now many martyrs have died of their own free choice; and many a Hindoo widow has burned herself on her husband's funeral pile of her own free choice. But to our thought that free choice hurts the moral value of the act, giving it something of the reproach of suicide. And, if we look to the circumstances in the case of Jesus, we see that it was not like that. He surrendered himself — full of abounding life as he was — to the certainty of death with great agony and conflict. This we see in the Garden of Gethsemane, and hear it in the bitter cry, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me!" But, that crisis once past, he met the destiny before him with absolute patience and trust. It was like a soldier's fidelity, who will not turn back when wounds and death are in the way; and so he is called "the captain of our salvation." It was like the obedience of a child, which takes its mother's hand and submits without shrinking to the painful necessary operation of a cruel surgery; and so he is called God's "well-beloved Son." The merit is not in the pang of suffering, but in the willing submission to a doom that is seen to be inevitable.

And this willing submission appears — by some law that lies very deep in our spiritual nature — to be the *essential* condition of that state of mind implied in the words "pardon" and "reconciliation." Here, perhaps, it is just as well not to try to analyze the fact by any psychological process, but simply to look at it and see if we can what it means. We will take, then, a chapter of simple common experience, and listen to plain first-hand testimony about it. And the testimony I shall select is couched not in the language of every-day life, which might deceive us by its apparent shallowness, or else take a coloring too emotional for our present use; but it shall be a passage which I copy from an old number of this *Review*, the record of a pious woman of five

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hundred years ago, in which the antique phrase may perhaps catch the eye, and serve to put the experience she speaks of in clearer relief: —

It is God's will that we have three things in seeking of his gift. The first is that we seek wilfully and busily, without sloth, as it may be with his grace, gladly and merrily, without unreasonable heaviness and vain sorrow. The second, that we abide him steadfastly for his love, without grudging and striving against him, unto life's end — for it shall last but a while. The third is that we trust in him mightily, of full and true faith; for it is his will that we know, that he shall appear suddenly and blessed fully to all his lovers.

And this is a sovereign friendship of our courteous Lord, that he keepeth us so tenderly whiles we be in sin; and furthermore he toucheth us full privily, and sheweth us our sin by the sweet light of mercy and grace. But when we see our self so foul, then we ween that God were angry with us for our sins. Then we be stirred of the Holy Ghost by contrition into prayer and desire, amending of our self with all our might to slack the wrath of God, unto the time we find a rest in soul, and softness in conscience. And then hope we that God hath forgiven us our sin; and it is true. And then sheweth our courteous Lord himself to the soul merrily, and of full glad cheer, with friendfully welcoming, as if it had been in pain and in prison, saying thus: *My dear darling! I am glad thou art come to me in all thy woe. I have ever been with thee; and now seest thou me loving, and we be oned in bliss.*

If we had been trying to describe some such experience as that, we should have dropped all this quaint dialect, and this charming old imagery — as if we were trying, very humbly, to do service to some very powerful and kind-hearted nobleman, who was too great a gentleman not to be polite to the very humblest of his servants. We should have spoken, perhaps, of some duty that had seemed to us very hard, till we took hold manfully, and were all the happier for having done it. We should have spoken, perhaps, of some fault or misdeed that had made us very much ashamed, and of an effort to get the better of it — which very effort had given us great joy. We should have told, perhaps, of some sorrow or pain, sickness or loss, in which we had found real peace by throwing ourselves (so to speak) upon the bosom of the Eternal, much as a spent seaman trusts himself to the buoyancy of the wave, and so receiving in a moment that which

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religionists speak of as the salvation that comes by faith. If we are really at once humble of heart and clear in understanding, we shall not, I think, speak of it as if the Lord of all things were really thinking about us and pleading so with us. That is the language of the heart, not always to be translated into the dialect of the understanding. We set it down as imagery and symbol, in which all of us have at times to speak of religious things. The one main fact which we seem to have a glimpse of is this: that there is a deep sense of unworthiness, weakness, ignorance, shame; and that the way of the meanest duty has been the way of deliverance from that gloom into a great light and joy.

That duty was our act of sacrifice. That joy was the joy of our pardon and reconciliation. Somehow — we do not well know why — a certain sense of alienation, of disobedience, of unworthiness, is likely to come first, and to come with a very keen and deep sense of contrition, as the condition of the peace and joy that follow. This, we may perhaps say, is our way of sharing that sentiment which claims no merits and no rights in presence of one's Sovereign. We are but unprofitable servants; we have done only that which it was our duty to do. At least, the humility which that sentiment implies is the condition of the reward that follows. Possibly, we may not have felt it for ourselves. Perhaps we shall think we have not, even if we have. But, if we think of it again,— longer, deeper, and alone,— we may find, after all, that we are not quite strangers to such experience. We, too, have had something like a sense of alienation, contrition, unworthiness, unrest. We, too, by that way have found again harmony and peace. The experience came and went. It is one of the subtlest, deepest, obscurest, in our religious psychology. But it is there. And it may stand as our key, our hint, our help, in understanding that fact which has been of such enormous moment in the spiritual evolution of humanity, and which we call the Law of Sacrifice.

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RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

THE METHOD OF NATURE.

It is written in the book of Genesis that when God had formed every beast and fowl he brought them to Adam to see what he would call them. In our schooling we reverse the process, and provide the young with names before acquainting them with things. Luckily, for some time after they are born, the children cannot talk, and so have to feed on objects. They have wheat for a while, without chaff of words. They get, it is said, more impressions in the first five years, the beautiful dumb period, than in all the rest of their life. Moses, from fear of the dulling repetition of solemn terms on the ear, decreed that the commandments should be "bound as a sign on the hand, and as frontlets between the eyes." But from our linguistic way we suffer a worse multiplication of words than they did in Egypt from that plague of flies.

Now the method of Nature in religious teaching checks the flux of words. With what a volley of talk on points of no moment our peace is slain! Carlyle preached the doctrine and duty of silence in thirty volumes. We are silent when we observe. The poet who wrote the drama of Job must have had painful memories of vain-glorious garrulity, when announcing his plan to teach not by language, but by the hand — meaning the work and providence of God. After Elihu had uttered a discourse sounding and sublime, the Lord breaks in upon it out of the whirlwind, and inquires of his servant Job, under the hail of his comforter's reproach as well as the flail of affliction and disease, "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" Nature is silent, and we are moved to be still in her presence.

But let me fortify my proposition of showing *things* before assigning *names* by more than Jewish authority. Plato introduces his Book of Laws with a conversation between two characters, "the Athenian" and Clinias, and lays the

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basis of education in the mother's practice with her babe. The child, ushered among the resistless forces of nature, is weak, and fears. The mother hushes and diverts it from its terror by her nursing, rocking, and singing. The virtue of this charm, or antidote, is proved by the oldest man's recollection. Nothing, at least from the early date, do I bear so clearly in mind as the swaying of the painted pine cradle and the four-legged straw-bottom chair I was so noisily rocked in to and fro behind the hearth-stone on the white sanded floor. That oft-recovered image of my infantile self in arms is like the central light in a great picture. It illuminates the whole scene of childhood. It brings back the room and window, orchard and well of water shining through the trees, as from the cries and cares of the world I fell into the sleep never since so easy. Whatever else has been rubbed out or has slipped away from the slate or tablet within, one thing I never forget; namely, that what was *done* to the child taught it more than what was *said*.

It is curious that the counsel which the Greek philosopher in his famous dialogue propounds, the German Goethe without reference to or apparent concert with him repeats. In *Wilhelm Meister*, a treatise on education in the shape of a tale, no bookish mode of teaching is adopted, but that of sallying forth into the world to see and to do; and music again, as with Plato, has a notably large place in the scheme: "Music," says Goethe, "opens many ways." Froebel's system of the *Kindergarten* recognizes the importance of the executive as well as of the acquisitive faculties in the training of either sex. To deliver from fear is the common object of all these ancient and modern masters. But Goethe, beyond any other teacher, adds the inculcation of reverence for that which is above, within, and beneath us, a threefold worship of the divine, adding to Plato's exposition the pregnant remark that fear is natural, but reverence must be acquired; and, that it may not be found wanting, should be excited, unfolded, and enjoined.

What is Religion primarily but reverence, secondarily benevolence, thirdly conscience, and fourthly obedience?

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It is all these sentiments combined or rooted in and growing from the sense of the One living and supreme. How to exercise and strengthen the reverential feeling which will draw all other good acts and dispositions in its train is the question,—answered, thus far, in Bible lessons and the catechism, by telling children about the patriarchs, prophets, and psalmists, about Jesus, Paul, and John; an excellent style, which needs, however, to be supplemented, not superseded, as the best words are never out of season. A word or a name is the condition of human intercourse, the staple of conversation, and the sum of particular things. We commune together and understand one another when we speak in terms of any plant, mineral, animal, or of mankind. But how much more closely, when we have all seen what is talked about with our own eyes! The reverent emotion may not arise when the mere scientist regards and prizes the facts observed only as facts to be put in rows and called "laws." But there is no fact so insignificant that it cannot be fitly used so as to move that adoring wonder in the human breast, out of which all the prayer-books, collects, liturgies, and litanies have sprung. Nature is revelation real and manifest and without end. It is "the word of God running very swiftly"; and to substitute for it or set in opposition to it any paper-and-ink volume, however esteemed sacred and holy, bound with velvet and held in golden clasps, is to blaspheme.

But can there be any properly religious instruction besides such revival of the meaning in the ancient register? And how can it be got out of *things* in the material world? Is not matter, as the old theology and philosophy affirmed, a name for evil and not for good? Nay; for, if so, it could not be shaped as God's own image into man, or as order and beauty into nature. It is time to drop the superstitious fable that the earth was cursed for Adam's sake. The seams in it are made to show where its Maker pieced it together as a garment. In the pit and precipice he but turns over a leaf that we may read the other side. It is his own colored photograph which he gives us,—or rather his

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autograph. It is a great picture, of tints and drawings manifold. O priest, I see you with your gilded missal in your cell. But the sentences of my devotion I read on a more splendid page. Benvenuto Cellini held up to his class one day a bone from the base of the human spine, and said, "This is what I worship." Agassiz asserted that a moral principle is no more sacred than a physical fact. We find God and ourselves in the structure of bird, beast, insect, or fish. The idealist says there is no such thing as matter. I will say there is no matter which does not manifest and illustrate spirit. Our human form is reflected in a glass; but we are ourselves reflections in a vaster mirror. Outward forms as object-lessons do not set aside the venerable traditions, for those forms are no novelties themselves. That which is discovered is very old, coeval with the universe and immemorial time. No paper or parchment, no inscription on antique pillars and temples, is more than a transitory phenomenon in comparison with these engravings eternal in substance and changeful in shape.

Will you then have a tradition to which all literature is modern and new? Fetch not a manuscript from some ancient monastery, a coin or utensil from the ashes of Pompeii, or carved marble from beneath the bed of Tiber, or writing in the Syriac tongue or mystic hieroglyph: but from the hills "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun" a shell whose inhabitant swam the sea in some past geologic period; trace the track of strange birds in clay hardened into stone; study some fossil plant or animal, the coal-mine into which primeval forests have been hotly crushed, the oil gathered into enormous vats, veins of metal that boiled up through granite and gneiss from the bottom of this earthly pot — who knows when? Here you have antiquity under the very seal and stamp of the Almighty! The sentiment of veneration in which religion has its root is nourished and preserved against all danger of extinction not by written prophecies alone, but by those predictions in the frame of things which take in cycles of time incomputable, and that revolve from everlasting to everlasting. The true scientist is a religionist too, if he bows his head.

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Thus I deny any distinction of secular and sacred in the nature of things: "the ground where thou standest is holy." It is the light we see things in, the view we take of them, that makes them worldly or divine. The teacher is more than the thing taught. I remember nothing, not a jot, of what I was taught in the Sunday-school in Portland sixty years ago. But I shall never forget the faces of my teachers Joseph Harrod and William Willis, in Ichabod Nichols's church: the gentle tones, the pious looks, their patience and pains-taking to pour knowledge into the narrow neck of my childish apprehension, and how good and gracious I felt it to be for those grown men to spend their valuable time on such an ignorant little fellow! Nor have I lost yet the impression they made on me of an infinite wisdom beyond themselves. How dear still is that part in the drama of the child Samuel, which I seemed to be made to act over again, in something like a linen ephod! In my humble fashion I too ministered before the Lord, in a great awe of whom, like a bird trembling in a friendly hand, I felt so safe!

Our science discovers Nature as being no chaos, discord, or ruined sphere, but harmony through all the crash and cataclysm without fault or jar. Storm, volcano, flood, waterspout, earthquake, are but the noise and rustle she makes in opening the leaves of her book, to tell what otherwise we should never understand. All our religious words must have their meaning suggested, supplied, and certified by observation of the world. We say *eternity:* as an abstraction can the child ever conceive it? But take him to the seashore and show him a cliff, whose lines and veins of diverse substance and grain have been pounded out by the hammer of that prime geologist the Sea! Explain to him the periods required first for the internal convulsions to rear, next for the sea to abrade, and finally for the weather, wind, and frost to crack and stain this stucco-work of projecting ledge and retreating cave, on which the tide beats and within which the billows sob: where in your backward reckoning you stop, and your pencil among billions of years drops from your exhausted hand, the Everlasting will be a real

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thought. We say *infinity:* it is at first a blank and empty term. But go with your pupil out under the blue sky; efface your familiar every-day impression; break through the crust of custom; transport your mind through the shifting breeze in the balloon of your imagination up to the serene ether whither no aëronaut can ascend; direct his gaze to the planets, then farther off to the fixed stars; point out the shining world-dust of the Milky Way; awaken in the young mind the idea of measureless extent, and ask whether in the celestial spaces there can be any compartment where a revolving globe is not,— and you will lead into the Infinite. We speak of the Divine Providence: with how vague perception of its steps in our lives! But when we behold the marvellous provision made through the long series of vegetable and animal tribes for the coming and sustenance of man,— who, as Goethe says, is Nature's articulate word,— then how Providence ceases to be a hollow creed, and becomes a solid fact! Nature, we say, is relentless and unmerciful, and never forgives violation of her laws. She is God's executioner: signs of goodness in this executor of his will, of possible expiation and escape from every trespass, ever demonstrate that there is no unpardonable sin. The thunderbolt knows its mark. Matter is resolved into points and centres of living force: it is never for a moment or in an atom blind.

To the Old and New Testaments we thus add a third volume older than both. If criticism blot or tear any page of the first two, it cannot mar these stone and iron leaves. We or our children can have only a few specimens, or representations, from this studio of the great world in the mechanical accommodations of a class-room. Let us therefore roam with them through such part as we may have access to, of the vast gallery itself — as we give the children of the poor their "country week." If but half the Sunday is spent in public worship, let the other half be thus devoted to the young. Let us find a "divine service" in listening to what Hugh Miller called the testimony of the rocks. Let us uncover at their edges the inscribed layers of the hills, and pierce to the primeval forces they were thrown up by, like bubbles from

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the deep. Overtaken by the rain, let us survey those "wandering cisterns in the air," and admire the huge distillery they came from, without one intoxicating drop! Let us examine the scores of patterns in the crystals of the snow, or observe those huge oceanic water-pails, borne on the shoulders of sun and moon, which we call the tides. There will be elation for us and good cheer for the children in this method — which does not displace, but adds to those histories and biographies in which ecclesiastic custom so overacts the tragic parts. How often as a traveller I recall my own shrinking at the gross exhibition in churches or by the wayside of sculptured agonies, painted horrors, those writhings made permanent which Nature makes so transient! How inauspiciously stereotyped by the rude artist's hand the waxen tears and ochre blood! They will bless the world, who take from religion its black apparel of mourning. In that text-book of the mind of God, bound in adamant and air, the jubilant prevails over the melancholy strain.

Our plea is confirmed by considering the nature of the creatures we deal with,— not only receptive, but active, locomotive, constructive, or destructive, so curious to get into things and understand. My little kinsman, a grand-nephew two years old, sooner than any other member of the family fastens his eye upon me as I approach the house. He has a well-laid plot to take possession of his aged relative. He knows, as well as any politician in office, what *nepotism* means. He grasps me by the hand for aid in his endless excursions. He drags me in how many directions! He is almost mad to see the railroad train; he wants to visit the red signal-ball on the iron track, and to pound it, pleased at the echo from his little fist. He descries with glee the brown bug which I had not observed on the petals of a tiny aster lying modest amid the grass; he gives a long stern chase to the butterfly that veers and beats with its yellow sails, wing-and-wing, across the front yard, then to the boy's discomfiture steers out of sight over the stone wall. Straightway the little Ulysses seeks other adventures: he invites me to take him up to the summer-house, to the high ledges

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beyond, or to the well with its rope still reeved for the old oaken bucket beneath. But animals are his chosen objects of rapt and wondering interest: the dog, horse, hen, pig, raccoon,— all that flies above or runs and creeps below. Into what a big, dazzling, incalculable museum he has entered! How the finger of nature in him marks and grades the way for his instruction!

The mechanic, smith, architect, builder, makes good account of his materials,— what shape they will take, what strain they will bear,— comparing their capabilities with the pattern of house, ship, road, utensil, in his mind. As educators we may well scan the supplies for our finer operations,— not dead timber, but live stuff offered for our use. "A little child shall lead them!" — that is, creatures naturally wild and fierce. Let a little child lead us in the line of its own native talent or genius, that its divinely appointed destiny may be fulfilled! In Horatio Greenough's marble group of "The Angel and Child" the child looks wistfully up into the angel's face and asks, "Into what regions wilt thou lead me now?" Let the human guide discover the line of least resistance, and not punish in the little ones what is sure to be outgrown. With what an impressionable bit of living wax we deal! Why are the young creature's eyes made so sharp to see, in dot or insect, what no glasses will aid his elders to discern, but for a hint what we shall lead him to observe? Why does his ear become early and easily so quick, but that we may take care to modulate what he shall hear? Why is his touch so delicate, but that in body and soul he may have the best to feel? We are history; he is prophecy.

The out-door training I have sketched would meet Emerson's scornful question, "Why drag this dead weight of a Sunday-school all over Christendom?" and might satisfy his dictum that it will be time to answer the children's questions when they ask them. They will ask more than any manual, memorandum, or mouth can answer.

CYRUS A. BARTOL.

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HUNGARIAN PROTESTANT UNION.

BY PROF. BOROS, OF THE COLLEGE AT KOLOZSVÁR, TRANSYLVANIA.

Considering the great and essential differences between Unitarian and other forms of Protestantism, union among their members is especially significant of that change in religious thought belonging to our time. Protestantism long held the field under the two forms Lutheran and Calvinist; but neither quite escaped the transforming effect of the race-characteristics of those who embraced them; still less could they resist the pressure of modern thought and culture,—as we have seen in England and Scotland, in the conflict between the elder Calvinism and the newer Biblical science, and as we see it now in Hungary.

Although the system of Calvin was introduced into Hungary in his own lifetime, it soon underwent the inevitable change, and was very early brought into direct collision with the Unitarian doctrine taught there under the lead of Socinus and Blandrata. Unitarianism, indeed, had a position and influence far out of proportion with the numbers of its adherents, and in 1568 it had already become one of the four established ecclesiastical systems recognized in the constitution of the kingdom. Under the chartered rights then granted its communities are subsisting now. Meanwhile, general science and Biblical criticism have brought about, throughout Protestant and even (to a great extent) Catholic Europe, a new heaven and a new earth. The dogmas of the Creation and Fall, essential as the basis of the old belief, fell into the domain of myth, and had no longer hold upon the mind of a scientific age. Hungary shared the movement of this new current of thought. As before students from Germany and the Netherlands had brought in the Protestant Reformation, so it has been with the younger learning and science of our time; and, as then so now, the old is giving place to the new. Laymen penetrated by the modern philosophical ideas, theologians armed with the weapons of the later criticism, came almost suddenly to

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the discovery that all things round them had undergone a change.

But here as elsewhere conservatism stood on its guard, and had fortified itself in literary or scientific circles while the liberals were only dreaming of such defences. One of these circles, now more than fifty years old and having a fund of about half a million florins, has published a long series of Catholic works, original or translated. Another, with a like aim, soon followed; then a large number of young men's, workingmen's, farmers' societies, all strong and energetic. With this example, it was impossible for Protestants to remain at rest. Their activity began almost as early as the Catholic, but it was at first almost wholly in the field of literature. Thus, in 1861, the Unitarians started a religious magazine, under the joint editorship of the late Bishop Kriza and Prof. Nagy, the earliest volumes being made up of sermons, biographies, and the record of events at home and abroad,— which became a channel of the ideas put forth by the best thinkers in England and America. In these volumes we meet the eminent names of Channing, J. J. Tayler, Parker, and Martineau. Channing's inspiring essays were soon after published in separate volumes, and, finding their way into the libraries of orthodox as well as liberals, have had (as we confidently affirm) a distinct influence upon Protestant literature and thought.

But still earlier a literary movement equally liberal was begun among the Lutherans and Calvinists, in the form of a weekly journal, ecclesiastical and educational, published at Budapest (1842). In the first numbers of this journal the idea of a closer union between the two bodies was raised, starting a long discussion without present actual result. Still, however, the movement towards an increasing liberalism went on. The Revolution of 1848 and 1849, and the absolute dominion of Austria that followed, checked for the time all flow of liberal thought. All the Protestant churches of Hungary, the Unitarian among the rest, were in danger of losing their college foundations, as "insufficiently equipped" to meet the views of absolutism. The ten or twelve years

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succeeding 1849 were indeed very sad years for our people. All attention and energy had to be directed to save those educational institutions which were their only hope for the future of their churches. One might have supposed that under such circumstances all Protestants at least would have worked heartily together. But the Unitarians appear to have been kept still at arm's-length. Their help lay in themselves and in their English fellow-believers; and thus their schools and colleges were put on safe ground again, about the year 1859.

A few years later came the war between Austria and Northern Germany (1866), when the bravery of Hungarian soldiers saved Austria from a possibly fatal downfall, and secured a more prosperous future for the churches as well as for the political institutions of Hungary. As a natural consequence, the old question of Protestant union came up again. Differences of Lutheran and Calvinist prove, indeed, to be too radical to be set aside without swamping the historic features of both; but at last there appeared ground broad enough for the essentials of an ideal, if not an ecclesiastical unity.

Thus the year 1867 marks the starting-point of a new epoch in the history of religious as well as political Hungary. By the union of Transylvania with Hungary proper, declared and decreed in 1868, the former is brought closer to Budapest, the heart of the united nation. Those on both sides of the forest see clearly now the error of political separation; union being secured, the way is open to their true leaders, and the natural results will follow.

Here we must note a little episode touching our main theme. The Protestant journal above referred to published, about this time, a long communication under the title "Dogmatic System of Socinianism." It is the old confusion of names and origins; and we soon discover that the well-meaning and sympathetic writer takes his data from an exclusively foreign source, the German Schneckenburger. This was almost the first word from the pen of a non-Unitarian, written with the purpose to make Unitarians better

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understood by the great public, "which knows almost nothing about them." A suitable reply and explanation from the present Unitarian Bishop of Transylvania, Jozef Ferencz, then pastor at Kolozsvár, set the matter in proper shape. From this time on, we often meet the names of Unitarian writers in the Lutheran and Calvinistic journals. And in this way the first step towards a closer union was taken, as we may say, almost unintentionally.

In 1868 the Unitarians celebrated the third centenary of the establishment and legalization of their Church in Transylvania. It was a grand and memorable occasion. They gathered in large numbers in the historically famous town of Torda, where three hundred years before was passed that most liberal act of the sixteenth century. Here the idea long cherished in the thought of our intellectual leaders — the union of the three Protestant Churches — had its realization, at least for that occasion. Many Calvinists and Lutherans shared in the celebration, and the Lutherans of Transylvania sent an official address of greeting to the Unitarians, considering it as a festal day for themselves also, as indeed it was. The English Unitarians sent as delegate the late much revered professor in Manchester New College, John James Tayler. The Unitarians of America, in a letter inspired by the spirit of Christian love, sent the offer of aid towards the publication of Channing's writings among us. Thus this centenary came to be the first step towards a real union among Unitarians and other Protestants. I have already mentioned the influence of Channing's translated works towards this end.

Sooner than could have been thought, the question of actual union came to the front. I am not able to say just now from which of the two religious bodies the word was first raised; but many facts convince me that as early as 1869 the idea of a "Reform Society" was entertained. The next year, an active correspondence among members of the three Protestant Churches began to make it clear that the idea was working towards realization. "This new Society," says one of the leaders, a professor of Budapest, "was to be the exponent and embodiment of those endeav-

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ors for a reform, which were loudly claiming admittance to the hierarchy of religious institutions; a reform which should reconcile religion with science and the new social problems, and secure to her the position she needs, in order to influence morality in the best way." Another and still bolder reformer declares that "it is time for us to put aside all hesitation, and either shut religion out from the domain of reason, as a miracle, demanding blind adhesion to whatever it should say, and thus create a wild fanaticism; or else take religion as an inspiration of our own higher nature, and thus attempt to bring it into harmony with the most advanced thought of mankind." This latter was the only course possible for the Protestants of Hungary; and within a year a large and influential body of Calvinist, Lutheran, and Unitarian confessors were united in a society called "the Hungarian Protestant Association."

In reading this name one is reminded of the German *Protestanten-Verein;* and, at least in starting, the one was not quite free from the influence of the other. Space does not permit me to go over the ground of the discussions that arose over the question whether Unitarians and Catholics should be admitted to membership. Catholics were of course excluded by the adoption of the word "Protestant" in the title of the new association. Unitarians joined, and took active part for the first three years; but they afterwards withdrew, chiefly on account of the hostility of the orthodox section, and not long after the society began to decline, ceasing to exist after ten years' continuance. I greatly regret to chronicle this unfortunate ending of the first attempt ever made in Hungary towards a close and fraternal union of the Unitarians with other Protestants.

A few years of rest and stagnation followed. During this time, in the year 1885, the Unitarians decided to form an association, under the name of "the Francis David Association," in their own circle, but without excluding any who might wish to join it. Accordingly, some of all denominations, not excepting Roman Catholics, became members,—none of them, however, being among the leaders of the other churches. The David Association, growing in num-

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bers, spirit, and influence, includes five district associations, which carry on its work in the country and among the people. One of the best evidences of its activity is the fact that at the beginning of this year a monthly popular journal was established with the title *Unitarius Közlöny* ("Unitarian Gazette"), in which it is designed to introduce among the people, at the smallest cost, the religious and moral ideas applicable in their daily life. It will also include the past history of the Unitarian Church, with lives and portraits of leading men in Hungary and abroad.*

The broader Protestant movement soon rallied from its stagnation, and last year started anew, on the same liberal basis as at first. In this revival all the bishops and lay-presidents of the Lutheran, Calvinist, and Unitarian churches have signed the appeal for membership. Clergy and laity alike appreciated the high object had in view, and in one way or another gave voice to it. "How grand and elevating a thing it is to see the members of various religious bodies flocking together, and giving to one another, at last, the right hand of Christian fellowship! How inspiring it is for this generation to see that the barriers which separated citizens of the same town — nay, even members of the same family — have fallen and left open the highways of free communion! Truly, this is the work of the spirit of Christ himself; truly, the kingdom of God is come at last!" Such thoughts as these were in the hearts of liberal Christians in this country during about a year. But in this world of ours, it would seem, no peace can be ever without conflict; nor could this Association complete its work without encountering storm and tempest.

Representatives of some of the more orthodox Calvinist churches and congregations soon began to raise their voice against the purpose of the leaders of the movement. Of course, their objection was chiefly against the admission of Unitarians to membership. This was not surprising or annoying to us Unitarians. It seemed quite natural that those

* A memorial sketch of James Freeman Clarke, accompanied by portrait from the same plate given in the *Christian Register* of June 14, is now in course of preparation for this series.— Ed.

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who differed even from the more liberal members of their own household of faith should not much desire to co-operate with us for religious ends. Their fault was that they raised their objection too late, after co-operation was already begun; after the invitation had been accepted by the bishop and chief curator of the Unitarians. But this act of opposition at once "darkened the face of the new-born child," and gave occasion to unfriendly comment among the Catholics, who discovered an anti-Romish tendency in the movement. A real controversy began against the Unitarians, in which Unitarians took no part. Four of the Protestant weeklies took the field, two on each side. To our regret our own Calvinist neighbor, edited here in Kolozsvár, took ground against us.

The day of meeting came, and in the discussion on terms of membership it was moved that Unitarians be excluded. I need not here repeat what was said, consisting as it did, mostly, of the same narrow and hair-splitting dogmatism with which you are doubtless long familiar. But from our Unitarian point of view it is extremely interesting to know the ground taken on the other side. The first speaker was the Minister-President Tisza, himself a Calvinist. He said, "In order to judge this proposition rightly we must be guided by the spirit of Protestantism, not by the words of the *Corpus Juris*. This spirit does not endure exclusiveness. It is necessary to consider the question well, for it may be that some will support this Association only if this policy of exclusion shall be adopted. But there may be others, and I myself am of them, who will withdraw as soon as this proposition, so contradictory to the Protestant spirit, shall prevail." The import of these words, coming from such a man as the Prime Minister of Hungary, cannot be overrated. Mr. Tisza is at the same time Lay President of the Calvinist body, and thus his words were addressed to and heard by the public of that Church. No doubt the majority of the members were of the same opinion which he expressed; but it is more than probable that their opinion was greatly strengthened by his words.

At the first meeting four laymen and two bishops spoke

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in the same liberal spirit. I notice here only a few words of the Transylvanian Calvinist bishop, D. Szasz, who said, "I am living and acting in Transylvania, where ninety-five hundredths of the Unitarians are living; nay, I am living with them; and in the position which I am happy to hold, in official dealings, in social and literary work, I am constantly associated with them. And I dare to say and openly confess, that while I myself deeply feel and lay great stress upon those dogmatic differences which exist between the Unitarian and the Calvinist belief, still I hold that Unitarians are men with whom we may join and act together in patriotic, social, and literary work."

Bishop Szasz's elaborate speech referred to the point raised against the Unitarians, that they are making proselytes in Hungary. Proselytism never was, and is not, an aim of the Hungarian Unitarian Church. On the contrary, we may say that that church has always had to stand rather on the defensive, to save her members from being overwhelmed in the great flood that has poured upon them from all sides. The Unitarians have to seek influence and power in another direction. If anything, they are champions of religious freedom; and in this spirit have they decided to join the new Association, and do in its behalf all that may be in their power. The Association will find the field of its activity in creating a Protestant literature at once scientific and popular. In order to avoid possible collision among the different churches, its rules exclude the treatment of dogmatic questions, giving the preference to those that are historical. The publication of a journal, books, and separate tracts will begin with next year.

We are very anxious about the outcome of this new movement, which, as I have shown, is one of the "signs of the times" among us. Your Saratoga Conferences, and those like them held in England, in Holland, in Germany, and in Switzerland, are manifestations of that Christian spirit of our age, which demands "in essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty, in all things charity."

BOROS GYORGY.

KOLOZSVÁR, TRANSYLVANIA, June, 1888.

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OUR SUPPLY OF MINISTERS.

Not one of the large Christian churches is to-day able to obtain as many capable and consecrated men as are needed to do its work. The demand everywhere is: We need more good men to preach the gospel and organize the masses on the side of holiness. "It is easy enough to get money, but it is hard to obtain the right sort of men," is the complaint made by the leaders of all denominations. This unsupplied demand is a constant and prominent topic of discussion in the religious press and upon the platform of every church congress and conference. The Catholic Church feels this lack of men less, doubtless, than any other; its machinery is elaborate, and its solicitude unbounded for the supplying of this want; and yet every bishop would be glad to have more and better men at his disposal. The Methodist Church puts men into the ministry with less exacting preparation than many others, and yet finds it easier to build a chapel than to put a good preacher in it. The Episcopal Church appeals powerfully to those who wish a dignified position and a cultivated social environment, but the response from young men is unsatisfactory. Perhaps the Presbyterians hold out the most substantial inducement to the young to enter their ministry, and yet from year to year a smaller proportion of the graduates of their own denominational colleges go into the pulpit.

It is a well-known fact, often commented upon, that Unitarians themselves have done very little in the last thirty years to supply their churches with ministers born and bred in their own households of faith. We have imported many from abroad, and some very good ones, too; we have received a large number from the Orthodox churches, men who longed for a freedom there denied; while Harvard and Meadville have educated for our pulpits many young men who were reared in Orthodox families and came to us through painful experiences. But of our active ministers

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to-day only a very small proportion can rejoice in a Unitarian parentage. For a denomination which still has its great work to do, we have a discouragingly small supply of workers in sight; and doubtless there is no other group of cultivated families in America where young men so rarely devote themselves to the ministry.

I have been asked to give here a personal experience, so that it is not the object of this paper to discuss the present disinclination of young men to devote themselves to the ministry, or to describe the causes which have kept the sons of Unitarians from becoming champions of that faith which their fathers not only prized, but struggled to win. But, in passing, I may remark that the dearth of ministerial material does not necessarily prove the decay of the church or the irreligion of the masses. The excessive material demands and opportunities of the age have laid hold of the great majority of young men; and yet these young men, as a class, are not sordid, but have all the intelligence and earnestness requisite for success in the ministry. I am inclined to think that this reluctance to go into the ministry does not arise from indifference to things high and holy, but rather from the fact that the Church is, as a rule, so far out of relation with the intellectual and social tendencies of the time that it does not sufficiently take hold of the life of young people. It fails to call men with decisive authority to do what seems to them really worth doing. The Church fails to get enough superior men because it has not adjusted itself to the dominant conditions of modern life. But when the Church shall ask for men to engage in a ministry which affords intellectual liberty, which is more humane than doctrinal, and which means devotion to the interests of the whole community rather than to the technicalities of a creed, then, and not till then, will the ministry have that dignity and scope which will attract the best young men.

Unitarians have offered in their pulpits some of the advantages here noted; and they ought to have had an over-supply of ministers, it may be said, if this reasoning

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is good. But certain special conditions have existed among us as restraining influences. We have only recently, as a body, entered into that organic or missionary consciousness which touches the young with enthusiasm. We have not had that practical faculty for putting men at work at tasks which inspire heroism and produce dramatic results. There has been a certain timidity in the manner in which we have held our position, which has repulsed the young; for they give themselves most readily to that which has an element of dash and enterprise.

About five years ago, I began to feel deeply the importance of the subject, and I asked myself, Why do not some of the many young men to whom I preach go into the Unitarian ministry? The question troubled me not a little, and I began to say to myself, There must be something wrong in my work, or young men would be moved to give themselves to our pulpit. I think that this painful consciousness of failure spurred me on to deeper earnestness, and led me to dwell at all reasonable times upon the needs and opportunities of our ministry as I had never done before. And I believe that I was right in my feeling that there is something lacking in the preaching which fails to lead the very best young men toward our ministry. The growth and success of the Unitarian denomination have no limit except the limit of superior men who will devote themselves to it. And every active pastor ought to win to our pulpit at least one young man every year. He fails, I believe, in one important respect, unless he does this. But, if this were done, how fast Unitarian churches would spring up all over the country!

It was some time, however, after these new elements had come into my work before any young man responded. But about three years ago, while on a missionary visit to a city in Wisconsin a hundred miles from my home, my attention was called to a promising lad belonging to a Unitarian family, who had just been graduated from the high school at the age of sixteen. My informant felt that he ought to be a Unitarian minister. I sought him out, and talked with

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him about a University course and about his life-work. Upon my encouragement, he came to the University at Madison. He is now a Junior, and he has already made a fine record as a scholar. But he has had various hard experiences to undergo, one of which has been that he has been obliged to support himself. At his own home this summer he has been holding lay services in the Unitarian church, which the children of the town have come to call "the deaf and dumb asylum," because so seldom used; and he has attracted a congregation of from thirty to forty persons,— not a bad thing for a young man not yet twenty years old to do.

Nearly two years ago, my attention was called to a professor in one of our State normal schools, who, I was told, had the making of a great preacher. I put myself into correspondence with him, and found that the ministry had been the dream of his childhood; but, in his revolt from the narrow form of Orthodoxy in which he had been reared, he felt obliged to abandon his early ambition. I asked him to read a paper at one of our conferences, which he did. And he not only deeply interested us, but he became decidedly interested in our work. Soon after this, I had several conversations with him, and he decided to enter our pulpit. He is now settled over a new church, and is doing as strong a work as is being done in the West. His is an exceptional case, for he went directly from the professor's chair to the pulpit. But this was possible with him, for he is a man of superior cultivation, a fine speaker, and he had for years given much time to religious and theological studies.

Just a year ago, a young man wrote me that he wished to confer with me in respect to his entrance upon our ministry. When he came, I found that he was a thoroughly trained lawyer, who had practised at the bar with good success for two years, but a desire to preach had taken possession of his mind. As he was temporarily situated so that he had command of the larger part of his time for reading, I laid out a course of study, which he has pursued for the past year with great earnestness. We have met during the year

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several times, and reviewed the work done. During the coming year, he will be a special student at our University, while he will follow a course of theological reading under my immediate supervision. I have already sent him out to preach several times, and he has spoken in my own pulpit with promising results. I shall afford him more opportunities of this kind in the coming year.

At the holidays last year, an alumnus of our University of Wisconsin, who had been in our Channing Club, wrote to me, calling my attention to another alumnus of the University, now a prominent teacher, with whom he had talked respecting the ministry. He informed me that he had used with his friend the lines of thought and persuasion which I had presented to him, but upon which he himself did not feel able to act. Afterwards I met the gentleman, and we arranged a course of religious reading. I am not sure that he has decided to become a Unitarian minister. But he has preached in the Madison pulpit during the present vacation, to the edification of our people; while he has also spoken in other churches of our faith.

Two months ago, almost simultaneously, two young men, both graduates of our State University and both now engaged in teaching, came to me and expressed their desire to enter the Unitarian ministry. They are both able, mature, and most excellent young men. I shall assist them in their reading for the coming year; but both purpose to obtain a thorough theological training before going into the pulpit.

Of these six men only one was reared in a Unitarian family. One comes from a Seventh-day Baptist family, two from Congregational families, one from a Methodist, and one from a free-thinking German family. The two who came to me recently were first interested in Unitarianism in our Madison church, and their decision to become ministers is doubtless somewhat due to my personal influence; but I have had much less to do in turning the others in this direction. I think that in every case the specific influence which has created the desire to preach our faith has come from contact with an earnest presentation of Unitarianism as a

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glorious Gospel of Eternal Life. Some one of our ministers made them deeply feel the importance and necessity of our religious message and method; and, thus inspired with enthusiasm for the moral and spiritual interests of humanity which we represent, they have desired to do this work. All of which shows that only a positive and living message can win enthusiastic messengers.

My own plan has been to place the need and character of our ministry before young people upon all proper occasions, emphasizing the necessity of the Unitarian Church as a civilizing agency. I have magnified the office of the preacher in the direction of emancipation and helpfulness. I suppose that I have talked with more than a score of students and graduates of our University upon this subject, yet I have usually left them to make the personal application. I want young men to know what a large and beneficent life-work belongs to this office, before they have decided what they will do and be. I have often found deep interest in this work which we are doing on the part of those who had already chosen a vocation and did not feel like changing their plans; and not infrequently men have said, "If I had only known about the Unitarian Church sooner, I should gladly have gone into the ministry." In other cases, there was no lack of religious conviction and no excessive desire for material things acting as a counter-attraction, but rather a distrust of themselves, a feeling that the work is too high, difficult, and sacred for them. There are others of the number who, I still think, will be led by the ripening experiences of life to our pulpit. And though I have, so far, accomplished very little, yet I believe that many superior men will respond in the near future; for our ministry presents a work of almost infinite possibilities, and it cannot be that these sublime tasks will go undone because there are no men who care for the divinest elements of humanity.

And I know of no position in modern life where an earnest and intelligent young man can do a work better worth doing, or one that will yield more of the highest satisfactions, than in the Unitarian pulpit. A young Unita-

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rian minister enters at once, if he will, into a position of power and opportunity; while in every other profession the young man is, in a certain sense, at a discount, and must so remain for some years. In the West, at least, a Unitarian minister can make himself the shaping and creative influence in a growing civilization, and be the teacher and inspirer of the men and women who are carrying forward education, presiding over legislation, and forming public sentiment.

And there is certainly no reason why a young minister should hesitate to go to a town, begin a church, take his chances, and work for small pay at first; for this is just what almost every beginner in all other professions has to do. And, unless the young minister has this courage and enthusiasm, he is not worth much. A young lawyer goes and wins his way; he does not wait for the legal fraternity to guarantee him a salary.

Now, I believe that the needed supply of Unitarian ministers will be secured just as soon as our pastors, churches, and heads of families make the proper demand. And this we have not done with sufficient system and earnestness. There are enough superior young men who will seek our pulpits, and go forth to create new pulpits, as soon as the magnificent work possible there is sufficiently made known. I believe that if we preach a positive and inspiring gospel, and become anxious ourselves to win young men to our ministry and train our churches to foster our efforts, many will come; and those, too, of the highest character and ability.

In conclusion, to guard against the inference which some may draw from my words, that I do not sufficiently believe in an educated ministry, let me state that I attach the highest importance to the deepest scholarship and the severest intellectual training. The scholarship of the ministry needs to be raised and not lowered. Some topics in the old scheme of studies may be dropped out, or set forth in new fashion; but there are many new ones that ought to be added. We do not need more scholarship that is dry and

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remote from human interests; but we do need ministers who combine with moral earnestness and spiritual fervor the very greatest intellectual power and broadest scholarship. I shall be glad to say something in the future upon the particular instrumentalities needed, in addition to those we possess, to secure these ends.

JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

WORK IN UNIVERSITY TOWNS.

The possibilities and methods of Church Extension, as that much-abused phrase may have a meaning proper to ourselves, have never, to our knowledge, been so forcibly and directly brought home to us as in the article we print this month,—unless it were in the very effective address by Mr. Brooke Herford in Saratoga, four years ago, which gave birth to our "Church-Building Loan Fund." These two statements, made each from the point of view of long experience in our Western work, set forth the two sides, each essential to the other, of any great enlargement of that work on the lines becoming familiar to us. Of this later paper, in particular, we may even say that it opens up a method which may be called revolutionary,—so widely does its appeal to the motive of individual effort, heroism, or adventure, differ from what we have been used to as the inducements set before professional ambition; so different is the field it opens from that stated "supply of pulpits" to meet an existing demand, which makes the placid and somewhat monotonous routine of professional experience.

But the method which Mr. Crooker has so admirably illustrated in his own work is all the more hopeful, because it is not wholly new. Indeed, it is only seven years since our devoted young friend, of ever to be loved and lamented memory, Alfred Everett Goodnough, here in the well-worn soil of Eastern Massachusetts, forsaking his settled position to meet a greater need, planted at Brockton, by pure personal energy and self-reliance, a vigorous root of independent and healthy growth. Our recent work on Puget Sound (we believe we are right in saying) was undertaken in a similar way by the initiative of Mr. Greer. Some of us a

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few years ago listened to the quaintly tender words in which our dear brother Charles G. Ames spoke at Saratoga of the "three little graves" he had left behind him in California, side by side with the three surviving stocks that have put forth so vigorous a life since; for every enterprise must reckon its failures along with its successes. And for one hopeful memorable example we have always to bear in mind what was done in the same heroic temper more than fifty years ago at St. Louis by our beloved apostle Eliot, who took his life in his hand and carried it "where it would do the most good" in what was then practically as distant from us as Japan is to-day.

Mr. Crooker's paper is interesting to us in another way, as showing us the sort of fruit we may hope to gather from the policy first steadily followed since the war under the lead and inspiration (we believe) of Dr. Bellows,— the policy of planting and sustaining at heavy apparent cost "missionary" churches in important university towns. We count four or five such churches —in New York, in Michigan, in Kansas, in Minnesota, in Colorado, and doubtless there are more — besides that in Wisconsin, whose very original and sagacious work we had known something of by private correspondence, and so sought and got the report of it which we present this month. The policy we speak of was worthily inaugurated by the appointment in 1865 at Ann Arbor, near the great State University of Michigan, of Rev. Charles H. Brigham, who held his post there twelve years, carrying to it the experience of a ministry already of more than twenty years, an extraordinary wealth of accurate learning, singular sagacity as a student of social and educational phenomena, and indefatigable industry as a man of letters,— which qualities of his did a pioneering work, in winning the intellectual respect of a very large and highly educated body of young men and women throughout the West, that can hardly be overestimated. Mr. Brigham, it would appear, had little faith in the possibility of organized church work in an atmosphere and under mental conditions unfamiliar to him; his own tasks, apart from the stated duties of the pulpit, he assimilated as far as might be to those of a university lectureship, gathering large classes of students about him with extraordinary success. And it was left for the devoted energy, the business sagacity, the organizing ability, the persistency and courage of his successor, Mr. Sunderland, to build upon that foundation one of the most vital, complete, and

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efficient of church organizations — every way a model — which it has been our personal privilege to know.

We should be very sorry, then, and should think it very wrong, to let the testimony we give this month pass as a spurt of enthusiasm or the accident of a happy concatenation of circumstances. It is, on the contrary, the evidence of a fruitage that has been distinctly looked forward to and patiently waited for. Something like this very result — though no one could know just what shape it might take — was had in view, in adopting that far-sighted and relatively costly policy, of planting this particular stock in that particular soil. The underlying conviction, sometimes (we imagine) only half-consciously held among us, has been that the work of our future is in some ways different from the work of our past, and must be carried out on a much wider scale; for it is a work that has to do not with the defence of a particular theology, merely or mainly, but with meeting the religious and moral conditions of American life, on the largest scale; and so, as far as our own effort may go, insuring that the rich, proud, and strong civilization which is to flourish upon this continent shall also, in the noblest and best sense, be a Christian civilization, chastened by knowledge of the Divine Law, and consecrated to the true service of human welfare.

IN HUNGARY.

It is needless, for those who have kept their mind open in that direction, to point out the bearings, of unusual interest, of that movement of thought among our friends in Hungary, of which one of this month's contributors gives us some account. But, because the points which constitute this interest are apt to fade out in memory, and because we wish to connect them as closely as we can with the statements made in the article referred to, we copy here some portions of an account given by a correspondent in the *Christian Register* some seven years ago: —

Transylvania is a territory something more than twice as large as Massachusetts. For nearly 180 years it has been incorporated in the kingdom of Hungary [originally in 1713, and again since the reorganization of 1867], being that part of it which rests, to the east and south, against the old frontier of Turkey. The territory of Hungary is in all just about as large as New England, New York, and New Jersey put together; its population about sixteen millions. Of those about half are of Hungarian or Magyar stock, — a race of great vigor, of great

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national pride and independence of temper, and bound together by the tie of a language which completely separates them, so far, from the rest of Europe, and which they cling to with proportionate zeal and fondness. Not only is it the popular tongue, but it is fertile in books, newspapers, journals,— in short, a native literature vigorous and abundant.

Again, the native Hungarian or Magyar population in Transylvania consists mainly of the "Szeklers," whom we may call the Highlanders of the district, as having their home in the mountainous country towards the eastern boundary, in number something over half a million. We shall not mistake very far, if we call them the "Yankees" of Hungary. They regard themselves as the pith and core of the Magyar stock, and as the oldest settled population of the country, if not of Western Europe; having, as they claim, held their seat among these hills since the invasion of Attila, early in the fifth century. (But such remote questions of ethnology we may here dismiss.)

When the Reformation was proclaimed in Germany, 350 years ago, the eager intelligence of these people quickly caught the movement, and Hungary became largely Protestant. Moreover, within a few years — that is, before 1560 — the Unitarian doctrine had been preached there to such effect by Francis David and others that it became (I am told) the ordinary type of Protestantism throughout Hungary. The State religion, however, remained Catholic; and, under the repressive policy of the Hapsburgs, Unitarianism was gradually crushed out in the great Hungarian plain. But it survived, in a vigorous and stanch community (whose constitutional guarantees were defined in 1568) among those sturdy mountaineers; and, though at this day they number not so many as 60,000 in all, they are as true to their faith and their organization as the most devoted church or sect or population to be found anywhere. Their 106 congregations, with very modest ecclesiastical properties (most of which were seized and turned to Catholic uses by the government in 1716 and for a few years later), have held their own in a quietly invincible way, which shows their determination to do their own work, and do it well, in absolute indifference whether their numbers are to be reckoned by hundreds or by millions.

They do this under one strong conviction, which we at least can thoroughly understand and honor. It is that *the education and the intellectual destinies of the Hungarian nation are in a great measure in their hands.* Their attitude towards the nation at large is thus exactly the same as that asserted for the descendants of the Puritans in America; or, still more precisely, what is claimed for the liberal or Unitarian movement in New England, in its working out on the opinions and ideas, the education and philanthropies, of the United States.

And this position seems to be conceded to them with a frankness and lack of jealousy that we should hardly expect. Religious bigotry does not appear to be a besetting sin of these Eastern populations, certainly

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not of those who live so near the shadow of a great ecclesiastical despotism. Accordingly, we find that a majority of the pupils in the schools which our friends maintain are sent to them from other communions, and that their primacy in the great work of education is cheerfully conceded by their neighbors.* Their religious community, then, is first of all the fountain-head — singularly pure, simple, and domestic in its type of character — of an influence that flows, widening, through the veins of the most vigorous and intelligent race of South eastern Europe.

I seemed, further, to find lines very closely parallel between their currents of thought and ours. The same questions, anxieties, duties, anticipations, seemed to beset their path, that we are familiar with in ours. The training of some of the best of their younger men in England, and their eager study of modern thought through the medium of English speech, count for much in all this. But the general result is the same,— a sense of fellowship, a directness of sympathy, a community in work and in hope, that ought to make their cause very dear among us.

IN ENGLAND.

Besides the points of general interest we spoke of a year ago in the Report of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association — especially its cosmopolitan survey, including Hungary, India, and Australia as well as England and America — there are two that have particularly attracted us in the Report of the present year. We were naturally curious to see what influence Dr. Martineau's Address (reviewed by Mr. Herford in August) might possibly have had on the practical and especially the purely denominational work of the body; and as to this we seem to notice even an increased steadiness and courage in following out that work on the only line really open to take. The Address is likely to have its effect where it is right and best that it should,— in quickening the historic sense and the larger intellectual sympathies which act to animate our work; while it appears to do nothing whatever to chill or discourage those who are actively engaged in the field. We look, indeed, to see the body distinctly strengthened and enlarged by that noble appeal to its better consciousness.

The other point shows, in a way very suggestive to us, the difference of position between our English friends and ourselves touching our relation to questions of legislation, or public policy.

*This absence of religious bigotry or jealousy was well shown when the church-building in Budapest (of which the site was given by the city) was dedicated to its Unitarian uses; when not only representatives of the Lutheran and Calvinist bodies, but the Catholic Minister of Education, took part in the public procession that celebrated the event.— Ed.

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Among us, the task of religious emancipation was done at a stroke, by appending a few axioms respecting liberty of conscience, or worship, in a Bill of Rights to our State Constitutions, or as Amendments to that of the United States; so that we have not so much to contend for the legal right as to watch against its abuses,— as the subsidizing of sectarian schools by the State, or the existence of the Mormon anomaly. There, emancipation of conscience is a process,— one, it would seem, not quite accomplished yet. Those of our faith "are still subject to legal disabilities," though "as Nonconformists, not as Unitarians"; prejudice against them appears to be stimulated and cultivated "under the sanction of the Education laws of the country"; "freedom of religious principle and belief can have little place [if] at all in the National system of Education"; the Burial and Marriage acts also need amending, in certain directions here pointed out, before Dissenters can be free from unjust discriminations under existing statutes. Thus the dissenting body stands in a permanent attitude of self-defence; and has a stake of its own in the course of legislation, which we in this country do not easily understand. This, too, as we take it, explains how it is that our Unitarian friends abroad are so quick to interest themselves, and have so keen a feeling of responsibility, in special lines of legislation (as Home Rule, for example, or the Contagious Diseases Act), while with us private conviction is more slow to throw itself across the track of party rule. This spirit is what we greatly admire in our English friends, however slack we may be to follow it except in some rare and great struggle, like that against slavery: a Democracy is apt to indulge too comfortable an assurance that it has attained the one thing needful, and that the rest may be trusted to take care of itself. The difference, at all events, is very marked between the English way of direct dealing with governmental policies and ours.

A correspondent, writing of Dr. Martineau's proposition to reconstruct the denominational lines, says:—

From my experience of our denomination, I have no idea that it can be carried into operation. As to the name Presbyterian, it is of course usually associated with orthodox churches. There is no doubt a remarkable leaven of free thought, even in Scotland; and the English Presbyterian Church, which has grown up during the last half-century, while it is chiefly composed of Scotchmen, I believe, has drawn to itself many of other denominations. It comprises many Liberal ministers, and it is

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found that those whom it most desires to have as Elders are not disposed without qualification to sign the Westminster Confession. Of course, it may prove that the movement to conform the Confession to more modern views may strengthen Orthodoxy; for *these* persons will be expected to believe what they subscribe, whereas *now* it is incredible!

I have read Mr. Herford's paper, with which I accord much more fully than with Dr. Martineau's address. I see that he does not enter into the difficulties attending the *pecuniary* question. The extract from Mr. Hunter, p. 157 [as to "the great weakening of Dissent" in the early part of this century], is striking. The forty years *since* Mr. Hunter wrote have witnessed almost a fundamental change in our denomination: how little "permanency" there has been in much that our fathers held as gospel truth!

Just now the political situation is weakening us as a sect: many of our most influential laymen have allied themselves, for a time, to the Conservative party; and, in some congregations, families have gone to Church rather than support a "Dissentient Liberal" who cannot restrain his political vehemence. I do not rank myself with either section of the divided Liberal party; but the Coercion Bill and its results naturally disgust me. Political power has a *tendency* to foster degeneracy.

I was very glad to read the article on the Sea Islands before and after Emancipation in your August number. In the spring I had received from F. Douglass an oration he had delivered in Washington after his return from a Southern tour, which contained a most desponding view of the condition and prospects of his people in the South. He especially dwelt on the operation of laws respecting debtors, especially tenants and the "truck" system, which had a crushing effect on his ignorant and often improvident countrymen. Unjust and tyrannical men can gain their ends without being called slaveholders; and there are millions of slaves — slaves through ignorance, intemperance, etc. — both in England and America, despite of their nominal freedom. That the colored people have no capacity for freedom is sufficiently disproved by the success of the efforts at the Sea Islands, Hampton, Tuskegee, etc. Being an old-fashioned peace-man, I never believed that *war* would work a beneficent miracle. The conquered Southerners were not likely to help the negroes to share the blessings of freedom. However, there are, no doubt, many in the South who welcome all that is done to make able, useful, self-supporting men of their old slaves. We have done a little for Tuskegee; and the printed monthly letters we receive are very encouraging.

I have just finished reading *Robert Elsmere*. As I am somewhat liable to be depressed, I make it a rule not to read mournful novels,— having quite enough to sadden one in the book always open to those who will read it! But this novel had made such a sensation that, end as it would, I had to peruse it; and it is a new thing to have as a hero one who embraces our religious views! Of course, as the work is a fiction, it is

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needless to say that the account of the Unitarian endowment in the East End, and the Unitarian minister, is not history. If the *Christian Life* is among your exchanges, you would see the Editor's comments in the number for August 11.

The following hint from a correspondent and observer from whom our readers have heard before may be worth noting in view of possible events: —

Fears of European war are now nearly laid aside by even the fearful; but I begin to think that in Africa a real and deadly war impends, through (1) a Crusade against the Slave Trade, in which France will be glad to vent her military prowess, and we shall all sympathize; (2) the Arabs around the new Mahdi will rally, lest European Christians become permanent in Africa.

The horrible character of the Slave Trade above referred to, and the complicity with it of the growing power of "Islam" in Central Africa, are exhibited, with some appalling details, in the *Spectator* of August 4.

OUR PROPER BUSINESS.

In our editorial capacity we have often to note the alarming facility with which new theories of the universe, and fresh reconstructions of all existing beliefs, are furnished forth by the busy intelligence of our time. In general, we do not say much about these attempts. We might find room, perhaps, for a fresh system of philosophy once a year or so; but our powers are wholly unequal to the effort when they come upon us, as they have lately, three in one day. For here we have presented to us, side by side, a "Pericosmic theory of physical existence and its sequel" — only in outline, since the full publication waits financial encouragement; "the Coming Creed of the World" in a sense decidedly anti-Christian; and a system of "Humanitarian Deism," flanked by five or six small but abstruse, earnest, and highly opinionated essays, in which the author feels sure that he has revolutionized all religious thought, and rendered Christianity obsolete. Nay, he is very confident of our help in this process; since, as he says, "the Unitarians ought to be the first Christians who ought to discard the *idolatrous* name of Christian for the religious name of Deist, especially as Deism is the best form of Unitarianism." Moreover, he is very sure of his ground; for, as he further tells us, "The answers to the questions, Whence do we come, What are we, and Whither shall we

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go? have been revealed by the Governor of Nature to the author in a garret of London on June 17th, 1866." We have therefore, he thinks, only to take his word for it that it is so.

Now we have no quarrel with any special revelation, which is necessarily of the utmost possible preciousness and value to the receiver of it. And we have no sort of objection to any theory, "pericosmic" or other, by which any one thinks that he has made the deep mystery of the universe and of life clearer to his own mind. These, we hold, are matters of private interpretation rather than of public moment. But what we do greatly wonder at is the ease with which so vast a number of our fellow-students in these things — and among them we include a good many young preachers, who do the same thing in sermons to an average audience — settle for themselves the largest and gravest problems that can be proposed to the human mind, and would persuade us to accept their off-hand solutions as assured truth. "God," they say, has done this, will do that, cannot permit the other; and each opinion becomes certainty to their mind when so backed by a "thus saith the Lord." It is amazing to listen to the confidence with which (to take a very popular example) some men will discourse of "future probation," "eternal consequences," or theories of "pre-existence,"— points where there are no data even imaginable for sober argument,— and let these feeble lucubrations stand to their minds for fact and truth. To our thought, on the contrary, the discovery of truth is a very slow, difficult, and hazardous process, not at all to be come at by fits and starts, by emotions and speculations, but by innumerable brief steps wrought out by science or evolved in history. Especially when the truth, or the opinion, has to do with life, with religious conviction, with historic institutions, the process seems to us to need not more, but rather less of this revolutionary temper. If it takes years for the best naturalist in Europe to study so simple a thing as the *phylloxera*, one should be rather ashamed, we think, of an off-hand judgment of so serious and difficult a matter as the destination of a human soul.

We do not then, and in common modesty we cannot, hold theories such as we have described to be any part of our proper business. No doubt they are and always will be a very important part of the process by which the intellectual life proceeds in the world at large. But, for the work in hand, we might almost say that one theory is as good as another: all depends on its

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being intelligently held and honestly applied. Certainly, while there is any work to do in building up our organic life. Instead of welcoming, we have on our own part an active repugnance to a theory, or a nomenclature, which discards or assails the symbols under which we most readily keep ourselves in touch with that organic life. We have a very decided preference, for example, for the name "Christian" as compared with that of "deist" or "theist" or "cosmist," which this man or that man may think more logical; and we stand ready to vindicate our preference, at need, on the very broadest humanitarian grounds. Christianity means to us not a set of opinions, but a spiritual force, which has its definite place in human affairs; and we should no more think of discarding it than of finding fault with atmospheric pressure, or speaking disrespectfully of the Equator. But our proper business is not to be inventing names, or running after reasons for changing or even for defending them; it is to take the name we are born to, as long as it is possible for us honestly to hold it in any sense, because to us it is the plainest and most intelligible note of the closest relation in which we are bound, morally, to our fellow-men. The name Christian, the name Protestant, the name Unitarian, came to us not by choice, but by inheritance or else by circumstances outside our choice; and it is a mere waste of moral energy to cast about for reasons for holding or else for withholding them.

The Liberal movement, as we have understood and shared it, has been for some fifty years working painfully through a period of criticism, speculation, and theoretical discussion of the ground we have to stand on. The process was an unavoidable one, and doubtless has had its uses. But its chief use has been, as we take it, to prove the futility and impossibility of any ground of speculative opinion as the platform of co-operative work. We have a task before us which is to be defined not in the terms of speculative theory, but of science and history and personal or social ethics. Our past will be justified if it has prepared us for that future. Doubtless it is among the possibilities of things that the Liberal movement as we have understood it, the Unitarian movement as we have shared it, should go out in smoke; as so many

> "enterprises of great pith and moment
> With this regard their currents turn awry,
> And lose the name of action,"—

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and as has, indeed, been continually predicted by those who have watched us with no friendly eye through our years of weakness and division. But, if it is to be so, it will be because we are not worthy of our present opportunity. Our proper business is not as theorists, not as critics, standing outside the arena in which the practical issues of man and society are at stake; but as enlisted men, who take the weapon or the tool that is handiest, to do the work or strike the stroke that is commanded by the Lord of our Life.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN EGYPTOLOGY.

In the present state of Egyptological science, it is necessary for the student to express many opinions tentatively,—subject to correction by future discoveries and more accurate translation of already discovered documents and inscriptions. It now appears that certain subsidiary judgments expressed by the writer in an article on "The Egyptian Doctrine of the Future Life" (*Unitarian Review*, January, 1888) require modification and correction. These modifications do not affect the main argument of the article,—the conception that the Egyptian doctrine of the future life was not the same in all ages, but was subject to a process of gradual evolution and change,—but render it necessary to assign the Osirian eschatology of the Book of the Dead to an earlier date than that indicated heretofore.

In speaking of the earliest inscriptions, the writer said (pp. 35, 36): "Prior to the latter part of the third dynasty (according to Lepsius, about 3500 B.C.), we have absolutely no contemporary inscriptions or historical remains. . . . The religious inscriptions of this and the immediately succeeding dynasties are limited, in the main, to short dedicatory passages on tombs or temples, and to invocations and praises addressed to the living king. Those eternal monuments of this period, the Pyramids, *contain no inscriptions whatever*, in marked contrast with places of sepulture of a later date." In making this statement, which was apparently justified by the testimony of all competent Egyptologists, the writer had in mind especially the great pyramids of Khufu and Khafra, kings of the fourth dynasty. Of these we believe it is yet true, so far as we have any information. It appears, how-

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ever, that the lesser pyramids, erected by kings of the fifth and sixth dynasties, do contain inscriptions, and that these inscriptions embody, substantially, the entire Osirian eschatology, and the mythology of the Book of the Dead.

For this correction, we are indebted to Prof. C. P. Tiele, of Leiden, whose *Outlines of the Religion of Ancient Egypt* is one of the ablest extant treatises on Egyptology, and was the sufficient authority for many of our previous statements. Prof. Tiele's letter, addressed to my friend, William Emmette Coleman, Esq., of San Francisco, an able and indefatigable Oriental scholar, is of such general interest that I quote its salient passages: —

I perused the paper [of Mr. Janes] with great interest and pleasure. It is ably written, and the result of accurate investigation. In the main, I agree with the opinions expressed by Mr. J., which is not to be wondered at, as he frequently does me the honor to cite my words and to approve of them. Unhappily,— at least for us,— the recent discoveries in Egypt have proved fatal to our conception of Egyptian eschatology. The so-called pyramid texts, now published for the greater part by M. Maspero (*Recueil de Travaux*, etc., iii., 1882, p. 177, ff., iv., 1883, and following volumes), show that we cannot say any more, as Mr. Janes says on p. 36, that "the Pyramids show no inscriptions whatever." On the contrary, Maspero has now found very elaborate texts in the pyramids of the Kings Unas, Teti, and Pepi I.;* and in those texts we find not only the whole mythology of the Book of the Dead, all the gods of Abydos, Heliopolis, Memphis, and even Menta of Hermonthis, the complete Osirian eschatology with all its dogmas, but a much more composite symbolism than that of later times, and magical superstitions at least quite as absurd as under the nineteenth dynasty. We have already the twelve highest gods: Tum and Ra-t (a feminine Ra), Shu and Tefnut, Seb and Nut, all of whom are called Osiris's parents; Isis, Set, Nephthys, and Thot, all of whom are called his brothers and sisters, and his son Horus. Ra-t must be = Hathor.

"Le fait mérite d'être remarqué," says Prof. Maspero, "d'autant plus qu'il détruit une idée reçue jusqu'à ce jour. On a considéré les incantations, si nombreuses dans les papyrus magiques et sur d'autres monuments, comme étant de basse époque, et provenant d'une dégradation du culte. Nos textes prouvent qu'elles appartiennent à l'antiquité la plus reculée, et sont une des parties essentielles de la religion Egyptienne." (*Recueil*, iii. 224.) So we shall have to revise our conception of the history of Egyptian religion, at least for the remotest times. I hope to

* Unas was the last king of the fifth dynasty. Teti (Teta) and Pepi were kings of the sixth dynasty.— *L. G. J.*

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do so in the new edition of my *Outlines* which I am now preparing, and which, though published in the Dutch language, shall soon appear in a German translation, perhaps also in English and French. But it takes me much time, and I don't think to be ready before the end of this year.

The newest description of the Egyptian religion is to be found in Adolf Ermann's *Aegypten und ägyptisches Leben*, 2 vols., Tübingen, 1887–88. I don't agree in all points with the learned author; but he is one of the leading younger Egyptologists, and so to be trusted as to the facts and explications of texts. . . . Believe me, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

C. P. TIELE.

LEIDEN, July 15, 1888.

These new discoveries and translations of M. Maspero, as the reader will readily understand, necessitate some modifications of statements on pp. 35, 36, and 39, in the article on "The Egyptian Doctrine of the Future Life." They do not, however, contravene the main line of argument maintained in that article, though they emphasize, perhaps, more strongly the necessity of giving a natural and unforced interpretation to those passages in the Book of the Dead which describe the condition of the soul after death and of noting the evident misinterpretations of the meanings of these passages in the later periods of Egyptian history. In this connection, the words of M. Renouf, though of more general application, have an apt significance. Speaking of the difficulty of understanding the ancient texts, he says: "I have no doubt whatever that some of the chapters of the Book of the Dead were as obscure to Egyptians living under the eleventh dynasty as they are to ourselves. The Book of the Dead is mythological throughout, and the true sense of a mythology dies away with the stage of culture which has produced it."*

It was the purpose of my previous article to call the attention of scholars to the fact that the Book of the Dead nowhere explicitly teaches the doctrine of personal, individual immortality, which doctrine was gradually evolved out of beliefs of a more archaic and primitive character. I indicated my belief, based rather upon general inference than upon assured evidence, that, nevertheless, many of the magical formulas and obscure mythological allusions of the Book of the Dead were of very early origin,— a judgment which is confirmed by M. Maspero's discoveries and translations. These peculiarities of the ritual are not,

* *The Religion of Ancient Egypt* (Hibbert Lectures, 1879).

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therefore, indications of a degradation of the cultus, but are characteristic of a primitive stage of culture and belief.

Scholars will be glad to learn that a revised edition of Prof. Tiele's valuable work is to be given to the public, and will await with interest the revelations yet in store, which new discoveries and translations of the inscriptions are sure to bring us in no distant future.

LEWIS G. JANES.

ELLIS'S "PURITAN RULE."

I desire to add a few words upon Dr. Ellis's *Puritan Age and Rule in Massachusetts* to what was said of it in the *Unitarian Review* for September. Dr. Ellis, President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, has long been known as a diligent student of the social antiquities of our Commonwealth. He has now embodied his researches in this line in a volume which must be ranked among the most valuable historical productions of our time. The diligence, the learning, the impartial discrimination notable in these pages, claim our grateful acknowledgment as they command our highest esteem.

The thing which first and most impresses us in Dr. Ellis's narrative is the tyrannous influence of religion. These immigrants, with the exception of such men as John Winthrop, to whose high character Dr. Ellis does full justice and no more than justice, seem to have been bigots in the sense of intolerant devotion to their own belief. It has been objected to them that, while they sought these shores — self-exiled for conscience' sake — with the purpose of establishing religious liberty, they straightway violated that intent by acts of persecution. But the fact is they came for no such purpose. Religious liberty, in the sense intended by their accusers, was an abomination to them. The only liberty they sought was the liberty to enjoy their own doctrine and to practise what that doctrine required. They were not inconsistent. They hated all other doctrine, and were firmly resolved to tolerate no other in their community. The first enemy they encountered was the doctrine of the Baptists,— a poor enough form of belief considered as religion, although the sect professing it has given to the country and the world many of its ablest servants; a doctrine which lays a disproportionate and irrational stress on a mere matter of form. In the court of pure reason, in the view of common sense, what signifies water

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as an instrument of sanctification, or the mode or period in the life of the individual in which it should be applied? Water is a symbol. As such let it be regarded, and its use adopted in practice by those who value symbols, but not as morally obligatory on those who do not.

The Baptist doctrine ignores the important principle of heredity in its denial of Christian rights to children of Christian parents. It regards all men alike as born heathen and becoming Christian only through the accident of conversion.

But, whatever criticism may object to the Baptist doctrine, the Baptist sect had as much right to their civil and ecclesiastical position as the Puritans, who were equally with them dissentients from the Anglican Church. Their treatment of Dunster is an inextinguishable blot of foul disgrace on their record.

Henry Dunster, the first president of Harvard College, was one of the noblest figures in the early history of Massachusetts. He denied the validity of infant baptism, for which, as Dr. Ellis justly remarks, there is no authority in the Christian Scriptures, and which rests entirely on the very tradition whose authority the Puritans rejected. He would not have his own infant child baptized. For this he suffered the relentless persecution which deprived — in spite of his acknowledged abilities and virtues — the colony and the church of the services of their brightest ornament.

A more difficult problem confronted the settlers in the case of Roger Williams, the immortal founder of the State of Rhode Island, the noble advocate of soul freedom or perfect toleration of religious opinion, and virtually the father of the Baptist sect in this country. The character of Williams exhibits a curious mixture of petty scrupulosity and quarrelsome impracticability (which J. Q. Adams aptly characterized as "conscientious contentiousness") on the one hand, with heroic force and power of endurance on the other. His nature was the stuff of which martyrs were made. In other times, he would have gone to the stake for a whim rather than renounce a conviction. A curious illustration of his implacable fault-finding is his charge of blasphemy against James I. and Charles I. for calling Europe Christendom, or the Christian world. He combined, as few others have done, an offensive sourness of judgment with moral greatness of character.

The chapter of thirty odd pages containing the story of Roger

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Williams in Massachusetts is marked by the fairness and wise discrimination which characterize the whole of Dr. Ellis's work, and is the most interesting chapter in this volume. A darker chapter, perhaps the darkest in the history of the colony, was that of the conflict between the settlers and the Quakers, who make their first appearance in Boston in the summer of 1656.

Nothing can justify the executions and scourgings inflicted upon them by the colonists; but, on the other hand, they themselves were persecutors to the uttermost extent of the power of the tongue. The Quaker quietist is a respectable and lovable character. Whether, if the Quaker immigrants had led a peaceable life, contenting themselves with the quiet practice of their own religion, they would have been disturbed in that practice, we cannot say. Certainly, in that case the Puritans would have been guilty of a great wrong. But they would not be quiet. They were fearfully aggressive; they disturbed the meetings of the worshippers, they reviled them with opprobrious epithets, they assailed them with bitter maledictions. They were pestilent fanatics (I speak of the aggressive Quakers who incurred the vengeance of the Puritans), whose conduct can only be explained on the theory of partial insanity. Dr. Ellis points out what is very important, that the magistracy who condemned them was composed exclusively of church members, and that the common people sympathized with them, and disapproved of their treatment to that extent that the magistracy, fearing a revolt, found it expedient to discontinue the executions.

The Puritan character shows very hateful in this business, and proves that religion, unqualified by humane sentiment, can be the most cruel of persecutors. The history of the sect of Friends is very instructive. It shows the impossibility of distinguishing by any objective test between the Inward Light — the fundamental postulate of George Fox — and the impulses of the private will in those who claim its guidance. It shows how the protest against fashion may result in establishing the most distinguishing fashion of the modern civilized Christian world. Starting with the principle of spontaneity, it has eventuated in the most rigid formalism. The use of the grammatical second person, "thou" and "thee," instead of the "you," which is practically the second person of the English-speaking world, is a weak pedantry. The refusal to take off the hat, where politeness enjoins the uncovering, is offensive rudeness.

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The world is indebted to the sect of Friends for many a noble and many a beautiful character. It has produced a Robert Barclay, a James Nayler, a William Penn, an Elizabeth Fry, a Bernard Barton; and, we may add, our own beloved Whittier.

The sect of Friends may long survive; but, as a protest, as a teacher and critic of other sects, as an apostle of peace, it has done its work. Quaker meetings are held in various places; but the inspiration which should make them edifying I have not found. I have rather prized the opportunity of silent thought, when no one was moved to speak.

F. H. Hedge.

RELIGIOUS TENDENCIES.

The view still maintained by some — that with few modifications the old faith holds its own, and even grows stronger, despite the large numbers of other faiths, or at least rejecting that, who find shelter among us — has had no more painstaking and able advocate than Daniel Dorchester in his *Christianity in the United States.** To many it is a surprise that, according to his investigations, the ratio of evangelical church membership — one in fourteen in 1800 — has increased to one in five in 1880; that in New England during the last twenty years, despite the large increase of foreign-born citizens and the movement westward of native stock, the proportion of 1850, one in seven, has been main tained; that in our colleges the number of church members is relatively greater than half a century ago. And we cannot wonder that some enthusiast of the old faith should point to these statistics as evidence of the truth of the special doctrine which he preaches, of the stability, permanence, and vitality of the creeds to which church membership is supposed to give adherence and sanction.

Yet statistics of themselves alone are no more to be relied on in religious matters than in politics, political economy, or life insurance. Figures apparently plain and decisive may be completely misleading. The respective conditions, the states of society and customs, are what fix their true value and meaning. Examination in doctrine, demands on communicants, rigid ceremony and observance, the supposed antagonism between the Church and the world, made church membership fifty or seventy-five years ago a very different thing from what it is to-day.

* Noticed in our May number, p. 480.

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With most intelligent persons, to join the church to-day, even among those of so-called orthodox faith, signifies no special doctrinal conviction; little more, indeed, than a general desire to do right, and to lead a Christian life. With others, and especially with the colored population of the South (an important factor in the above-mentioned ratio), church membership is a mere matter of emotional piety, following the lead of custom and tradition, which carries with it no testimony for or against the prevalence of any doctrinal opinion. Statistics of this nature may tell something for the growth of religion and morality, but are no criterion of the actual condition of religious thought. Far more significant are the tendency of literature and philosophy, and the attitude of the general mind towards religious truth, as compared with those of half a century ago. The true question is, What is the main direction of the currents of thought among us? What system of opinion draws to itself the mind and heart of intelligent men?

Of these currents and systems Dr. Dorchester writes also at length; but, while we may accept his general view of the spirit of the religious world, we dissent entirely from his conclusion. We may say, for example, that the movement is from atheism to theism; but what do these terms really imply? In the growing tolerance of the age, the term "atheism" has become nearly obsolete; while its opposite, theism, has widened in meaning till with many it stands simply for belief in a First Cause, a Supreme Existence, or a moral order embracing human life, with great freedom of individual conception. True, fewer now disbelieve in God than ever before; not, however, because the world has come to accept the ecclesiastical conception of Deity, but because that conception has itself been transformed by modern knowledge and thought, because the word "God" has become more and more inclusive, and the term "atheism" more and more void of meaning.

It is curious to note here how Dr. Dorchester invests Herbert Spencer's 'Unknowable" with all the metaphysical attributes of God, exclaiming, "How rich his affirmations!" and then, presently, dilates upon the inadequacy and poverty of his philosophic system. Doubtless there is an increasing tendency towards belief in Deity; but there is only the reverse towards that partial, narrow, doctrinal idea of Deity which he would apparently imply.

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So too respecting the Bible and Science, from supposed antagonism to a measure of harmony and consent. To abandon controversy with the Bible as to the fundamental law of morals, and freely to recognize that halo of veneration with which the ages have invested it, is no more to accept it as a scientific guide than to find an inspired authority in the Buddhistic or Confucian scriptures. Reverence for the name and work of Jesus — another of the "convergent currents" — does not attest a growing acceptance of his supernatural character or assent to the claims of the priest and prophet in his behalf. He who is thus honored is not the Christ of creeds, but the Jesus of history and the Christ of the spirit; not the vicarious sacrifice for man's sin, but rather an example and a friend. These and other "convergent currents" of the religious world Dr. Dorchester claims as an acceptance of the so-called orthodox tenets. In truth, only the laxity of interpreting these same tenets has made such convergent tendencies possible.

Nowhere, in truth, is this distinction made plainer than at the close of the chapter which reviews the doctrines of so-called Orthodoxy. Those which the current of opinion actually serves to confirm and strengthen are the common beliefs of natural religion, or else doctrines so broadly "Christian" that they extend far beyond the bounds of historic Christianity. Those, on the other hand, which are peculiar to church dogma or tradition not only are without support from these same tendencies, but are steadily discredited and undermined. The substance of the great natural hopes and beliefs of man — Deity, moral responsibility, immortality, and, in Christianity in particular, the sublimity of Jesus' character, and the "sweet reasonableness" of his teachings — commands the world's sanction and acceptance. The special tenets of the older creed — a metaphysical trinity, natural depravity, sacrificial atonement, resurrection of the body, and a judgment of final separation of elect and reprobate — find no evidence of such confirmation in the recent history of religious thought. It cannot be otherwise than satisfactory that the essential ideas of religion, those common in some form to Christian, Brahman, and Persian, as well as to those of no special religious name, should thus stand the tests of time and knowledge. It gives us faith in the instincts and hopes of man, confidence in the power of his reason and the feelings of his heart; for, in any rational view of the universe, it must be truth and not error which shall

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finally prevail and triumph, and that which survives the ages brings to us, therefore, the credentials of Truth.

G. C. CRESSEY.

INDIAN HOMESTEADS.

By authority of the "Severalty Act" (or Dawes Bill, as it is more generally known), which was signed by the President Feb. 8, 1887, special agents have been appointed to allot to Indians, on various reservations, land in the following quantities: to each head of the family, one hundred and sixty acres; to each single person over eighteen years of age, eighty acres; to each orphan child, eighty acres; and to each other person under eighteen years of age, forty acres.* Some work of allotting has been done. As this work is to bring a change in the general condition of the Indians, different from the old reservation system, it is hoped that it is for the best. It is well known to many that, under the old management and Indian custom, the Indian could not prosper. Why this is so, and why it will be changed or affected by the action of this law, will be of interest to many.

I will call your attention to the manner in which Indians hold property, the manner in which they live, comparing it with former times. We read that the early settlers of Virginia, when they first landed, did all their work in common. Farming, building, providing in every way food, comfort, and safety were obtained and maintained by a common effort. As arts of civilization improved among them, and nature was overcome to such an extent that food and comforts were more easily procured and common defence more easily effected, the old plan had to be given up. The individual who had the capability, energy, and ambition to provide better for himself and family had to be given a chance. There is something similar in the Indian life. There has been in their early tribal, clan, or family organization this common management and provision. It has been continued under the reservation system; and, as there has been enforced idleness, it has grown worse. During the olden time, when it was necessary to provide everything, it was dangerous, and required skill. This gave the ambitious and skilful a chance to exercise their ability; the reward was the honor that came from

* The Omahas, to which tribe the writer (who is a pupil-teacher in the Hampton Institute) belongs, had their lands allotted to them in 1884. They are now citizens, and many of them voted a year ago at the county election.

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the people. There was honor in being a skilful hunter or a brave warrior. The hunter by his skill provided food for many. When game was scarce, it required patience, endurance, and judgment to get it. These are qualities of character we all respect, and even from olden time we delight to read of skilful hunters and brave warriors.

Under the old Indian custom there was thus something to develop character. When we find the virtues which make a good character cultivated, there is something noble, something to respect. It may be clouded by ignorance, but that with the accompanying superstition can be found among white people, where it should not exist. Under the reservation system there is nothing to develop a good character or any of the virtues that make a good character, but rather many influences to bring on evils. The restraint of liberty is bad. No Indian confined to a reservation could be like those who wandered over trackless plains, with nothing but nature to guide them. The heavens, or the little things of nature which white people would not notice, were guides to them. Bravery could not be shown as it had been by war or hunting, and so other ways had to be chosen to exercise their skill or ambition. So, on the reservation, endurance was shown by hard dancing for a long time; bravery, by giving away goods to the poor. In this way, noble traits of character degenerated into vicious habits, as symbols of what was once grand and noble. The giving of rations gave more time to be spent in idleness, and the issue of blankets and clothing gave each Indian something useful; yet, as it cost him nothing, there was not much value attached to it. The giving, therefore, carried no significance.

Among families, the property is used to a great extent in common, though some things are private. Often an old man has living with him two or three married sons and daughters as one family; that is, so far as providing food and necessaries. This way of living together in common keeps all poor. When there is a decided success, it is where the families separate and live by themselves. In one case of which I know, a smart young man worked for his father, and by his labor provided their necessities. Finally, this young man got married. His father, wishing to be kind to him, gave his son the only team he had,— at the same time came to him for his living. The young man failed. At first, he had only his father's family; but then he had his wife

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and his father's family also. Some people have said to me that he should have worked for some one until he could have done better. That he could not do, as on the reservation they were all like himself, and have no work for other people. He may not have been allowed to leave the reservation, or perhaps could not speak English, and so could not obtain work. So it has been in a number of cases,—large families living on the labor of a few who are industrious.

The manner of holding property in common may have been good in the older Indian time; but, for people who are civilized or wish to become so, it will not do. I find that, in the advancement of my people, to have common property is not a good policy. Many tribes have been provided with machines with which to do their work. It has been a good thing; but, as they improve, they should own machines. Tribal machines have caused many to depend on them, when they could have saved grain by buying machines. Still, it has not been a loss, even if most of the machines were broken through carelessness and ignorance. The experience was an education. Now many can run them without trouble. Many of those at school who have learned trades will be better farmers, for the accuracy with which they have learned to do their work will enable them to do all other work well.

In the olden time there would often be a family of generations living together. Sometimes one home-building would be occupied by what should have been ten or many more families, providing food in common. The allotted lands are selected by the heads of families for themselves and children. No matter how much a family may desire or try to have their land together, it cannot be as they wish. One reason is that the lines of survey do not conform to the advantages of the land. Sometimes a fine piece of land will be selected; but, when the lines are run, it is found that it cannot be taken as those who desire it wish. The creeks have the same way of dividing a fine piece of land instead of running along the lines. As soon as the land is the property of individuals, some ambitious fellow will make a start. The starters are leaders in such work, though they do not know what object-lessons they are. Sometimes they fail because of the jealous feeling towards them. Still, they are a success; for they teach others to avoid the things that bring failure, and so others profit by their experience. I know of a young man who

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a few years ago traded about until he got a good team of horses, then worked and built a house, and made a comfortable home. There were older men who had better houses and more about them, but it did not interest the young men of the tribe. This young man got his property through his own work and management. The young men of the tribe felt that they could do the same. They would inquire the cost of lumber, and reckon how much the value of a load of corn or wood would buy. Often a pony would be valued, and a number of young men would talk of the investment. The reason that the property of the old men did not interest them was because the old men had large families, and drew large amounts of annuity-money, with which they paid for the building of their houses. Some of the old men had their houses built by the government. The young men were only interested in what they could do themselves.

Again, it is the custom for the young men to be regarded as children until they are forty years of age or more. This has a tendency to keep the young men down, but it is rapidly giving way to the advancement of the young men who are progressing. It is from the young men that real progress must be expected. I believe that the youngest men who have made improvement are those who have not been obliged to work for their parents or have not been restrained by them. I know of orphans who were sent to school because there was no one to care for them. While at school, they gained different ideas; and, when they started for themselves, they had no near relatives to obey nor other families than their own to maintain. They have done well, and are a credit to their people. A few years ago a young man was not allowed to say anything in public, but now it is changing. The old men used to tell of their bravery, goodness, or perhaps cruelty, who would not allow the young men to speak. Now it is changing, and some of the old men are taking a back seat. A few years ago, when the Omahas were councilling daily about citizenship, one of the younger councilmen (the councilmen were all men of advanced age) got up and said that he was anxious to see his people improve, and, if it was thought he stood in the way of progress, he would allow some younger and better qualified man to take his place. This man is the father of three steady, well-to-do sons. This, I thought, was very liberal for an old Indian.

This improvement which is possible under the Severalty Act

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and the progress which is actual have a side to be considered by those who desire to see the Indians improve. It is the great study of father, mother, the school, and the church, how to direct the youth of this day in the proper paths of life. As the improvement among Indians must come largely from the young people, they must be helped by proper influences. One of the worst evils are shows, which carry young people into all sorts of vices. Some young men have gone off who were doing fairly well, but on their return were worthless and their influence was bad. The period in advancing from wardship of the nation to citizenship needs proper influence. The youth need it more in this case than the older persons, whose habits are formed. The period between throwing off Indian authority and the inauguration of a legal system is a time when the evil-disposed may do almost as they please. As soon as one is thrown off, the other should be taken up. They should be informed of all changes, and of all the requirements of all their conditions. They should be taught not to fear the law, but to respect it. This, it seems to me, should also be the case among the white people more than it is. Schools might give some instruction that would be a benefit at such times.

Reservations that have remained intact for many years show the effect of such a system. People who have travelled through an Indian country know the instant they reach an Indian reservation. It does not take of the civilization surrounding it. This would seem evidence enough against such a system. The latest illustrations brought forward are from the report of a legislative committee in New York State. During last July they visited the Onondaga Reservation, which has been held since 1778. There they found that the Indians had no regular marriage ceremony; they are divided into Christian and pagan parties, the pagan party being most numerous. They still maintain their old clan distinctions, many speak their own language, and few skilful laborers could be found. This reservation is near Syracuse, in the midst of civilization; it is small, and yet during all these years it has not been reached.

The committee next visited the Oneidas in Madison County. Here, they say, it was impossible to tell the Indian farms from those of their white neighbors near by. This is owing to the fact that they are citizens. In 1842 an act of Congress broke up their tribal relation, and in 1872 the United States court de-

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clared them citizens. It is also a pleasing fact to note there are no pagans among the Oneidas.

The land cannot be lost or disposed of for twenty-five years. The amount is enough for a well-to-do farmer. Those who have property and are doing well are smart enough to trade with white people. Those who are poor have all to learn and gain and nothing to lose. The loss of horses, grain, or any ordinary thing in trade will brighten them up. It is what they need. Their homes are safe and their lands secured to them, so that absolute poverty is not possible, if they work at all. A few years' contact with white people on an equal footing will make a change that a hundred years on a reservation cannot show.

THOMAS L. SLOAN,
A Hampton Student.

CRITICAL THEOLOGY.

RENAN'S "PEOPLE OF ISRAEL."*

In order to be quite consistent with a plan he made forty years ago of writing the *History of the Origin of Christianity*, M. Renan tells us that he should have begun with the present volume; for the origin of Christianity dates from the major prophets who introduced ethics into religion about 850 B.C., and prophetism had its root in the ancient ideal of patriarchal life with which this volume very largely deals. He plunged into the middle of his subject and wrote the *Vie de Jésus* first, because human life is uncertain and he was particularly anxious to write about the first century and a half of Christianity. Three other volumes will be necessary to bridge over the gulf between this volume and the Life of Jesus. Two of these, bringing the history down to the time of Ezra, are nearly ready for publication. As for the third, M. Renan is so "buoyed up by the pleasure of seeing it make good progress" that he hopes to finish it while his mental vigor is still unabated. His hope will certainly be shared by those who read his books. There are many who do not read them who will pray that this may be his last. But his readers are a numerous class; and even those who find him far from

* History of the People of Israel till the Time of King David. By Ernest Renan, author of Life of Jesus. Boston: Roberts Brothers. (See a brief notice in this *Review* for May, 1888, p. 478.)

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satisfactory admit his fascination, and for the pleasure that he gives them can be tolerant of much that troubles and repels.

Many are the histories of Israel. Among them M. Renan's is absolutely unique, though it has traits in common with the most diverse of them,—methods and results in common with Ewald and Kuenen and Wellhausen and Stade, beauty of style in common with Milman and Stanley. But the beauty of his style is not the beauty of theirs. It is something far more exquisite. More perfect in its delicate grace it could not be. For the most part, it compels a beautiful translation at the hands of a translator who evidently has no special aptitude for his task, who is often clumsy where we may be sure the original is not, who frequently brings us up short with some verbal monstrosity when the rhetoric is in full career, and who frequently betrays an ignorance of the subject-matter which is surprising in a person who has dared attempt the task. M. Renan's style is one of the greatest dangers with which he himself has to contend. He makes it easy for himself by not contending with it. He is not more a master of style than he is the slave of style,—a willing slave. Whatever happens to patriarch or prophet, every sentence must be gracefully turned. If only the epigram is better, Jehovah may be worse without regret. M. Renan is frequently betrayed by this passion into rank absurdity, as where he is contending that, if there is such a thing as one miraculous history, there must be three,—Judea, Greece, and Rome. "I will even add," he says, "that in my opinion the greatest miracle on record is Greece herself. The simultaneous apparition in the Greek race of all that goes to compose the honor and pride of the human intellect impresses me far more than the passage of the Red Sea or the Jordan." As if these were the great things of Judea! As if Jesus and Christianity were not somewhat!

M. Renan is much more than a critic, much more than a historian. He is a creative literary artist. And he is subject to another danger here. What he gains of charm he loses in simple accuracy and larger truth. He is constantly tempted to use documents for more than they are worth, to piece out his material from his imagination. It was so in his Life of Jesus. The use he made of the Fourth Gospel was out of all proportion with his critical estimate of its authenticity. This absolved him from all necessity for accounting for the story of the raising of Lazarus. But he cannot deny himself the satisfaction of attempting natu-

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ralistic explanations of the supernatural, especially if he can suggest unworthy ones; and so we had the gratuitous exhibition of Jesus conniving at the coarsest fraud. Other historians of constructive genius have been beset by similar dangers, and have been overborne by them. The meagreness of their material and their passion for symmetrical narration drive them into the most doubtful ventures. Dean Stanley's *Jewish Church* abounds in instances of this defect. With his constructive instinct, he was always taking back what his criticism had withdrawn. After having assigned the Book of Daniel to the Maccabean period, he used it for the construction of the history of the sixth century B.C. as freely as if it had not been a historical pseudonymous romance of a much later time.

The previous works of M. Renan have been much affected by the passion for symmetrical construction getting the better of his critical faculty; but none of them so profoundly as the present, which from beginning to end is significant of nothing else so much as of this habit of his mind. Once we have reached the period of the Exodus, his disagreement is only incidental with the work of Kuenen, of Wellhausen, and Reuss; and before this he has much in common with them. Abraham is a distorted reminiscence of some mythical Babylonian king, "Father Orham" (*Ab-Orham*); Jacob and Joseph are but names of nomad clans. As the work goes on, we shall have complete acceptance of Deuteronomy as a compromise writing of Josiah's time, and the more priestly parts of Genesis, Exodus, Numbers, and Leviticus as fifth-century matter. There, as here, we shall probably have the retention of certain parts decided largely by the picturesqueness of their quality or the ease with which they lend themselves to some novel and ingenious explanation.

It is in the period antecedent to the exodus from Egypt that M. Renan's difference of method from that of the later Dutch and German scholars is most marked. He devotes one hundred and seventy-one pages to this period, while Wellhausen does not allow to it a single word. And this part of his work is of great importance, seeing that the principal thesis which he endeavors to maintain is, that prophetism was a return upon a patriarchal ideal, which was a reality in the early history of Israel. This actual ideal he seeks to reconstruct, with the help of inferences from the stability of nomad life and various hints from a wide field of archæological and philological research, from fragmentary

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bits of reminiscence embedded in the Hebrew Scriptures, and especially from the Book of Job. Everything proceeds so easily and gracefully, the inferences seem so natural, the foot-notes are marshalled in such crowded ranks, that many will be carried right along with the author in his brilliant course. They will be convinced that the prophetism of the ninth century B.C., when it produced the patriarchal stories of the Book of Genesis, did not so much create a myth as it recalled a memory, not true to persons and concrete events, but to the general course of these and to their inmost spirit. They will refer those Babylonian elements which are so evident in Genesis to the earliest period of contact between the Semitic nomads and the Babylonian people. They will trace the wanderings of these nomads from Arabia, along the western banks of the Euphrates to Padan-Aram, to Canaan, and into Egypt. They will be interested to find that M. Renan has abandoned that theory of a monotheistic instinct peculiar to the Semites which he used to hold, and contents himself with saying that "from the most ancient times the Semite patriarch had a secret tendency towards monotheism, or at least towards a simple and comparatively reasonable worship." In no respect was this worship more reasonable in the eyes of M. Renan than in its freedom from the animistic notions which beset the Aryan races. "The beliefs in the spirituality of the soul and in immortality, far from being the outcome of refined reflection, are in reality childish conceptions of men incapable of a serious analysis of their ideas." But "the nomad Semitic race was the religious race *par excellence*, because it was, taking it altogether, the least superstitious of the human families, less of a dupe than any other to the dream of the hereafter."

As M. Renan proceeds, his pages become less a study of primitive characteristics and more a record of events. The influence of Egypt on the Israelites settling on their borders is described with eloquent regret. The Red Sea miracle is explained away in a hackneyed manner that does little credit to M. Renan's invention. The forty years' sojourn in the desert is reduced to a rapid march. The pillar of fire by night was a long pole with a lantern at the top, carried in advance of the people, who had "become a nation in Egypt." M. Renan is never better pleased than when detecting such an infinitesimal germ as this for an ambitious myth. But he saves hardly so much of Moses, even less of Joshua, nothing of Aaron and the Levites as a priestly

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tribe. In general, what is most concrete and definite in the Biblical narrative is swept aside with skepticism or contempt; and we have instead an ideal construction of M. Renan's, very interesting, very fascinating, but little calculated to survive the shock of any serious study. After the first glow of pleasure, the question comes, not to be put away: Are M. Renan's materials adequate for the conversion of that ideal patriarchalism of the Semitic nomad, which he so much admires, into reality? Are the Book of Genesis and the Book of Job valid as a testimony of the religious habits of a time which had fallen back a thousand years and more into the past when they were written? Did Israel actually find her ideal in the past or did she put it there?

These questions are fundamental to M. Renan's history. It pleases him to consider Jehovism as a miserable falling away from the Elohism of the nomad Semites, and prophetism as a return upon this Elohism, a revolt from the Jehovism which had enjoyed five or six centuries of growth and power. This is the leading proposition of his book. He returns to it again and again. He is extremely doubtful as to the origin of the name and worship of Jehovah; but he has no doubt that he was a god of many serious defects, which it took the people of Israel a long time to correct. Of many statements of his leading proposition, the following is perhaps the most elaborate and clear: —

> The religious progress of Israel will be found to consist in reverting from Jahveh to Elohim, in modifying Jahveh, and in stripping him of his personal attributes and leaving him only the abstract existence of Elohim. Jahveh is a special god,— the god of a human family and of a country. As such, he is neither better nor worse than the other protecting deities. Elohim is the universal God, the God of the human race. In reality, it is to Elohim and not to Jahveh that the world has been converted. The world has become deist; that is to say, Elohist, and not Jahvehist. It has forgotten how the name of Jahveh is pronounced; each people will continue to place the vowels in its own way. Neither Christianity nor Islamism knew Jahveh. It is a word entirely eliminated from pious use; it is the name of a barbarian and strange god.

It is this leading proposition which makes M. Renan's book unique among the critical histories of Israel, and brings it into closer sympathy, in one particular, with the uncritical conceptions of a supernaturalist theology than with those of Reuss, Kuenen, and the like. For in all these we have presented to us the spectacle of a general advance, not without retardation here and there. The early Jehovism is conceived as an advance upon the primi-

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tive Elohism and the later Jehovism an advance upon the earlier, and not by any means a return to primitive ideas. But, in the uncritical conceptions of the supernaturalist theology, we have the spectacle of a lofty original revelation, treated for centuries with indifference and contempt, and then returned upon in the time of Josiah and again in the time of Ezra with enthusiastic zeal. But the popular uncritical conception differs from that of M. Renan in that it conceives a return upon the original Jehovism; while he, regarding this as a dreadful falling off, conceives a return upon the primitive Elohism of a nomadic period previous to the original advance from Arabia to Canaan. It is perhaps too soon to judge of the success of his attempt, as his history of prophetism is yet to be written. But his development of the primitive Elohism is an accomplished fact, and it is hopelessly vitiated by the meagreness of the materials on which it rests. Nothing has been more common in the history of thought than the imputation of national and personal ideals to earlier and primitive times, and their imaginary realization there. The Hebrews were as much given to this habit as any people has ever been; and the documents which are most strongly marked by it are those on which M. Renan mainly depends for his reconstruction of a primitive society and primitive religious ideas. Greatly enamoured, through his travels, with tent life in the East, he would find in it the source of the purest monotheism that Israel ever knew. Moreover, this result jumps with his passion to confound the wise and mighty things of this world with the ignorant and weak. His attempt is daring, and there is plenty of brilliancy and dash in carrying it out; but, however it may captivate the general reader, it is certainly permissible to doubt whether it will make any impression on the soundest scholars of the time, save one of deep regret that powers so great and attainments so remarkable should be used in such a fanciful and reckless way.

The manner of M. Renan's book is even more unique than its principal idea. If this allies it with the popular notions, that differentiates it from them by immeasurable degrees. We must go to Mr. Robert Ingersoll or to Voltaire for levity approaching that which characterizes his treatment of persons and events which, simply as Biblical, have been generally spoken of with bated breath. The average Christian would not speak so irreverently of the worst characters mentioned in the Old Testament as M. Renan speaks of the "man after God's own heart" and of

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Jehovah himself. But, having mentioned the names of Voltaire and Mr. Ingersoll in connection with M. Renan's, we should make haste to say that his levity is very different from theirs,— dainty and exquisite where theirs is coarse and rough. As compared with Mr. Ingersoll's, it is a levity informed with all the culture of the present century, while Mr. Ingersoll's is but a stale and flat and generally unprofitable survival of the levity of Voltaire and Thomas Paine. The recent graduate of almost any theological school has a more rational idea of the Bible than its most ignorant and hostile critic.

The whole account of David's early life is a picture of "the sweet singer of Israel" very different from that which has been cherished in the popular heart. While mourning for Saul, he was taking steps to succeed him. By his gifts, he had won over nearly all the tribe of Judah. "To give to one what has been stolen from another is a device which, so selfish is man, nearly always succeeds." "To the bravery, the flexibility, the talent, which he had exhibited up to then, he was about to join the skill of the consummate politician, the subtleties of the most refined casuist, the doubtful art of taking advantage of every crime without ever directly committing one." The assassination of Abner, followed by that of Ishbosheth, affords a capital illustration: —

> Few people appear to have been less religious; few of the adorers of Jahveh had less understanding of the sentiment which was destined to uphold Jahvehism,— justice. David was Jahvehist, as Mesa, that King of Moab whose confession is still extant, was Camoist; Jahveh was his tutelary deity, and Jahveh was a god who caused his favorites to prosper. Besides, Jahveh was very useful; he spoke valuable oracles through the Ephod of Abiathar. This was all, for David and his companions had no aversion to Baal. David had no more idea than had Gideon, Abimelech, and Jephthah what the religion of Jahveh would become in the hands of the great prophets of the eighth century.

This passage gives a good idea of the general tone. It reaches its culmination in the concluding passage of the book: —

> We shall witness these transformations century after century. We shall find the outlaw of Adullam and of Ziklag assuming little by little the airs of a saint, becoming the author of the Psalms, the sacred chorister, the type of the future Saviour. The evangelical biography will be distorted in a number of instances, in order to make the life of the

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Messiah reproduce the features of that of David! Pious souls delighting over the sentiments so full of resignation and tender melancholy contained in the finest books of the liturgy will fancy themselves in communion with this bandit; humanity will believe in a future state on the testimony of David, who never believed in it himself, and of the Sibyl, who never existed. *Teste David cum Sibylla!* O divine comedy!

But it is not David who fares worst at M. Renan's hands. It is "Jahveh." For him he keeps his keenest satire, his most bitter irony. The poor god is so teased and buffeted that there is danger that the sympathies of the kindly reader, though not by any means conservative, will be enlisted on his side.

The real form of Jahveh was never human. He was a kind of dragon, roaring thunder, vomiting flame, causing the tempest to howl.... But it was not rare for Jahveh, when he wished to reveal himself, to employ disguises. He became Proteus or Vertumnus. Then he was peculiarly quarrelsome. He was to be met with in the deserted parts of the country, which he preferred; he attempted to kill you; he thirsted after your blood.... In general, Jahveh was impalpable, invisible. It was difficult, under the caprices of this strange electriform agent, to foresee that Jehovah would one day become a just God. The Jahveh of the time of the judges had scarcely anything of the moral god about him. He chose certain people; he loved certain men; his preferences could not be explained. He was very inferior to the ancient Elohim.... It required centuries of progress for Jahveh to love good, to hate evil, and to become a universal God.

Over and over again M. Renan returns to this attack, ever with an unabated relish, and always to draw out the same conclusion: "Those terrible abolitionists, the prophets, the real depositaries of the instinct of the race, were destined to destroy in detail this cruel, partial, and rancorous Jahveh, and to return, by a series of more and more rigorous efforts, to the primitive Elohism, to the patriarchal god, to the El of the broad tent, to the true God."

It is hardly necessary to say that, incidental to the principal contention of his book, M. Renan has many just and admirable observations on the Old Testament literature, and on particular events. Moreover, his general reflections, though often cynical, are always bright and keen, and have frequently a serious and penetrative excellence. J. W. C.

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BOOK NOTICES.

Theologisches Jahresbericht, herausgegeben von R. A. Lipsius. Siebenter Band. Leipzig: Georg Reichardt Verlag.— Prof. Lipsius, with the assistance of fourteen other liberal theologians of Germany, continues the good work of reviewing the theological literature of the calendar years. The present volume notices, with the usual completeness and fairness of former volumes, the books and articles of 1887. Prof. Siegfried says of the second section of Prof. Kuenen's Introduction to the Old Testament (the second edition, of which Rev. P. H. Wicksteed has translated the first section: may he give us this also!): "Here, too, we follow with pleasure this trustworthy guide through the literary wildernesses and labyrinths, and see with satisfaction how soberly the author exhibits first the facts of the case, then the problems so arising, next the solutions which have been attempted, and finally the definitive solution possible at this time." He congratulates the venerable Franz Delitzsch "on his complete conversion to the Grafian hypothesis. For the thin cobwebs of a 'Mosaic original,' which still cling to the Jehovist-Deuteronomistic Decalogue and the Book of the Covenant,— the 'traditional substratum' basing on which the Deuteronomist built his wonderful work of art 'out of an actual unity of spirit with Moses, the Divine Spirit inspiring him with the highest intensity to reproduce freely the speeches of Moses,'— and 'the Elohistic original,' which lies at the foundation of Q and P C,— all these can hardly save the author from being ranked with the naturalists and evolutionists."

Oscar Holtzmann, author of the most recent considerable work on the Fourth Gospel, coincides with Prof. Otto Pfleiderer's result. He, too, finds that it is "the ripest and richest fruit of the development of Hellenistic doctrine which issued from the Epistle of the Hebrews." Pastor Furrer, in his review of works on the history of religions, gives high praise to O. Gruppe's book, *Grecian Cultus and Myth in Relation to the Oriental Religions*, although it suffers from a wrong conception of religion; and he connects with it V. Schulze's History of the Downfall of Greco-Roman Heathendom, Vol. I., on the Church in conflict with heathendom.

L. von Schroeder's *Indiens Literatur und Cultur in Historischer Entwickelung* is "an excellent review of the whole literature and civilization of India,— a popular work in the best sense of the word, . . . well grounded and of a true scientific spirit." L. H. Mills's translation of the Yasna Visparad receives due honor. Prof. Lipsius devotes special attention, under the head of the Philosophy of Religion, to a Dutch work by L. W. E. Rauwenhoff, of the first part of which he gives a full notice of five pages. The concluding part of Dr. W. Gass's History of Christian Ethics is noted by Dr. Marbach; and, among books on Socialism, one by C. W. Kambli on *Socialist Parties and our Attitude towards them* receives favorable review as a comprehensive book from the stand-point

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of the scientific socialism of Mill, Lange, and Schäffle. The *Jahresbericht* is indispensable to one who would keep abreast of the theological learning of each successive year.

How Religion arises: A Psychological Study. By Duren J. H. Ward, Ph.D., B.D.— Dr. Ward's thoughtful and careful essay examines with admirable candor the leading philosophical theories of the origin of religion in human nature. These he ranks as follows: That religion is of the will (Kant and M. Arnold); that religion is of the emotions (Schleiermacher, the Mystics in general, Epicurus and Lucretius in antiquity, Hobbes and H. Spencer in modern times), and that religion is of thought (Jacobi and Hegel). Each of these is partially true, but false as a representation of complete religion, which springs out of the whole, undivided nature of man. "Religion is not the work of one nor of two faculties, but the blending of all into one complete nature. Completed religion is an attitude of the whole being. At its highest, it demands the realization of the whole of life. . . . Religion is at start a mental attitude, comprehending later its consequent activity. . . . When the individual first consciously, and more or less recognizingly, looks into the face of the universal, he from that moment becomes a religious being. . . . The basis of religion lies in the possibility and actuality of the human consciousness turning in contemplation toward that great Nature from which it sprang; and so long as it necessarily holds such an attitude, sees something to rivet its attention, finds something to draw forth its powers to new and continued energies, beholds mysteries yet uncomprehended and relationships to nature yet unfulfilled, so long and so secure is this idea certain to remain an all-controlling one,— the more so in proportion as man becomes a reflecting being, because with this the idea grows more and more comprehensive in content."

Dr. Ward's conclusions will recommend themselves by their catholicity to sober inquirers. He is destitute of bias against religion, shows the strong interest in it which is the first qualification of the student, and has thought his way so clearly in his chosen field that his readers will find themselves materially aided in recognizing the problem set and appreciating the solutions offered,— the partial solutions which he criticises and the comprehensive one which he wisely prefers. For one striking remark we must make room: "Strange though it seem at first, the moving, potent, prominent principle which underlies the religious life of the punctilious ritualistic churchman and the enthusiastic ethical agnostic has the same spring, namely, that religion is once and always a life of action, of work." (Geo. H. Ellis.)

The Complete Life. Six Sermon-Lectures from the Stand-point of Modern Thought. By James H. West.— Mr. West's six addresses are the work of a young man of fine strain of mind and heart, who has a true religious spirit, although he thinks it necessary to put away some things we judge

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to be still helpful to religion. He holds with his full strength to the need of religion for man, the saving power of the ideal element in this life of ours, so crowded with material desires and satisfactions, and to the beauty of righteousness. Where such a temper is found in a genuine man, older and more experienced minds, that have long since thought over the ground where Mr. West is now, will smile with patience at the crudeness and lack of definite grasp which they cannot but note in these essays. The frequent conjunction of oddly assorted names is one mark of the first quality,— "the leaders of men, the Jesuses and Emersons, the Darwins and the Spencers." "Look at the Buddha, at Jesus, at Confucius, at Wendell Phillips," is rather an amusing injunction, indeed, in its sudden descent from the sage of China to the great American orator, whose place in history, however high it may be, is certainly not to be in such company as this. "*I trust the universe*," says Mr. West, in an earnest passage. "To-day we know that there is nothing supernatural." When his thought becomes more exact and more modest, he will find, we think, that faith needs something more definite to hold to than this very expansive "universe" of things, which includes many an appearance that faith must defy rather than trust; and that denials of the very existence of the supernatural imply the possession of an omniscience which the author can hardly be thought to claim. Mr. West would do well to refrain from frequent publication of his discourses until years have brought the philosophic mind, which sees with clearness and impartiality that it may speak thereafter with definiteness and sobriety on the great problems of life and history. In that riper stage, Mr. West, for whom we entertain sincere respect and to whose future we look with hope, will not express himself in this very unjustifiable style of anti-theological Gnosticism: "If men would only quit their fruitless wailings and chantings and prayings to *a God outside*,— a misunderstood, practically non-existent God,— and bend their prayers to the God within! Men make *themselves* deified." (Charles H. Kerr & Co.)

Harvard Vespers.— This little volume, with its cover in two designs, its red top, and its old-fashioned catchword at the bottom of the page, contains phonographic reports of the addresses given by Prof. F. G. Peabody and the other preachers to Harvard University at the Thursday afternoon vespers for 1886–88. An address by Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody is also included. As these brief discourses were reported in the *Christian Register* from week to week, they must have struck many readers by their directness, force, and beauty. They have done much to revive and strengthen the religious life at Cambridge; and they are now sent forth to do even a wider good work, we trust, among young men elsewhere, in college and out, who know and appreciate the features of a manly faith. The unity of spirit on the fundamental things that pervades these addresses by Rev. Messrs. Hale, Peabody, Brooks, McKenzie, and Gordon, is obvious and impressive. (Roberts Brothers.)

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THE Unitarian Sunday School Society has issued a new edition of *Lessons on the Old Testament*, Part First by the Rev. George F. Piper, which has been so recast as to be substantially a new work. This manual differs from others on the Old Testament issued by the Society of late years in retaining the question-and-answer method, which is often convenient. The questions and answers are based on the narrative as it stands, a knowledge of which will always be desirable. Mr. Piper's notes sufficiently indicate his acquaintance and sympathy with the new school, and remove every objection that could be raised to the manner of treating the Old Testament in the lessons standing by themselves. Our Sunday-schools will undoubtedly find room and need for this well-wrought manual among the younger classes as for text-books on another plan for the older pupils.

The Parish Guide. A Handbcok for the Use of Clergy and Lay-helpers. Edited by the Rev. Theodore Johnson. London: Wells Gardner, Darton & Co. New York: E. and J. B. Young & Co.— This substantial volume of more than four hundred pages is intended primarily for the use of the clergy of the Established Church of England, and it supplies "practical information for the well-working of all existing institutions met with in various parishes." Mr. Johnson is a clergyman who seems desirous to act after Matthew Arnold's conception of the English Church as a "vast national society for the promotion of goodness." Most of the matters here ranged in alphabetical order, and treated with great fulness of practical detail, are distinctively secular, and pertain to the general well-being of the parish. Not only do the regular charities, such as Cottage Hospitals, receive wise treatment by the side of church music and schools, allotments also, benefit clubs, friendly and emigrant societies, libraries, reading-rooms, art and science classes, and many other philanthropic endeavors are here recommended and discussed with extreme helpfulness. Cricket "should always be encouraged by clergy and laity": the full rules of the Marylebone Club are given, that the clergyman may speak with knowledge!

The sections on Guilds and the Ministering Children's League should be of special interest to our own clergy. The League was founded by Lady Brabazon in 1885, and has now two hundred branches, with twenty thousand members in Great Britain, America, and the Colonies. Its rule is "that each member of this League must try to do at least one kind deed every day"; its motto, "No day without a deed to crown it." Under every section, the contributors to the volume, who are practical workers, give full references to the appropriate literature. We invite the attention of our clergy to this excellent compendium of philanthropic and religious activities. Much of its matter is, of course, purely English in its application; more is not in the line of our different ideas and needs; but many valuable hints, at least, are here for the organization and conduct of churches of any name. The simple knowledge of the

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varied good works which our brethren of the English Church carry on in the broadly human spirit of this volume, and of their methods of more specific religious activity, cannot fail to profit ministers and laity of other bodies. All must admire the spirit of sagacious helpfulness which is here so apparent.

The Story of Media, Babylon, and Persia. By Zénaïde A. Ragozin.—Madame Ragozin, whose previous contributions to the "Story of the Nations" series on Chaldea and Assyria have been among the best in this thoroug·ly successful collection, here continues her narrative from the fall of Nineveh to the Persian War. She devotes the first one hundred and fifty pages to a study of the religion of Zoroaster, which, it is needless to say to her readers, is founded on the latest authorities and presented with great skill: it is among the best popular sketches of the religion of Persia that have fallen under our notice. One must observe, by the way, the high degree of enlightenment of the popular mind concerning the ethnic religions which this series will bring about wherever it goes. Such sympathetic and impartial accounts of the faiths of Greece, Rome, Arabia, and Persia, as volumes already issued have given, were entirely lacking in popular historical literature; and we count it one of the highest merits of this series that it will teach very many to think justly and kindly of other religions than Christianity. Madame Ragozin begins her history proper with a chapter on the last days of Judah, and then leads us with unfailing interest through the reigns of Kurush, Kambyses, and Dareios I. (so must we spell the old Cyrus, Cambyses, and Darius) to the great conflict between the East and the West. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

History of Co-operation in the United States. Baltimore: N. Murray.

This volume, the sixth of the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science, is the work of five graduates of the University who have divided between them the wide territory of our country in their investiga'ion of the workings of associated labor. Prof. R. T. Ely prefixes a brief introduction, in which he points out the importance of American experience in co-operation, and draws the lesson from it that "one of the prime conditions of success in co-operation is moral integrity of the co-operators. The cause of failure is more frequently ethical than intellectual weakness."

Prof. Edward W. Bemis has studied New England and the Middle States, and from this oldest settled part of our country he has drawn material for over one-third of the work. In New England, he begins with Brook Farm, and continues his narrative through the Protective Union, the Patrons of Husbandry, and the Sovereigns of Industry to existing institutions. These he describes in full, including the co-operative stores and banks, co-operative production, with and without dividends to labor, and the various profit-sharing enterprises. In distribu-

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tion, Prof. Bemis finds that the "Rochdale plan is to be preferred, with its dividends on purchases, limited number of shares of five dollars each in the hands of any one person, equality of vote of all stockholders, market prices for pure goods, and exclusively cash trade. Expenses should not exceed one-twelfth of the trade." The difficulties in the way of productive co-operation are obvious to Prof. Bemis; and he inclines, as do the other writers in the volume, to some form of profit-sharing, as less difficult in its application. "While co-operation has risks incident to all business, indeed has had greater risks in the past, though promising better results in the future, profit-sharing, even if a failure, brings no failure to the business, and has every prospect of being a grand success directly from both a material and moral point of view." In his section on the Middle States, Prof. Bemis, in addition to the methods already named, gives a full account of the remarkable building associations of Philadelphia.

Dr. Albert Shaw, of the Minneapolis *Tribune*, has the most brilliant successes to record in his pages on Co-operation in a Western City, to which he subjoins a review of co-operative enterprises in Minnesota, outside of Minneapolis, Wisconsin, and Iowa. The coopers of Minneapolis afford, as he says, the most important illustration of co-operation which this country has yet furnished. It has been overlooked by writers on the subject, because of "its indigenous character; its remarkable exemption from the aid, patronage, or praise of social reformers, political economists, hobby-riders, or persons of the literary habit; its entire freedom from the self-consciousness and premature thirst for fame that characterize almost every social experiment, however insignificant; and, finally, the commonplace nature of its external features." He traces the movement from its beginnings until it proved itself a financial and moral success in a surprising degree. The Pillsbury mills, the largest flour mills in the world, present an example of successful profit-sharing on a large scale, having this very last month paid its fifth dividend (in seven years) of $40,000 to labor. Minneapolis has also its co-operative painters and building associations; and altogether its record is such that no coming writer on this subject should fail to give it a prominent place. Dr. Shaw's review includes an interesting account of the Amana colony in Iowa.

Mr. Amos G. Warner presents as Three Phases of Co-operation in the West the movements among the farmers (grange stores and creameries), among the wage-earners, and among the Mormons, who have a "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution." Mr. Shinn, who writes of the Pacific Coast, and Dr. Randall, who covers the Southern States, have had to contend with poverty of material in comparison with the preceding writers; but they make the most of their unpromising fields. The Chinese associations in California, and the relief association of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, are two points of special interest here.

The subject of Co-operation in the United States has at last received

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a treatment worthy of its importance in this careful and most instructive history. The five writers are friendly but not prejudiced observers, and they have studied their respective sections with a primary desire to get at the facts and to set them forth in the interests of simple truth. There is, of course, in this volume none of the rant or cant of the professional labor reformer: just as little is there of the hard scorn of the political economist who thinks his science perfect. The writers are sober in their conclusions, while they look with hopefulness to see the future avoid many of the causes of failure which have shipwrecked co-operative undertakings in the past. They recognize the importance of the aristocratic element in industry,— brains and business skill; and for the present, at least, their expectations of a better understanding in the industrial world are concerned with profit-sharing more than with co-operative production proper. They have done the labor cause a great service in producing this impartial chronicle of failure and success. The volume is all compact with reliable information, and to it persons interested in the evolution of a new industrial order may confidently resort. The facts and figures here abundantly given justify the hope that co-operation in its full sense of the association of producers has no inconsiderable part to play in the future.

The Modern Distributive Process. By John B. Clark and Franklin H. Giddings.— This slender volume contains four thoughtful studies of the industrial society of to-day,— two by Prof. Clark on the limits of competition and on profits under modern conditions, and two by Mr. Giddings on the persistence of competition and the natural rate of wages,— the four being reprinted from the *Political Science Quarterly*, where they deservedly attracted much attention. The standard treatises on political economy started from a state of things which in many important respects no longer exists now that combinations of immense amounts of capital are easy and the danger of glutting the market often imminent. Competition has found limits unknown before, and profits have tended to disappear. New forms of corporations begin to appear, and meet very naturally with indiscriminate denunciation. It is the great merit of these original papers that they study these new phases of industrial life calmly and judicially. The authors find that, despite the new limits set upon it by modern inventiveness, competition still persists; that, while profits threaten in one direction to disappear entirely, in another they unexpectedly revive; and that there is hope that the forces of enlightened public opinion and legislation will correct existing evils, when once the developments necessary under new conditions are allowed their natural play. (Ginn & Co.)

Nobody Knows; or Facts that are not Fictions in the Life of an Unknown. By A Nobody. Funk & Wagnalls.

Mr. W. E. Barns, the editor of the *Age of Steel* of St. Louis, vouches for the substantial reality of the narrative of this remarkable book,

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informing us that "there is a man behind the pages of this unique and instructive history. He is not a fictitious creation, but a substantial fact, wearing thick shoes, eating humble fare, and living by the sweat of his brow." Readers of the trade journal just named will recognize in the author a frequent contributor, who writes upon the various phases of the labor problem with a good sense and a vigorous and picturesque style both equally rare in labor literature. This volume is the vivid record of a workman's life, spent in the sincerest labors of immediate helpfulness, with no desire for fame, and with a shrinking from charitable organizations rather than a zeal for them. The Nobody was a boy of the barracks at first, then a rustic lad with a great passion for books and "a considerable emphasis of care for hunchbacks, cripples, and people generally who were the door-mats and castaways of society." At Norwich, in England, he began his manly career with a private mission in a loft over a stable; and to this day he has continued preaching a gospel of deeds, which he himself expresses in this stirring phrase: "All we may have of Paley, all we may know of Lardner, is not enough to infuse vitality into Christianity, if we find no living Christs to make it a practical verity. For this the world hungers. Christianity has had its share of printer's ink, of painter's brush, and Carrara marble, of chimes, music, and eloquence. What it wants to-day is the living copies of its original: less, if you will, of theological Christianity; more, or it dies, of every-day Christs." This gospel the writer practised among sailors, soldiers, freight-handlers, among the humblest workers wherever fortune led him, from the Mediterranean to Dakota. Among the crowd of books proposing the regeneration of society by means of the most general remedies, it is good to read this touching and inspiring record of a life devoted to modest but incessant doing of the nearest good,—this record, as the steward of the emigrant ship put it, of "a kind of private boat, sir, cruising round in a squall, and picking up such poor devils as fall overboard and can't survive." The Nobody was a very positive Somebody.

RECENT FOREIGN BOOKS.

Theology and Philosophy.

Die Genesis, mit Unterscheidung der Quellenschriften. Von E. Kautzsch und A. Socin.

Whence comes Man, from Nature or from God? By Arthur J. Bell. (Highly commended by the London *Inquirer*. Isbister.)

L'Idéalisme en Angleterre au XVIII^e^ Siècle. Par Georges Lyon. (Alcan.)

The last volume of the Supplement to the *Real-Encyclopädie für Protestantische Theologie und Kirche* has recently been issued by J. C. Hinrichs, of Leipzig. It contains an extremely valuable article on the

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Talmud, by Prof. H. Strack, which gives a detailed summary of the sixty-three tractates of the Mischna, the like of which is nowhere else to be found; one on "Preaching," by Prof. Christlieb; and another on the "Salvation Army," by Dr. Kolde. The author thinks it doubtful if the Salvation Army, should the principles laid down for its guidance in India be adopted in the United States and Europe, will have the right to call itself a Christian community. "A sect which already represents a pseudo-Christianity must inevitably be transformed by the increasing evolution of its syncretistic tendencies into a new religion."

Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter, in the *Inquirer*, gives high praise to Dr. T. K. Cheyne's new *Translation and Commentary on the Psalms*,— a "delightful work, which ought to win the immediate gratitude of all lovers of the noblest devotional poetry which the world has ever produced." The translation is a revision, with critical notes added, of that issued four years ago. Dr. Cheyne makes many corrections and conjectural readings in view of the corrupt state of the text, and frequently separates in the same psalm the probable work of two or more hands. The following rendering of Psalm lxxxiv. 3–7 is a good example of his felicity as a translator: —

"Even as the sparrow finds a house,
And the swallow a nest,
Where she lays her callow brood,
[So have I found, even I,
A home] by thine altars,
O my King and my God.
Happy are they that dwell in thy house,
They can be always praising thee.

"Happy the man who has thee for a stronghold,
[Such as are pilgrims on] the highways
[With gladness] in their heart!
Passing through the balsam-vale,
They make it a source of fountains;
Yea, the early rain mantles it with blessings;
They go from strength to strength,
And shall appear before God in Zion."

The introductions and notes to the Psalms illustrate them from the widest range of reading in ancient and modern poetry,— "the Vedic hymns, the Assyrian inscriptions, the early poets of Arabia and the Koran, Sophocles, Dante, Milton, Goethe, Browning, Newman, and many another, supply an abundant variety of parallels in thought and expression." The notes are also hermeneutic, but theological questions mostly lie over to be treated in the Bampton Lecture of next year. "He practically abandons the attempt to assign any Psalms to David," his words being: "Ewald acknowledges only eleven entire Psalms and some fragments of Psalms as Davidic. . . . The probability is that Ewald's is the most conservative view of the headings at present tenable. Need I add that I merely record his position without either indorsing it or attach-

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ing any special weight to his authority?" "In some of those which Ewald most emphatically attributed to the royal poet, Dr. Cheyne finds Israel the speaker. . . . It is the church-nation, or the church within the nation, whose sorrows and triumphs are depicted in so many of these poems. This is not really any recent discovery (though it has been lately paraded as a novelty by Dr. Smend). All readers of Reuss's volume on the Psalms, in his great work on the Bible, will remember how happily he applied this key to many compositions which might at first sight appear strongly impressed with the stamp of special individual experience. Sometimes the ancient editors have themselves revealed the secret, as in the addition at the end of Psalm xxv., when the alphabetical order is complete,—

'Redeem Israel, O God,
Out of all his troubles.'

Sometimes it can only be inferred from the psalm itself, as in Psalm li."

History and Biography.

Les Trois Carnots: Histoire de Cent Ans 1789–1888. Par M. Dreyfous. (Biographies of the famous Lazare Carnot of French Revolutionary times, his son Hippolyte, and his grandson Sadi-Carnot, President of the Republic. M. Dreyfous, publisher.)

Correspondence between Wagner and Liszt, 1841–61. Translated from the German by Dr. Francis Hueffer. (This correspondence is said to give a deeper insight into the character and aspirations of Wagner than any existing biography.)

Miscellaneous.

L'Architecture Romane. Par Edouard Corroyer. (A history of the so-called "Roman" style of architecture in the Middle Ages. Quantin.)

Self-help One Hundred Years Ago. By George J. Holyoake. (A history of the infancy of co-operation. Sonnenschein.)

German Socialism and Ferdinand Lassalle. By W. H. Dawson. (A biographical history of German Socialism during this century. Sonnenschein.)

The New British Constitution and its Master-builders. By the Duke of Argyll. (D. Douglas.)

The Land System of Ireland. By William O'Connor Morris. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

Dictionary of the Anonymous and Pseudonymous Literature of Great Britain. By S. Halkett and Rev. J. Laing. (Fourth and last volume of this valuable book of reference.)

Political Economy: An Elementary Text-book of Economics and Commerce. By E. C. K. Gonner. (A good manual, fuller than Jevons's *Primer* and less difficult than Marshall's *Economics of Industry*. Sutton.)

A Companion to "In Memoriam." By Elizabeth R. Chapman. (A lucid prose version of Tennyson's great poem. Macmillan.)

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RECENT AMERICAN BOOKS.

Parish Lectures on the Prayer Book. By W. A. Snively, D.D. (Whittaker.)

A Library of American Literature from the Earliest Settlement to the Present Time. Compiled and edited by E. C. Stedman and E. M. Hutchinson. (To fill ten volumes: the matter consists of extracts only. C. L. Webster & Co.)

Three Introductory Lectures on the Science of Thought. By F. Max Müller. (Open Court Publishing Company.)

The Spirit of Beauty. By Henry W. Parker. (A volume of attractive essays, scientific and æsthetic. Alden.)

Face to Face with the Mexicans. By Fanny C. Gooch. (A very thorough and readable book, based on seven years' residence. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.)

The Federalist. (Issued in a convenient form, from Mr. H. C. Lodge's edition of Hamilton's Works. Putnam's.)

History of the United States and its People. By Edward Eggleston. (A good popular history. Appleton.)

A Short History of the Secession War. By Rossiter Johnson. (Ticknor.)

The Tariff History of the United States. By F. W. Taussig. (Putnam's.)

Newspaper Libel. A Handbook for the Press. By S. Merrill. (Ticknor.)

An Iceland Fisherman. By Pierre Loti. (A fine novel of Breton life. By M. Julien Viaud. Gottsberger.)

Messrs. Roberts Brothers complete their issue of Landor's prose writings with a volume of miscellanies entitled *The Pentameron*.—— We are glad to see that the demand for George Meredith's novels is such as to have led to a popular edition.—— Miss Isabel F. Hapgood has translated, in a very faithful and satisfactory way, Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris* and *The Toilers of the Sea*, which T. Y. Crowell & Co. send forth in admirable form. *Ninety-three*, *By Order of the King* (*L'Homme qui Rit*), and *History of a Crime* will follow, and complete an edition of Hugo's works in every respect excellent.—— Balzac's *Magic Skin* (*La Peau de Chagrin*) is the latest volume of Miss Wormeley's fine series of translations from the "Comédie Humaine," which Roberts Brothers are publishing.—— The *Old Testament Student*, under the vigorous editing of Prof. W. R. Harper, continues to improve on its good record. The issue for September begins a New Testament Supplement of forty inductive Bible studies on the life of Jesus, based on the Gospel of Mark

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NOTEWORTHY ARTICLES IN THE PERIODICALS.

SEPTEMBER.

The Practical Treatment of the Problem of the Country Church. By John Tunis. (*Andover Review.*)

The Gladstone-Ingersoll Controversy: The Church its own Witness. By Cardinal Manning. (*North American Review.*)

Studies of Factory Life: Among the Women. By Lillie B. Chace Wyman. (*Atlantic Monthly.*)

Religion's Gain from Science. By T. T. Munger. (*Forum.*)

Rhetorical Pessimism. By C. C. Everett. (Directed against a tendency visible in the writings of Prof. Huxley, Miss Cobbe, and Dr. Hedge to exaggerate the amount of pain and suffering in nature. *Forum.*)

The Knights of Labor. By Francis A. Walker. (A study of the causes of the decline of the organization. *New Princeton Review.*)

State Socialism. By John Rae. (*Contemporary Review.* The same subject is treated by M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu in an article, the first of a series, on the Modern State and its Functions, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for August 15.)

Belief and Conduct. By Leslie Stephen. (*Nineteenth Century.*)

Irish Home Rule and its Analogies. By E. A. Freeman. (A discriminating defence of the plan. *New Princeton Review.*)

Economic and Social Aspect of Trusts. By George Gunton. (*Political Science Quarterly.* See also the *Andover Review* for August for an article by Morrison I. Swift, on the same general subject.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Law of Equivalents in its Relation to Political and Social Ethics. By Edward Payson. 8vo. pp. 306. $2.00.

Zury: The Meanest Man in Spring County. A Novel of Western Life.

The McVeys (an Episode). By Joseph Kirkland.

Monadnock and Other Sketches in Verse. By J. E. Nesmith.

Lee & Shepard.

Good Company Series: Fireside Saints. Mr. Caudle's Breakfast Talks, and Other Papers, by Douglas Jerrold, now first collected.— The Wishing-Cap Papers. By Leigh Hunt.— Broken Lights: An Inquiry into the Present Condition and Future Prospects of Religious Faith, Religious Duty. By Frances Power Cobbe. 50 cts. each.

From the Unitarian Sunday School Society, Boston.

Lessons on the Old Testament. By Rev. George F. Piper. Part I.

A Hand-book of Temperance. By Charles F. Dole.

From Damrell & Upham, Boston.

The Love that is unto Life. A Sermon. By Rev. A. P. Putnam, D.D. Preached at Kennebunk before the Maine Unitarian Conference, Tuesday evening, June 12, 1888.

From the Thompson Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

The Coming Creed of the World. By Frederick Gerhard. Price $2.00.

From D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

The Manual Training School, comprising a full statement of its Aims, Methods, and Results. By C. M. Woodward, A.B., Ph.D. Price $2.00.

From W. B. Clarke & Co., Boston.

Sermons for All Sects. By Caleb D. Bradlee.

From George Sherwood & Co., Chicago.

The Virtues and their Reasons. A System of Ethics for Society and Schools. Price $1.35.

From the Magazine of Western History, New York.

Vol. VIII., No. 5, for September, 1888, containing an article by Hon. George W. Julian, on Webster and Blaine: Historical Justice.

From Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Miss Lou. By E. P. Roe. Price $1.50.— For sale by W. B. Clarke & Co.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Emanuel Swedenborg, Servus Domini. By John Bigelow. Price 50 cts.

Essays on Practical Politics. By Theodore Roosevelt. Price 75 cts.— For sale by W. B. Clarke & Co.

From Williams & Norgate, London.

(G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

The Universal Christ, and Other Sermons. By Charles Beard, LL.D.

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THE

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UNITARIAN REVIEW

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SYMBOLISM IN RELIGIOUS IDEAS.

From the material world come all the materials for language and the expression of thought. And, primitively, every moral truth, every spiritual generalization, is embodied in some form furnished by man's relation to the natural objects in which he is embosomed. At first, the sun and sky, the clouds and stars; then the earth and its living objects; then the social arrangements, the pursuits of ploughing, hunting, and trading, and the myriad subtile relations of human life,— all furnish methods of expression to embody feeling and thought. The myth-creating age does, unconsciously and spontaneously, what Percival says the poet should always do; namely, "make every object the residence of a spirit that can commune with us in our thoughts and feelings."

Mythology is thus a form of poetical expression, and Bunsen well calls myths "the primitive poetry of mankind." And as all genuine poetry is the truest of all kinds of writing, so is mythology the truest of all religious histories; and within it are incorporated the very soul, life, and religion of its creators. Therein nature is endowed with life, and natural and supernatural are one. Thus myths are the product of man's spiritual or ideal nature just as is language itself. And they are based upon the essential oneness of nature and the soul,— the intimate relation that every

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object in the external world bears to the intellectual and spiritual nature of man. Hence it is a useless labor to attempt to draw a dividing line between natural fact and its spiritual envelope, between the outward form and its ideal content; for the primitive myth-makers did not themselves make any such distinction. Their dreams were stated in the same form as were their deeds, and imaginative representations were just as real as the concepts of sensuous objects. What was symbolized was just as actual and living as was the symbol itself.

State any universal truth in a poetical, living form, and you have an allegory or fable which, when it is the product of spontaneous, unreflective consciousness, is called a myth. If nature is looked upon as alive, its changes and varied phenomena will be spoken of as the experiences of living and personal agents. With the natural fact comes the spiritual truth; and there is never a soul without its body, or a body without its soul.

Thus to ascribe, as Swedenborg does, an internal sense to the ancient Hebrew books, is to resolve them into a series of magnificent spiritual myths. The theory is faulty only when limited exclusively to our sacred Scriptures, for it is true of all ancient poetry and all ancient mythology as well. Swedenborg says that the angels receive all the statements about Adam, Abraham, and David, mythically, and know nothing of such individual persons; but by these names they understand great essential truths of love, beauty, holiness, and divine manifestations in life and the soul. The names are symbols,— that is, poetry; and earthly personages shine as constellations in the interior or spiritual sphere. How does all ancient mythology differ from this? And the wisest of the ancient men undoubtedly would say the same about Jove and Hercules and Minerva that the angels said about Adam and Abraham and David: by these names they understood great essential truths.

In those myths, as shaped by the religious souls of the past, and made the vehicle of all that was deepest and purest in the thought and conception of the Grecian race,

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there is a truer science than the world has until now suspected,— a realm of order, beauty, harmony, and law, of which Apollo in his perfection of glowing youth, and Athena in her majestic loveliness and calm strength, are the living and breathing forms. Looking upon these stories as having the literal and external meaning that they would have if invented and circulated now, many of these representations appear obscene, blasphemous, beastly; it is forgotten that a mythical age sees mythically, and a literal age literally. One story is no more to be interpreted literally than another,— the bad no more than the good. The most impious story, so called, is just as normal in its development and just as symbolic in its nature and origin as that which enlists our deepest sympathies and calls forth our warmest admiration. The genuine myths are not the product of capricious fancy, but of the intuitive imagination obeying universal laws, and operating in a determinate manner upon objects presented to the childlike perception.

This method is through symbols and representative images: there is no reasoning and no conscious reflection, for there is no separation made between the idea and the image that embodies it. But the whole of man's spiritual nature is contained in this creation of symbols. In it is involved the ideal element by which man is capable of rising higher and higher in spiritual perception, and in the knowledge of truths that are needed for growth and perfection.

One of the first steps in symbolism is to connect that which is the providence of daily life with the striking phenomena of the heavens,— the cow that gives milk, for instance, with the vault of the sky from whose light and rain and winds come the fructifying influences for the grass and nourishing herbs. The sun Indras, the god in the Vedas, is nourished by the milk of the celestial cows; and with his helpers, the Maruts, or winds, he penetrates and subdues the dark clouds. As the hymn of the Rig-Veda says, "The terrible bull bellows as he sharpens his horns: he sharpens the thunderbolts as the bull sharpens his horns; he is the bull of a thousand horns who rises from the sea."

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Thus all the changing phenomena of the heavens, the rain and the drought, summer and winter, day and night, are described as battles, with all the vicissitudes of the seasons, in which the sun comes forth as a conquering hero, and is praised and celebrated as the victor.

The primitive, divine instincts of humanity embody themselves thus in symbolic forms, and present the same essential features to him who can look beneath the superficial covering of nation and age. Different words are used; but the same common, universal, primitive instincts are at work, seeking to give a concrete and finite form to what is infinite, what belongs to the deepest feelings and the purest intuitions of humanity.

As originally apprehended, each primitive and generally accepted myth is true; but it becomes false to succeeding ages, which pervert it from its original simplicity, understand it as expressing some literal fact, and interpret it by the senses and the understanding. A poetic vision, understood as a fact, becomes a lie; and reason, looking for some other form of statement than the popular symbol, rejects that as inadequate to express its own view. And so it is inadequate. It is simply a picture, and cannot satisfy by itself him who has a written language of words.

The same simple, *naïve* spirit that shaped the early myths of India and Greece produced the Christian legends of the Middle Ages. This childlike, imaginative state does not write a homily upon repentance, but relates as a fact that "the blessed Magdalen sought out a desolate wilderness, and dwelt there unknown for thirty years; and there, day by day, she was carried up by angels into the air, and refreshed with the songs of heaven, and every night she was brought down again by angels into her cave." In the utmost good faith, this is related as a fact.

And, in the life of Saint Simeon Stylites, it is related as a fact that he once saw an angel with a chariot of fire, who wished to transport him to heaven like Elijah, because the angels and blessed spirits were longing after him; but just as he was mounting the chariot, having placed thereon his

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right foot, which was sprained thereby, he made the sign of the cross, and the whole Satanic phantom vanished away. Here the legend preaches a sermon against spiritual pride,— that state engendered by the desire of exalting one's self above humanity. In fact, a letter remains, written by one monk to another, which runs thus: "Whoever exalts himself shall be abased. You have done nothing worthy of praise in having stationed yourself on a lofty pillar, and yet you wish to obtain the highest praise. But look to it, lest you be extravagantly praised here by mortals, but be obliged hereafter to appear wretched before the eternal God." Here we have the literal fact and the legendary picture to a superstitious age. There is something in the life of an epoch which builds better than it knows, which assimilates spiritual truth and embodies it in expressive and living forms. The legend works up an abstract truth into a definite form, or gives to a symbol an imaginative history. It is recorded of Saint Euthemius that, when a certain monk died who had a reputation for sanctity, but who was in reality not the most pious of saints, the good Euthemius actually saw "a fierce demon pulling the soul out of his body with a three-pronged fork; but, when a ragged beggar was expiring in the street, the saint saw a company of angels standing by and reverently calling forth his soul." In this form, Dives and Lazarus again preached to the world.

We can very easily see how a symbolic expression may be expanded into a legend. Thus Newton finely said, in that often quoted metaphor, "that he had but picked up a few pebbles on the shore of the vast ocean of truth." The same thought is worked up by the chronicler of the saints into the legend of Saint Augustine, narrating as a fact "that, while meditating on his work,— *De Trinitate*,— the saint betook himself to the seashore; and, as he walked, he beheld a little child attempting to empty the ocean, by means of a shell, into a hole which he had dug in the sand. Being reproved for his folly, the child replied, 'And is yours any the less in thinking that you can comprehend with your finite ca-

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pacity or can convey to others the unfathomable mystery of the Trinity?'" It was a precocious child; but legend always deals with precocious children that grow up in a day, and strangle huge serpents in the cradle.

Also, in a legend of the Middle Ages, a psychological fact is made to take on action in the following narrative: "A monk was weighed down by the thought: 'Must not the bliss of eternity pall at last? Shall we not weary of so much heaven?' One day he was beguiled into a wood by the song of a bird; and, having passed what seemed to him only an hour in listening to it, he returned to his monastery, and found that a whole generation had passed away during his absence. And thus he learned by experience that the soul need not weary of the longest duration of bliss."

In every symbol there is a marriage — a vital union — between the seen and the unseen, between the material and the spiritual, the actual and the ideal. All higher poetry is symbolic,— a woven robe of analogies. Prose is a statement for the understanding, poetry for the intuitive and universal reason: it is not prose upon stilts, but words winged with eternal and necessary spiritual perceptions. Every real symbol is a vital and organic form in which the world of sense and the world of thought become one indivisible form. They twain are one flesh. Hence the eternal truth in every genuine myth, every genuine fairy story, every legend, not the product merely of the reflective consciousness and allegorical invention; and hence their perennial attraction. As long as the heart remains young, their charm does not fail. What philosophy endeavors to accomplish by its analytic dissections and its abstractions is often effected by poetry, mythology, and fable at a single stroke in a living picture, a concrete, imaginative form.

Now, in all the primitive myths, in the love of father to daughter, of brother to sister, in the tales of seduction, mutilation, and murder, there is no immoral idea meant to be implied; for, in the origination of the myth, no such literal, matter-of-fact statement was thought of as the after ages regarded with horror.

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But, as the real meaning faded away, and the words were interpreted in a bald and literal manner, the ordinary rules of a social morality covered these forms with the blackest crimes; and the representations became loathsome to the virtuous soul. As facts on the plane of any ordinary, human standard of judgment, they were simply horrible and vile details of crime and sensuality. They were fairly on a par with the telegraphic despatches and the police reports of many journals in our land to-day. But far different was their inception and their first promulgation: the dawn glowed with the smile caught from the sun, and the night faded into the arms of the coming lord of day.

The operation of this literalizing and sensualizing tendency is seen in every age and under every form of religion. Even the holiest does not escape; and "I give you my flesh to eat" is understood as a literal fact by the largest body of Christian believers in the world. The simple intuitions of the early peoples, the parables and visions of the poets, the pictures of nature-loving, imaginative souls, are brought down to the level of the market and the street. But who is to blame? If the song of the Muses sounds like the croaking of the raven or the hissing of the goose, the singer is not at fault, but the ear of the stupid listener.

Volumes might be filled with the record of misapplied symbols and literalized figures, not only in religion and morality, but in philosophy, history, and common life. The witless biographers in a succeeding age report of Democritus that he put out his eyes, in order that he might devote himself the better to meditation; and yet he was one of the keenest observers of nature, with his own two eyes, in all antiquity. The amethyst sparkles like wine, and the poet called it "unintoxicating wine"; and therefore, in the popular superstition, it is said to be a talisman against intoxication. At the dawn, the lion retires to his den; and it is gravely said, as a matter of fact, that the crowing of the cock, the emblem of the dawn, makes the lion flee. The sun is in one part of the zodiac in summer, and in another in winter; and Ælian reports it as a fact in natural history

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that there is a certain kind of ram which lies upon his right side from the vernal to the autumnal equinox, and upon his left from the autumnal to the vernal. Saint Germain and Saint Francis were pillars of the church in their day; but we must receive with some grains of allowance the legend that, when a certain church building was about to fall, they placed under it their shoulders, and saved it from toppling over. Saint Julian preached against Paganism; and the people, as the result of these efforts, overthrew the altars of the heathen gods. The legend ran in after times, and was implicitly believed, that he literally slew a huge dragon that had its den near the temple of Jupiter. Again, in the Vedas, Indras, the golden sun, fights, in the shape of a monstrous ant, the invading monster of the sky, darkness. The old writers on natural history, Strabo and Pliny, describe minutely a terrible ant in India, a horned monster with lion's claws, which hoards up gold by night, and attacks men who approach his cave; and, if they flee, he overtakes them, though mounted on swiftest camels. Yes, the light always overtakes the darkness, and gilds with its booty the morning sky.

In the Hindoo myth, the toad is the demonic form assumed by the night; but out of this gloom comes the white pearl of the morning. The German popular saying ascribes sacredness to the *Schildkröte*, or toad, because of the pearl supposed to be contained in its head. And Shakespeare, in those often quoted words, speaks of "the toad, ugly and venomous," which "wears yet a precious jewel in his head." And Juliet says, "Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes."

Pythagoras said that he was once a peacock; and literalizing simpletons suppose that he was to be understood as holding the doctrine of metempsychosis in its gross and sensual meaning. But the peacock was anciently the symbol of the luminous sky, the divine light, or Zeus; and Pythagoras embodied in the expression he used the same doctrine that Plato maintained of the pre-existence of the soul, when it communed with the divine beauty and shared in the

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primeval truth or light. In the old symbolic language, to be found in the records of all the ancient peoples, the colors of the rainbow are the symbols of regeneration, of holiness, of a conformity to the divine likeness. Iris, the messenger of the gods, is girded with the rainbow as a symbol. In the Scripture language, Jehovah hangs his bow in the cloud as a token of his covenant not to destroy the earth; that is, the ancient seer declares his faith in the saving and regenerating Power that lives in the universe. A material literalism limits and specializes the truth.

In the Norse mythology, Odin sits in his palace, with a raven on each shoulder; and every morning, at his bidding, they fly over the world and bring him tidings at breakfast of all that was happening therein. A childish fable, you say; but the main fact is that Odin does know what is going on. The *how* he knows it is comparatively of little account. The explanation of this is no more inadequate than the popular notions or the material science of to-day, which attaches to the Infinite One the ideas of space and time.

In the Hebrew Book of Isaiah there is a sublime poetic strain, when the writer pictures in imagination the fall of the king of Babylon, and his reception in the underworld: "Sheol from beneath is moved to meet thee at thy coming. It stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth. All they shall say unto thee: Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us? How art thou fallen from heaven, O day-star, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, which didst lay low the nations!" Put by the side of this an account from about the middle of the ninth century, when Hakon, the king of Norway, fell upon the battle-field; and the great Skald, who fought by his side and sang his praises, thus celebrated his death: "To the battle-field come the goddesses of battle, sent by Odin; they come to select him who shall go to dwell in the palace of Odin. And one of them, Gondula, thus addressed her companions: 'The Gods invite Hakon, with his numerous host, to enter their palace.'

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Thus they spoke together, seated on their horses, and wearing their helmets and their shields, and full of some inspiring thought. And Hakon heard them as they talked. Then said the goddess: 'Forward, to those worlds where is the palace of Odin, to tell him that the king will visit him in his palace.' And, when Odin heard it, he said to the heroes, Hermode and Brago, 'My sons, go forth to meet the king; for a king, whom all men honor for his valor, is coming to our hall.' And King Hakon drew near, still all besprinkled with blood."

Here in the poet's picture is a concrete embodiment of the universal belief that the heroes of the battle-field still live among the gods. So sang old Homer of the gods and goddesses of Olympus; and the purblind generations, crass and literal, turn into fixed and everlasting rock the sailing vessel of the imagination. So, also, the spiritual hero descends into the underworld, judges the collected hosts of kings and martyrs, sets free their imprisoned spirits, and leads captive the spirits of death and hell; and this becomes stiffened into a creed. Tennyson works up the picture of a reception given by the hero of Trafalgar to the hero of Waterloo, when the modern warrior was borne to his burial in the sacred shrine. The seaman asks,—

> "Who is he that cometh, like an honored guest,
> With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
> With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?"

No danger that this generation will build up a creed out of this conscious personification; but put the world back one or two thousand years, and Nelson actually got up from his tomb, and welcomed "him great upon land as he upon sea."

In the magnificent imagery of the Hebrew seer, Jehovah "flies upon the wings of the wind," "the clouds are his chariot," "the darkness is a tent in which he hideth himself," — material images all, in which are embodied a Power that nothing can resist, a Presence that is in all nature and life. A rude conception literalizes the metaphor, and makes a person out of the personification. A sacredness gathers

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about it as among the Norsemen of old, when the poet said that at the northern part of heaven there sat the giant Hraesvelgr, whose pinions were those of a mighty eagle, and, when he flapped them in soaring, the winds were stirred beneath them.

The human soul in all ages would fain climb up by the ladder let down from the heavens of the imagination,— a spiritual ladder to him who first ascends; but he cannot draw it up after him, and its rounds become solid and wooden to the crass eyes of sense.

When we speak of God as a person, we are using a symbolic word. Literally, he cannot be a shape like ourselves; and we fall into the abyss of an anthropomorphic imagination. To use the word "person" intelligently, we find it necessary to define its meaning, to qualify, to limit, to explain and protest. And thus from this doctrinal symbolism, which would guard against an abstract infinitude on the one hand and a material pantheism on the other, theology has erected a mighty idol outside of the universe, outside of the soul, outside of all the manifestations of living energy, and has created its body of divinity, its metaphysical hypostases, its theories of creation, a fall, sovereign grace, and eternal damnation,— all figments of a brain divorced from reality, of an imagination that gives a literal existence to its own figurative dreams. Theology has built its tabernacle upon a cloud of fantastic vapors, fondly hugging the delusion that this cloud was the eternal rock of God. The idols men set up are of something else than wood or stone. There is an idolatry of names and words, whose forms cannot so easily be thrown down and shattered. The reality is something back of the name; and, when that reality is truly honored, God is honored, even though he be not named. As an old mystic writer asks: —

> "Didst ever pluck a rose from R&O&S&E?
> Names thou may'st know; go, seek the truth they name."

By the very constitution of our nature, we see eternal truth in that light which forever flows forth from Being

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itself. We call this Being God. He is not a part of our minds, or our souls, or our individual self; but we participate in this divine light as the eye does in the natural light of the sun. The eye is not a part or particle of light, but an organ formed to receive it, and in its presence and shining alone able to exercise its functions and accomplish its ends. In the natural light, we see corporeally. In the spiritual light, we see divinely. This universal light, this divine reason, this supernal, all-encompassing atmosphere, is God in humanity, by whom it lives from the earliest moment, and through whose presence it knows good from evil, grows in wisdom, and aspires to perfection. But this symbolic word may become an idol as well as a symbolic form of wood or stone may become one. Not the reality, which the name represents, not the order, the beneficence, the beauty, the justness, in all the facts of nature and life, are regarded, but the name of a Being existing separate from these, and having, apart from them, a nature and character which can be reasoned about and understood. As a final summing up of all that is good and great and true which the good heart can love, the true mind can see, and the holy imagination can dream, "God" is the one term under which they can all be included. But He is the reality, and not merely the name. The name is only the symbol,— the term by which all these are expressed. So idols are made of the terms "gravitation," "force," "law," "affinity," and "natural selection." They are regarded as having a separate and independent existence. They are as much idolatrous terms as is Vulcan or Neptune or Hercules or Jehovah.

Said Seneca: "Every name is suitable to Him. You would call Him fate? You will not err. He is the Cause of causes. You would say that He is Providence? You will say rightly; for He it is by whose counsel this world is provided for, that it may go unshaken on its course, and unfold its acts. You would call Him nature? You will not sin. It is He from whom all things have sprung, by whose spirit we live. You will call Him the world? You will not mistake, for Himself is the whole you see. He is

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whole, and enters into His parts. He sustains Himself by His own force."

And, when we come from the idea of God to the teachings of Jesus, we see that confessedly they are in symbolic language,—in metaphors, allusions, pictures, parables, from beginning to end; terms derived from scenes, customs, beliefs, natural objects, with which he himself and his hearers were familiar; teachings in which every one found something of his own inmost thought, enkindling the imagination and appealing to every one according to his own spiritual state,— that is, every one heard as he had ears *to* hear. The kingdom of heaven was a pearl, a door, a vineyard, a seed, a kingdom, a net, a company of virgins, a feast, and whatever else unfolded the universal truths that lay in his clear perception of the realities of spiritual being and spiritual growth. He gave his flesh to eat and his blood to drink. He was to come in the clouds of heaven, and his disciples were to sit on the thrones of Israel. How sadly his hearers failed to master his whole truth we see plainly in the narrative itself; and what imperfect glimpses we catch of these transcendent verities a more instructed generation than ours will be able to see, as it comes into more intimate and normal relations with the ever-present and ever-operating spiritual laws. As the reality was impressed on his own inner conviction, Jesus uttered the revelations of the presence of that universal spirit of love and wisdom with which he felt an unspeakable nearness,— so near that he knew no separation from it, and they were one and the same.

Now, what limit shall we set to that misunderstanding which always comes from putting a purely literal interpretation upon great symbolic utterances? Is it fair to suppose that the spiritual insight of Jesus was for a moment distorted by the gross interpretations and the rude literal representations with which he is charged? We cannot advance one step in interpreting his teachings without going beneath the letter to the spirit; and yet, everywhere, we see now the grandest symbols interpreted as if they were literal and logical propositions. And this tendency to literalize every state-

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ment is shown in its extreme form even in what is confessedly a parable and an allegorical story. They will point out to you even now in the East the very spot where the good Samaritan found the man robbed and wounded by the wayside,— yes, the identical steep place where the devil-possessed swine plunged into the sea and the rock marked by the feet of Jesus when he ascended into heaven. So, too, with those grand symbols of power and beauty which are profaned by being called miracles and signs. They are the outward forms alone fitted to record man's triumph over disease and want and sin and death. They testify to the joy of the soul in whatever fills with overflowing currents of blessing the realm of wretchedness and woe. In these symbolic forms, humanity discerns that it was born, not for sorrow, but for joy; not for sense, but for spirit; not for hate, but for love; not for sickness, but for health; not for death, but for life. Still springs up the hope of that divine kingdom, that heavenly city, that spiritual state, wherein all the forms of corruption and mortality shall be swallowed up in the glory of an indwelling spirit of love and blessedness.

"There is a body and a soul in all the writings of Scripture," said an old orthodox theologian. "It is but the flesh and body that is printed on paper. The soul and spirit of divine truths could never yet be congealed into ink or blotted upon paper, but by a secret conveyance passeth from one soul into another, being able to dwell or lodge nowhere but in a spiritual being, in a living thing, because itself is nothing but life and spirit."

That wonderful mystic, Jacob Behmen, from his shoemaker's bench announces the law of spiritual teaching: "Every spirit searcheth only its own depth, and apprehends that wherein it doth enkindle itself; and, though it searcheth its own enkindling, yet it finds no more than a type or representation of things, like a shadow or dream: it is not able to behold the Being itself; for, if it would see the Being, it must be in the Being, and the Being in it."

Here, then, would seem to be the radical fault of popular

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religious teaching: it rests in the letter of the types, shadows, dreams, symbols of things, and regards them as the realities themselves. It busies itself with what was spiritual food in the past, not with what is needed for the life to-day. The Christian Church inherited not only the symbolic language of the Hebrew Scriptures, but that also of the so-called heathen centuries. As an instance of this, there were found in the Catacombs, that lasting record of early Christian faith and modes of thought, the representations of Orpheus, the mythical poet of the Greeks, a central figure amid scenes of Hebrew story and Christian symbols of the Saviour. The mythical poet plays on his lyre to the wild and tame animals seated at his feet, while around him are pictured Moses causing water to gush from the rock, Daniel in the lions' den, and Lazarus rising out of the grave. The poet has been accepted as a symbol of that harmonizing power which subdues the wild beast and the wilder passions of man, which subdues nature, and ushers in the reign of peace, the kingdom of God wherein love should rule.

But these symbols have been dwelt upon as facts to the senses, just as the old mythologic stories were literalized and brought down to the level of the lowest material plane. The Christian sacred books, instead of being interpreted as the inheritors of this symbolism of the ages, have been turned into bald treatises of morals, or metaphysical theories of the nature of God, the office of the Christ, and the lost condition of man.

See this exemplified in the prevalent doctrine of the *Logos*, or the Word. As the speculative understanding busied itself with that mysterious form which the religious and poetic soul of the ages had set up outside of the world, outside of nature, outside of the instincts and loves of the heart, it was blinded by the excess of light; and, feeling that the ineffable majesty cannot be described, it regarded its own speechless awe, its own trembling reverence, its own weakness and fear, as the necessary and eternal result of the relation in which the human stands to the divine, the created to Him who creates. To bridge over

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this awful gulf becomes a necessity of the spiritual life. There is on one side matter, on the other side spirit; on the one side the world corrupt, transitory, perishable, and on the other the sphere of impeccable purity, radiant holiness, and unsoiled brightness of the eternal wisdom. Hence spring up the mediatorial *Logos* of the ancient Hebrew books, the angels and emanations, and *sophia*, and demiurgus of the Kabalists, of Philo and of the Gnostics; the ideas of Plato and the *Nous* of Plotinus. They are all symbolic statements of that pressing need of the soul to come into some harmonious relation with that glory and beauty and power and strength which have been concentrated in the one Being whom, it is said, no eye hath seen, or can see and live; who is above the heavens and the earth, whose very nature is a consuming fire.

And the Christian Church had its cradle amid these speculative theories of God-touched souls. They form the matrix of the religious thought of the first Christian centuries. To find some common relation with the absolute ground of all living manifestations,— the One, the Eternal, the Unchanging, and the Permanent,— this was the task of all higher thought. "*The Being*," says Numenius, "is fixed and eternal, ever the same, has never increased or decreased, and there can be predicated of it neither accident, movement, nor locality." But how shall this primary Being, undivided and indivisible, come into communication with the created universe? How shall that Lord "who changes not" be brought into living contact with man, who changes continually, and whose years fail? The Infinite One can commune only with himself, contemplates only his own Being,— pure mind; and how can *He* look outward upon material things? Blasphemous the thought of such a mingling with perishable matter and impure man.

In his treatise, "Why the Oracles cease to give Answers," Plutarch makes one of the speakers say: "It well becomes philosophers, who are engaged in the study of nature and the first matter, to inquire into the existence, properties, and tendency of those things, but to leave, as is most reason-

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able, the *origin* and *first* cause to God. For it is a very childish and silly thing to suppose that God himself enters into the bodies of the prophets, and speaks by their mouths and voices; and he who thus mixes God in human affairs has not that respect and reverence which is due to so great a majesty, and is ignorant of his power and virtue." To which another speaker replies: "You speak excellently, but it is very hard to determine exactly how far this providence does extend. They seem to me to be equally in error, and to run into extremes, both those who maintain that God causes *nothing* in the world and those who maintain that he is concerned in *all* things. And as Plato, by his elemental matter or nature, has delivered the philosophers from several great difficulties, so I think that those who have ranked the race of demons between gods and men have solved greater doubts and difficulties in thus finding the tie that joins them together and keeps up the communication between them."

Here we see plainly the subjective nature of that bridge which the mind has built to bring into connection an imagined perfect external being and an imperfect creation. And in the generally received statement to-day of a great First Cause, "who originally created matter, and endowed it with forces," which are then left to work out the tendencies implanted in them, until "the completed universe at last emerges, full of order, harmony, and beauty,"—in such a statement, what have we different from these philosophic theories of a demiurge, or subordinate creator, a logos or æon, whom the great First Cause, giving the first impulsion, delegates as his agents and ministers? What is gained by substituting "forces" for other metaphorical terms? Can force exist as an independent entity? Can we exalt the creative energy and life by attaching to it the ideas of time, and regarding God as outside of the world and the ever-proceeding manifestations of love and power? A recent treatise on the philosophy of morals by a professor in one of our colleges says that this theory of the "world as it is, not being the immediate product of the divine crea-

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tion,"— the theory of Kant,— "was independently established half a century later by Laplace, the greatest of French mathematicians." But it would take a great many of the greatest French mathematicians to *establish* any such theory as this. Let us rather go back to Marcus Aurelius: "All things constitute a divine kosmos. There is one God through all, one substantial reality, one law, one reason common to all reasonable creatures."

So in Christian speculations a demiurgus must act, a *Logos* or reason mediate with the human reason, and be operative in nature and in man. As an early Christian philosopher says: "The primary God must be free from all works and a king; but the Demiurgus must rule, pervading the heavens. Through him, Reason is transmitted so as to hold communion with all who are prepared for it."

And what is the result to-day of the symbol petrified into a dogma and crystallized into a sacred rite? Does the ritualist bow at the name of the Father? Rather at the name of him who said, "The Father is greater than I." Only through mediators, through saints and virgin mothers, dare the Christian centuries approach their God; and we cannot but wonder at that strange phenomenon which Michelet speaks of,— "that strange phenomenon, the hatred of the creation, the persecution and exile of God the Father,"— which was the leading feature of the Church until the year 1200. "The Word," he says, "reigned alone. Until then, not an altar, not a church to the Father, not even a symbol to remind of Him. God was put out of nature, out of the grand church of which He is the life, the soul, and which is born afresh every moment from Him."

A gloomy thought, indeed, when looked at from one point of view; but a broader view of the underlying necessity, at the time, for every form of erroneous dogma consoles the heart. Not by lies does the human soul live, but under the seeming lie there was some eternal truth. As every expression of spiritual truth must be in some symbolic form, the essential meaning embodied therein cannot be infallibly determined from the outward letter. Pene-

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trate beneath the surface, so hard, repellent, degrading, and there may be the essential spirit which giveth life. Says the Eastern poet,—

> "Men buy base coins from their likeness to real ones;
> Say not all these creeds are false,
> The false ones ensnare hearts by the scent of truth."

It is by the eternal truth that man has lived during all the weary centuries of seeming error and delusion. Not to him who created the symbol was it a lie; not to him who saw the soul of good which it enclosed was it a delusion. Even in the forms of faith that seem most false to him who has outgrown the symbols, there was that divine bread of life which nourished the hungering human soul.

CHARLES CHAUNCY SHACKFORD.

ROOTS OF RELIGION IN HUMAN NATURE.*

It was my rare privilege on a beautiful June evening not long ago to sit in the shadow of my *Alma Mater*, and enjoy an hour's conversation with one of the leaders in the Ethical Culture movement, a college acquaintance and an esteemed friend, who had unreservedly consecrated his life to the elevation of poor humanity. A nobler, purer soul I do not know. He was too devoted to be devout. My God was to him a fetish, and he impaled it with pitiless logic; but his whole bearing was invested with the atmosphere of a spiritual philanthropy whose influence upon my own duller sensibilities will, I trust, never be effaced.

But my friend and the familiar aphorism of the Apostle James are clearly agreed respecting the business of life; namely, "to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

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*An essay read before the State Conference of Wisconsin, the full title of the assigned topic being, "The Actual Roots of Religion in Human Nature: Does Religion mean more or less to us as Modern Thought discards the Creeds?"

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But the one proclaims it in the name and the other in defiance of religion. This apparent contradiction introduces us to two features in religion, which need to be explicitly recognized in order to discuss intelligently any question in which the term is involved. One may be defined as one's conception of his relation to man; the other, one's conception of his relation to God. One deals with the partial, the finite, the temporal; the other, with the all, the infinite, the eternal. The one is morality; the other, a sublime emotion, which, for want of a better and less ambiguous term, we will call spirituality.

Now what change, if any, has been wrought in the imperativeness and the sanctions of morality by the abandonment of the earlier creeds?

It is convenient for our purpose to notice a series of gradually broadening theological assertions which somewhat rudely characterize three successive periods in the development of our religious thought. These three periods might be called respectively the old, the middle or transitionary, and the new. The motto of the first was, "Our God is the God of Israel"; of the second, "Our God is the God of the elect"; of the third, "Our God is the God of the whole human race."

And we find three moral codes coinciding quite closely with these three stages of religious development. It would be presumptuous for men to surpass their God in the comprehensiveness of their sympathy and devotion; and they have, as a rule, piously refrained from such presumption. "How shall I curse whom God hath not cursed?" runs the parable of Balaam. "How shall I bless whom God hath not blessed?" adds the religious devotee.

With the early Israelite, the boundaries of his moral obligation were the boundaries of Israel: "Over your brethren, the children of Israel, ye shall not rule, one over the other, with rigor.... Of the nations that are round about you, of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids." And it would seem to have been a foolish waste of precious ointment to lavish one's benevolence upon the Gentiles that

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lay outside the pale of Jehovah's care, and were doomed, if not to suffer violent destruction, at any rate to play a sort of meaningless, fruitless part in the drama of existence.

The early Christian ideals mark a decided advance on this race-exclusiveness. With the disappearance of the distinction between Jew and Gentile, every man became potentially, if not actually, the recipient of God's benevolence. A boundary line still existed, and the area which it enclosed was still pitifully small; but that line was more easily passed than before. The distinction between Jew and Gentile was fixed, being grounded in the flesh; that between elect and non-elect is more fluid, being grounded in the spirit. In the former case, the transition could never be complete. The Gentile at best could become but half a Jew; and, as there was naturally little enthusiasm for the propagation of the religion of Israel among the outside world, that outside world lacked the dignity and attractiveness which ever in our minds invest the probable objects of the favor of God. In the latter case, under what I have called the transitional ideal, the passage from a place without to one within the pale of the divine favor could be complete. Moreover, the Christianity missionary enthusiasm had replaced the Jewish indifference; and thus to every human being there attached the interest inseparable in our minds from those on whom there is even the possibility that the sunlight of God's love and favor may eventually fall.

I need not dwell upon the fact that this widening of the creed was accompanied by a corresponding widening of the claims of duty, the field of moral obligation. The consummation was not, however, complete. Pagan could become Christian without qualification or reserve; but, so long as he remained pagan, God's face was half averted. Moreover, though one could never feel sure respecting any given individual that he was not yet to come within the fold, still the vast majority were doomed to remain outside. To indulge in anything like undiscriminating benevolence was to run a large risk of converting precious effort into fuel for "the

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everlasting bonfire." It seemed to be the dictate of a prudent economy to confine one's philanthropy in the main to the authenticated saints. Even Paul, with all the comprehensiveness of his sympathies, did not quite escape the narrowing influence of the creed. "Let us," says he, with noble generosity, "as we have opportunity, work that which is good toward all men"; but he adds, "especially toward them that are of the household of faith."

The modern ideal takes the final step in the enlargement of the field of moral obligation. As with the early Christians the distinction between Jew and Gentile disappeared, so the distinction between elect and non-elect disappears in the more advanced ideal of to-day. There is no local limit to the divine inclusiveness, so there is no local limit to human duty. "Let us, as we have opportunity, work that which is good toward all men; for they all are of the household of God."

But here the inquiry may arise, While the intellectual basis for determining the extent of one's moral obligation has been clearly widened by the successive enlargements of the creed, have we not lost something in our impulse to a moral life through that gradual depersonalizing of God, that removal of him from the characteristics of ordinary human nature, which has accompanied these enlargements? Was not the Jehovah, who, like an ordinary mortal, sought rest and refreshment "walking in the garden in the cool of the day," a more potent stimulus to right living than the Christian God, whom man never meets face to face, but who only through Son and prophet and the intangible communications of the Spirit addresses the human soul? And is not this Christian God in turn a more potent stimulus to right living than "the Eternal, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness," the incomprehensible Power by whom all things are created and sustained? Do not spiritual like physical attractions lose intensity with the square of the distance? Have not these successive removals of the Divinity from the ordinary round of human life reduced in succession the force with which the thought of the Divine

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restrains the unworthy, and stirs the nobler impulses of the human soul?

Removals? A fatally misleading term! Jehovah near to man? That nearness was but transient and accidental. So far was he from man that Adam could hide from his sight among the trees of the Garden. The God of the early Christian is vastly more near. Though he speak not to man in articulate language and face to face, still there is no corner of the universe whither his eye does not penetrate. And yet is the God of the Christian creeds really near to man? Here the nearness is only partial and capricious. So far is he from man that the accident of pagan birth may exclude the human soul from the immediate influence of the divine spirit; and the perverse choice of the finite mind may forever expatriate a man from the realm of the divine sympathy and power. As the mediæval conception brought the intellect of God so near to man that nothing could escape his knowledge, so the modern conception has brought the heart of God so near to man that nothing can escape his love. In this widening of religious ideas, this broadening of the creeds, we have a series, not of removals of God from human life, but of approaches of God to human life, until he has at last become really coterminous with his universe. The ancient Shekinah was between the cherubim; the mediæval Deity dwelt in Christian lands and in heaven; the modern illumination penetrates the remotest corner of all that is. In so far as a consciousness of God is a potent stimulus to right living, we have a right to say that this modern ideal, this latest and broadest utterance of religious thought, is capable of yielding the highest fruit of moral excellence and worth.

It is, however, a question not to be finally settled by our speculations as to what must be, but by our observation of what is. Nothing is easier than a hasty generalization. Inductions from single facts are the commonest of fallacies. It would be easy, however, to cull from personal recollection, as well as current history, instances of noble men and women, not a few, whose spiritual eyes were not dimmed or

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their moral force abated when inherited half-truths were swallowed up in the larger truth. I am strongly convinced that the broader and more immediate sense of Divinity will not result in making man less divine.

Again, consciousness of one's relation to God is not merely a means of quickening his sense of duty to man: it is also an end in itself, a precious element in one's personal experience and life. This consciousness includes a sense of mystery, a sense of dependence, and a sense of trust. Leave out the sense of mystery, and the emotion left is in no respect unique. It is not entitled to the distinctive epithet *religious*. If God can really be known by the human intelligence, then his relation to me is in no essential feature different from the relation of human father or sovereign or friend. He differs from them as they differ from one another in remoteness and power. Leave out the sense of dependence, and there remains only a puzzle, an enigma, the very insolubleness of which may awaken one's curiosity or engage his attention, but which cannot stir his soul. Leave out the sense of trust, and there is left, indeed, a religious emotion, but one which depresses instead of elevating the soul. This emotion has played a prominent part in the development of religious ideas. It still prevails in the religious systems of our day. Whether the fear of a mysterious but malign power may lead to profitable precautions in order to avert his wrath, either here or hereafter, I will not stop to speculate. This at least seems clear: that the emotion degrades instead of ennobling the present life, and makes it not more, but less worth living.

Does now that broader outlook which we are considering nourish the three elements out of which a wholesome religious sentiment can spring,— the sense of mystery, the sense of dependence, the sense of trust?

As regards the sense of mystery, the answer must be a very confident and unqualified affirmative. Every encroachment of the known upon the realm of the unknown reveals an ever-widening domain, which the human mind has not

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yet penetrated. Never in the history of human thought have the foremost intellects of the world stood with more humble reverence than now in the presence of the eternal mystery. Respecting the sense of dependence, the answer can hardly be less positive. Not alone when driven from his hiding-place in the garden, not alone when, through missionary or mediator, brought into vital relations with God, but always and everywhere, says the ripest thought of our time, does the human soul stand in the presence of the Divine. Have we remaining, then, a profound and peaceful sense of trust? We have indeed a religion; but is it a religion of hope or of despair? Is it a sentiment capable of re-enforcing the energies in prosperity, of sustaining them in adversity, of solacing the soul in affliction? or is it capable only of darkening the sky, when it otherwise would be clear, of making it still more black and threatening when it is overcast with clouds?

This is the crucial question. Let us be modest in our answer. For myself, with the utmost candor, I can say that what I can learn of the course of nature and of human history conspires with the experiences of my own soul to reassure me as to the moral order of the universe, the hopeful significance of human life. I seem to stand in the presence of an impenetrably mysterious Power, in whom lie deeply imbedded the roots of my being, who also will in his own good time bring to vigor and ripeness that higher life which we know as yet but in germ. Not only does there stir within my soul a sense of mystery and a sense of dependence, but also a sense of trust.

It has been my lot to run through the gamut of religious experience from the conception of a God whose face I was some day to behold with the same definiteness as that of father or mother or any human friend to the conception of an infinite Power whom I can name only by figures of speech; and if, to use the good old phrase, "I know my own heart," the very vagueness of the broader outlook gives it vigor. The thought of the Eternal fills me not only with deepened awe, but also with reinvigorated trust. I find

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realizing itself in my own experience the timid prediction of Matthew Arnold's verse:—

"Haply, the river of Time—
As it grows, as the towns on its marge
Fling their wavering lights
On a wider, statelier stream—
May acquire, if not the calm
Of its early mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own.

"And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the gray expanse where he floats,
Freshening its current and spotted with foam
As it draws to the ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast,—
As the pale waste widens around him,
As the banks fade dimmer away,
As the stars come out, and the night wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea."

HENRY DOTY MAXSON.

AN ABSENTEE GOD.

It is a well-known saying of Cardinal Newman, that "there are two and two only luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator." It may seem to some, as at first it seemed to the writer, a defective statement. The lack of any reference to fellow-men on whom one's belief in a God should effect its great result may seem to make the saying a very imperfect description of so momentous a fact. Yet almost while one is weighing and measuring the thought such an objection disappears. He who is my Creator is also "the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth"; and only in so far as I perceive Him am I prompted to give heed to those who are equally His creatures with myself. The greatness of the saying consists, therefore, in bringing out with startling clearness what is the essential fact of man's spiritual life. The absence of

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any allusion to those on whom a genuine faith will work itself out is the clearest kind of gain till we have gotten the main lesson by heart.

It is unfortunately true that the two, and two only, luminously self-evident beings are not for most men "myself and my Creator," the soul and its God. The soul and the object of its ambition, the soul and its prosperity, are often the most luminously self-evident beings. It cannot even be said that these are always the most luminously self-evident beings in religion. It might give us a just pain, perhaps, to see how often other objects besides its God are kept before the soul,— objects which most effectually come in between the soul and its God, and shut out one from the other. Now it is an institution, and now the pride of everything that prevents an institution. Now it is the continuousness of history, the treasure handed down in the earthen vessels of time, and now the passion for denying any such historic continuity. Every religion, however, must be judged by the standard of promoting in men's lives the sense of having their souls fronted and searched by the eye of God. Whether a religion which is institutional, which seeks to maintain and develop its historic conditions, is the best suited to preserve this attitude of life, or whether it will be found that an opposite type of religion is the best aid in realizing it, is yet a great subject of controversy. But that religion, to be religion, must bring God near to men, that it must lift out of all distraction and make luminously self-evident two beings, the soul and its God,— this does not admit of dispute.

Now we are continually told that no age ever had such success in the work of enabling men to realize God as the one in which we live. We are told that there is nothing but what contains Him. No expressions are so satisfactory as the verse of the Psalms, "Thou art about my path and about my bed, and art acquainted with all my ways," and the verse which is probably quoted by St. Paul, "in Him we live and move and have our being." The thought of the ever-living presence, the ever-present nearness of God,

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was at no time so complete. The long course of growth which the thought of Him has undergone is finished, since now we cannot look where He is not. Every tract is reclaimed for Him. Every post of the enemy is surrendered to the all-conquering glory. The deity of Judæa is grown to be the God of all the earth. He has ascended up on high, and brought the universe under His sovereign sway. The world of darkness and brutish matter is seen to quiver and dissolve, till the whole face of earth, sea and land, is the scarcely concealing garment of the body of the Lord.

> "I but open my eyes, and perfection no more and no less
> In the kind I imagined full fronts me, and God is seen God
> In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the c'od."

We are reminded that the age of "an absentee God" is past; our God is no longer throned high in the heavens, apart from His creation, but close at hand, breathing in every life, and animating every member of His divine body. In former ages, men knew of Him only as afar off; but now there has been revealed to them an ever-present God, one who toils with them, one who works through them, one who gives them in all that their hands have handled His own body, saying, "Take and eat this which is given to you and to many for the remission of sins." Language such as this ought not to be used unless one is aware of what unspeakable mysteries it tells, nor what an awful profession of faith is involved in it. He must be prepared for some almost staggering questions. Do you really think our own life is in closer relation to God than the life of previous generations? Do you think it was "An Absentee God" that brought Augustine to his knees, and changed a dissolute rhetorician into a Christian bishop and a saint? And centuries later, when the fervor of a new faith had entirely died away, and all zeal for exterminating an obsolete religion had to change itself into the more difficult zeal for consistent living, what do you say of Anselm, who felt himself as in the perpetual presence of God? It is not told of him that heaven seemed far away, but near at hand. His God,—in that eleventh century,—so far from being

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"an Absentee," was one in whose tender restfulness and peace he found the stay of his life. At the common table he forgets to eat, and his lips are moving in prayer. The long darkness of the waking nights seems lighted up with the light of eternal watch-fires, with the angels of the Lord encamped round about them that fear Him, delivering them.

But it is not only here and there that we come across a life which is inexplicable, if its God were far removed and put away out of sight. It is not only a martyr like Polycarp or a mystic like Tauler,—for even such exceptional souls might be thought to have attained their vision in spite of their professed faith,—but the worship of an absentee God must be accounted for in the lives of a simply countless host of men and women and children, who are acting as if their God were an immediate searching presence, a scorching fire, not far enough away to merely warm them with a gentle heat, but a very coal of living fire burning its impression into a tortured flesh. How do you account for the lives of men, as many as the waves of the sea, who are seen to be visibly, who know themselves to be visibly, wrestling with God? It is this which one has to ask of him who declares that "An Absentee God" is the mark of past generations, and a very present God of the time of to-day. The reason why men raised themselves in awful isolation on pillars in lonely lands was that, in comparison with the burning presence of God as He searched them through and through, all other things — men, society, the schools, the arts — were as though they did not exist. The reason why men fled from the haunts of men, and lived in caves and habited with wild beasts, was that they were crazed with the sense of the nearness of God. They were driven mad because God was so real, so personal, so unescapable. There was no corner of the earth where they might hide them; but still He was there, confronting them, judging them. "Though they dig into hell, thence shall mine hand take them; and, though they climb up to heaven, thence will I bring them down," rang out from the herdsman of Tekoa.

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But this was superstition, some one will say. May God forgive such a sin against the holy spirit of open-mindedness! This was the conduct of men who felt the one thing present, to be attended to at any cost of other things, was the word of the Lord, trying them to see if there was any evil way in them. These men crouched down because they were convicted of sin. The present God so revealed Himself that with unspeakable agony they felt their sinfulness. They confessed their sins, because they had so real a consciousness of a perfection before which they stood condemned. Nor is this terrible sense of conflict with sin the mark of men only, however many, but is the mark of an age, of a Church built expressly on this foundation, of whom these martyrs, saints, or prophets were the "lively stones."

Certainly, it may be looked for that in our own age, when it is claimed that God has been brought close to the human heart, such language of an earlier time, such emotions of a sin-haunted, God-pursued people, will find quick and generous sympathy; but, as a matter of fact, nothing is farther from being true. Our age is rather out of sympathy with such a religious conviction. That spirit, leaving aside the peculiar way it manifested itself, seems wholly strained, fantastic, and unreal to our generation. It makes but the slightest appeal to us to-day, and is very generally dismissed as a sort of demoniacal possession. Indeed, a sort of demoniacal possession it is; but how strange that a far-off Ruler in distant heavens should have made Himself felt in such a way! It would seem only natural that to-day, when we know that we are beset with God, that He is the thinker in our thought and eye within our vision, such evidences of "demoniacal possession" should appear. If we are conscious of God to-day as men were never before conscious of Him, it is to be expected that the hearts of men would be humbled, prostrated, and then glorified as never before. Discontent, forsooth, is plentiful to-day; but no one would ever suppose humility, a devout communion, a passionate self-abasement, in order that we might be raised with Him, to be the keynote of our civilization.

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Is there not a mistake somewhere? Is it not possible that we are confounding different matters, and, while giving ourselves an air of superiority over former ages, we are not really able to follow or understand them? It is true that God has been popularized, and the thought of Him made to cover a great many things not commonly covered before by men's thought of God; but is that the same thing as bringing Him near? Is there not a danger of being bed-ridden in the conception of Space, and being powerless to realize conceptions of intensity? If the thought of God is very broadly applied to-day, and very feebly felt, does not the absentee God characterize such an age rather than one which, while it applied its thought of God somewhat narrowly, yet felt it with a consuming intensity and used it in an all-absorbing devotion?

"For which cause we faint not," says Saint Paul; "but, though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." This God of to-day, who comes in to fill up the vacuum of an earlier time, is, after all, only the God of the outward man; and in the thought and contemplation of Him the inward man is not renewed day by day, but is left to perish with the perishing things of the outward sense. It does not matter how God is spread over land and sea, is diffused through all creatures and conditions: mortal man can turn away from Him with only a too fatal ease. This God who is in the budding leaf, and in the lisping brook, and in the sinew of a horse, and in the beauty of a face, is infinitely farther away from the essential soul than was the God of Augustine and Anselm. He is, beyond all dispute, THE ABSENTEE GOD. He is infinitely far off, farther off than farthest heavens, because this is only the distance of space; but our absentee God is as far away as is outward from inward, as is body from soul. It is a scarcely veiled materialism that is masquerading about as the new faith. Merely to bring God into the clod under my feet does not bring him a particle nearer my soul, but removes Him beyond all reach or recognition, if I am diverted from seeking Him where He may be found, in my own sin-

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stricken soul. To seek Him in the vast expanse of the swelling landscape is to make faith a kind of plane geometry. To search for Him in vibrating atoms, in ethereal spaces, in correlated forces, is to make religion an afterthought of physics. All the while, our hunger is unsatisfied,— the hunger of a soul famished to feed on the word of life, that shall afford it confidence to believe it is a soul. What a spectacle! an immortal soul feeding on such husks amid the swine!

Not that any one cares to deny whatever may be said about the all-pervading presence of God. It is true that He is in the midst, and His hand on all. It has been affirmed by men of religion from the beginning. It is true; but in our present estate of mortality it is almost useless. We are coveting an impossible language. It may be said that the language of pantheism, however splendid and inspiring, is not true for us. It is true only for the angels around the throne of God, whose eyes are not dimmed with seeing nor their ears dulled with hearing. It is only true for those who are not daunted by the infirmities of human thought. So long as we use it sparingly, as the outpouring of devotion, it may do no harm; but, as soon as it is relied on as the common meat and drink of a frail and tempted child of God, it becomes absolutely pernicious. Then it may make God present in the body, but it makes Him absent to the spirit; and, if there were the alternative of being present to the body and absent to the spirit, no one really longing for God could for a moment hesitate. And there is such an alternative; for let the stress and point be made to appear without, let it be set in the region of avoirdupois, and the inward soul seeking an inward God must suffer. It cannot fail but that "the heaven that is over its head shall be as brass, and the earth that is under it shall be as iron."

The claim of our modern speculation — that in place of a distant God it has put a present one, and in place of an absentee it has put a living and breathing presence — is justified neither by what went on in the days of Augustine nor

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by what is going on in the days of Huxley. It is a gross mistake as to the field where the divine process shall be shown. More evidences of God's action may be observed to-day; but that in their heart of hearts men are more deeply, intimately, profoundly, conscious of God than in the days gone by, does not seem possible for a moment. While if absence or presence has any other reference than to the conscious soul, if they mean anything different from the less or greater degree of intensity with which the soul lays hold of God, they are quite without place in the discussion. Presence must be a *felt* presence, and absence the want of it; and by such must judgment be made. It is no censure of our age not to allow it pre-eminence in the degree of its conviction of God's being. One may have gratitude unutterable for the real benefits of his age. The sincerest joy in the things which characterize life to-day,—its animation, its earnestness, its conviction of law, its humanity, its penetration,—all these solid merits, however, do not allow us to claim things which are beyond our scope.

Without doubt, certain aspects of the life of God are clearer to us to-day, such as His immensity, which a new reading of the world of the stars has made plain; His infinity of resource, which a new study of animal life has taught us; His majesty, His unsearchableness, His power. But any special illumination as to the God who forgives sins, and is in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, there does not seem the shadow of a right for claiming. Not all the language of modern mysticism can keep Him from being in many hearts a mere geographical expression or a creation of poetry, or any new form of words for that which is without special bearing on men's lives. Some very original achievements have indeed been allowed us in the matters of geography and astronomy and biology, which must be held sacred as the increase of our one talent, at least not hid in the napkin of apathy and self-sufficiency; but let us still look afield for the supreme moments when men felt the awful searching glance of God was on them, and in that austere confronting felt how poor and small in comparison was the life of man!

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And when were these supreme moments, and who were the men blessed by them, laying themselves down to sleep with stones for pillows, which were made into altars to the Most High? If one is conscious of faltering in the assertion that these men were pre-eminently the men of the Bible, he is only bearing the burden and sharing the infirmity of his time. If we really enjoyed the privilege we are said to enjoy, the heart would name, with no suspicion of doubt as to how it would be received, Abraham, Moses, Samuel, David, Amos, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Paul. Let One remain unnamed. Not that God has not in sundry times and in divers manners spoken unto the fathers by other prophets, of all lands and tongues. We should less easily believe He had spoken through those, had He not also spoken through these. Yet those which are named are of the supreme moments of man's life on the earth.

"Is not God as near to us as to Jewish teachers and prophets?" is the frequent question; and the answer is, "No, for those men *felt* He was near them, shaped their lives on the frame of that conviction, and we do not." God is just as near to the human heart and no nearer than He is *felt* to be near. A presence of which we are not conscious is to us as no presence. But here were men who brought God into their lives with a trust which might often be rude and fierce, yet was always real. They stand for all time as men looking for their Lord. They live with the most intense and personal realization of Him who made them, upholds them, guides them. Two things stand out with them, luminously self-evident; and two things are sometimes all they seem to care to know. But these two things sum up everything then as now, the soul and its God. If we open the Bible merely to read its fine sentiments, its glowing imagery of the spirit, its caustic proverbs and precepts, there will certainly come a time when other religious books will seem equally valuable, and in some parts more so; but, then, we shall not as yet have opened *the Bible.* The Bible is the simple and continuous record of men who lived, moved, and had their being face to face with God.

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Fine sentiments, lofty morality, gracious precepts, are there, only to be forgotten at the sight of souls transfixed before God. They are our spiritual masters and teachers to-day, not because of their ideas, their sentiments, but because of convictions which often were but half expressed,—convictions of the unspeakably present God. They hear a voice, which can perhaps never be spoken again as once they heard, "I AM hath sent me"; and they carry about with them an assurance that, however the earth may pass away, and the elements be melted in the fervent heat, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

JOHN TUNIS.

"ROBERT ELSMERE" AND ITS CRITICS.*

Since the death of George Eliot, there has been a painful lack of any masterhand in English literature. There have not been wanting, to be sure, authors who could invent romantic incidents and sensational scenes, or those who, on the other hand, could sketch the seamy side of our coarser life, and the gowns and attitudes of fashionable dolls, with a photographic carefulness of detail whose interest was generally in inverse ratio to its fidelity. But in living portrayal of the nobler aspects of modern experience, and penetrating insight into characters worthy of study, there has been a great dearth. A little while ago, George Meredith was hailed as having attained to the rank which, during the last half-century, has been conceded to Thackeray and George Eliot alone; and his *Richard Feverel* was asserted to be the first novel of the century. I took up the lauded *chef-d'œuvre* with eager expectation, only to be bitterly disappointed. It is, certainly, full of epigrammatic sayings. It shows much crude strength and hard intellectual force; but the author has no idea of the way to tell a story. The style is feverish and strained, and the conversations are thoroughly unnatural. Hardly any of the characters are more than

* *Robert Elsmere.* By Mrs. Humphry Ward, author of *Miss Bretherton.* New York: Macmillan.

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speaking-tubes, through which to utter certain styles of apothegms or theories; and the whole action of the story is so evidently fabricated with set purpose to establish one theory of education and confute another that the reader's heart is never really touched by the tragedies the author wilfully heaps up on the poor victims of his demonstration.

When the field of creative narrative is suffering with such a lack of productions of more than the second order, it is not strange that the appearance of a novel such as *Robert Elsmere* should have produced a great impression. In England, doubtless, the local allusions and associations, and the personal delineations under transparent pseudonymes with which the book teems, had much to do with giving it *éclat*. It was interesting to identify the noble figure of the Oxford professor and lay-preacher with the lamented Thomas H. Green, and the believing Catherine with Mrs. Lyttleton; to recall in Langham certain aspects of Matthew Arnold and his cold, intellectual scepticism; and to indulge conjectures as to which one of the recent attacks on revealed religion the Squire's irresistible book represented, and what fashionable lady and her circle were the originals of Madame de Netteville and her *salon*. It was a curious thing to see the grand-daughter of Dr. Thomas Arnold, and the niece of the man who, while explaining away the very core of Christianity, and even of Theism itself, with the most ingenious subtlety, could yet stay within the established Church, and reprove a Colenso for lack of practical wisdom in dealing with religious questions,— it was, I say, a curious sight to see a writer so closely related to such pillars of the broad Church of England depict for us a hero whose height of moral heroism was reached precisely by his honorable refusal to abide in this same ecclesiastical organization and repeat its creeds, when his reason could no longer thoroughly assent to their terms. And when Mr. Gladstone showed that he thought the book so dangerous to the Established Church as to call upon him to turn aside from his engrossing Irish controversies, to put his lance in rest for defence of the Nicene creed, the book nat-

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urally became the book of the hour in social and ecclesiastical circles.

But all this would hardly have floated the book for more than a few months. That its circulation has steadily increased, and its admirers have multiplied with unexampled rapidity, among the most intelligent circles, needs deeper causes to account for it. The explanation of the stir the book has made is its real power,—a power which takes hold even upon those who come to it with prejudice, and enlists them among its admirers in spite of themselves.

As a literary work, it is a production of the first order; and clear-sighted critics already discern in Mrs. Ward the author whose promise is surest for taking that place in English literature which George Eliot left vacant. Since the day when *Middlemarch* left the press, no novel has been published in the English language which gives such a masterly picture of the finer aspects of modern life; since *Adam Bede*, we have been given no story of such inspiring power, which has moved throughout on such a lofty plane. The tone of the book is thoroughly wholesome; the faith and the unfaith in it are genuine, honest, and free from cant. The story is touching and beautiful, pervaded with a spiritual atmosphere as healthy as it is elevated. In reproducing the rustic incidents and scenery of Westmoreland and Surrey, or the bookish Oxford atmosphere, or the fashionable society of London, with its receptions, political *salons*, musical or thought-reading evenings, Mrs. Ward is equally at home. The domestic details and homely incidents of existence in Long Whindale are enveloped in an atmosphere of refined humor and intelligent sympathy, as thoroughly charming as the earnest soul-struggles of the Murewell life are pathetic and agitating. There is a fulness of thought, a depth of feeling, and an abundance of characters sufficient to stock half a dozen of Mr. Howells's stories. What a Shakespearian variety of characters pass across the stage, and yet how thoroughly individual each one is! Take simply the minor characters of *Robert Elsmere*, leaving out the four chief ones,—the invalid Mrs.

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Leyburn, and her bustling neighbor, the match-making vicar's wife; the sceptic Squire, and the pale, feverish, High Church devotee; childish Mrs. Darcy; the important Lady Charlotte; and the noble Oxford Professor, inspiring all around him with his own earnestness and honesty! Each one stands out distinctly before us, graphically outlined with the brief but sure strokes that show the power of a rare literary artist.

Especially noticeable are the subtle differences in the blending of the elements of character that distinguish the various representatives of the same general type. Robert Elsmere, Langham, and Squire Wendover are all representatives of the intellectual life of the present day,—they are dominated by the same thirst for knowledge; yet how diverse they are! In Wendover, we have the pure intellect, with a minimum of feeling, rigidly fixed on its literary task by an iron will, and allowing nothing else to distract it. In Langham, the will is as weak as in Wendover it is strong; but in its place we find the fitful æsthetic sense, whose transient flood-tides, quite as much as its more usual ebb-tides, contribute to the critical fastidiousness that isolates him from his fellows. In Robert, happily, the warmth of heart that matches his activity of mind gives him that healthy balance of nature which is the best omen of a happy and successful life.

In Mrs. Ward's feminine characters there is an equal variety and delicacy of shading. Some one once called Disraeli a great novelist, because he made his stories interesting and yet *never* portrayed a true woman. One of the chief merits, on the contrary, that constitute the charm of Mrs. Ward's story is the abundance of most genuine women whom it contains. Catherine, Rose, Lady Helen, Mrs. Thornburgh, each is a true type of the "eternal feminine." And yet no two are in the least alike. That keen analysis of the braided threads of emotion in Catherine when she is deciding whether to accept Robert or not, and the subtle conflict depicted between her old heroic dream of filial devotion and the new forces of love awaking within her, are alone

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enough to show what wonderful power Mrs. Ward has of following the windings of human motive and comprehending the most complex tangles of feeling.

It must be admitted, indeed, that this fertility of creation has probably contributed to give the book a certain overfulness. The personages outlined are too numerous for the best dramatic effect. The action lingers in its approach to the decisive turning-points and the great hours of the narrative. The book might wisely have been pruned of some of its redundant material, and so been made more generally effective. But this excess of wealth in material is a more promising omen for the future than the reverse. It should be remembered also that the book contains a double story, the drama of love and art in the life of Langham and Rose being quite as important a part of it as the spiritual history of Robert and Catherine. It is, moreover, as becomes a representative modern book, not merely a description of a single scene or crisis, but the history of an evolutional process; and where the growth of convictions and characters is to be portrayed there is needed a much larger canvas than for any single picture. Unless the gradual steps that led up to the mental revolution are fully unfolded to us, this revolution seems uncalled for and arbitrary. In fact, in *Robert Elsmere* it is this very leisurely movement of the narrative (though the professional novel-reader, whose only interest is to unearth the plot of the story as soon as possible, may find it tiresome) that gives to the book its wonderful life-likeness. There is no sense of artificial grouping or forced contrasts, thrust in merely to produce striking effects. There are no unfinished threads or hidden bridges across impassable chasms; but the story seems a transcript from real life, the easy outpouring of a generous heart and richly cultivated mind, telling, in the most straightforward way, of characters, situations, and scenes with which the author is perfectly familiar.

Mrs. Ward's style is marked by an admirable simplicity and pureness. He who reads a book to gather crystals of concentrated wisdom, which he may readily knock out of the

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literary conglomerate and lock up in the curiosity shop which he calls his quotation book, may perhaps be disappointed. Living characters, such as Mrs. Ward paints for us, do not talk in that style. But the genius of expression in this book is as happy and graceful as it is lucid.

Whether it be the description of a Westmoreland storm, the obstinate conservatism and superstition of peasant life, the domestic details of a country tea-party, or the inner spiritual struggles of modern doubt wrestling with the most deeply rooted faiths, the expression is always apposite and the conversation thoroughly natural. Take, as illustration, the vivacious conversations of Rose and Agnes about Mrs. Thornburgh's manœuvres and Robert's courtship; the child-like petulance of Catherine's mother at her daughter's discouragement of Robert; or, for entirely opposite examples, Robert's noble address in the London Workingmen's Club on "the claim of Jesus on modern life," and that admirable description of Robert's night-watch by the bedside of the dying youth at Mile End, at the time of the epidemic. How the deep silence drove his soul in upon itself, wrestling with the mysteries of life and character, and the night seems one long dream, nothing real anywhere but the soul's consciousness of itself and of God its source; and yet how, as the barriers of sense grow more and more transparent, phantom stabs of doubt alternate with golden moments of certitude, and every mood of conquering faith is associated, not only with the thought of the eternal Perfectness, but with the human love, dearest to his heart!

To paint the still scenes of outward nature in a lifelike way is regarded as superior art. But to reproduce these momentarily shifting trains of thought is something much more difficult. Realism has been too much identified, of late, with the photographic copying of trivial details, coarse conversation, the every-day routine, and the outward peculiarities of the subject that is sketched.

But there is nothing in the nature of nobler character and the inner life of our generation to forbid it from being reproduced with equal fidelity and even greater power. The

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Sistine Madonna is quite as true to life as one of those groups of market-women and their piles of radishes and cabbages, which the Dutch School prefer to paint. It only requires a higher order of talent to accomplish the feat. This is precisely what puts Mrs. Ward's story on so high a pinnacle, that she shows us how there can be literary realism of the most lifelike kind without any of its scenes being low, its characters vulgar, or its conversation stupid. All its chief personages are noble and dignified, and yet they are breathing, feeling men or women, who (we cannot resist the belief) have been personally known to the author; and the scenes through which they pass seem in no single instance manufactured to order, but the unavoidable experiences which such characters needed for their development.

The aim of the book is not simply to beguile the time: its interest does not appeal to one who cares only to be diverted. Its aim is serious. To thinking minds and earnest souls, whether of the same faith in which Robert rests at last or not, it will always have the interest that lies in the life of those who pass through deep trials, in whom these disciplines have ripened a broader, sweeter, and deeper soul. Yet it is not a mere tract, either of the philanthropic or religious sort. It is something more than a shot, in the interests of social and hygienic reform, at negligent country landlords and inert city churches.

The critic who is disappointed in not finding harrowing descriptions of the misery of the English poor, and who complains that we are drawn rather to pity the heart-troubles and agitations of the rector and his wife than the sufferings of the immediate victims, quite misunderstands the whole purpose of the book. It is only as a factor in the development of the thought and relations of the chief characters of the story that these incidents are introduced.

Nor is the book a mere theological treatise or essay at ecclesiastical reform. Mr. Gladstone complains of the scanty presentation of Trinitarian doctrine and argument in the story; that Robert surrenders his old beliefs so suddenly, and that "a great creed, with the testimony of

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eighteen centuries at its back, cannot find an articulate word to say in its defence." Another critic, of opposite theological tendencies, regrets that Mrs. Ward has not given a heavier cannonade against Orthodoxy, and thinks Robert not intellectual enough, nor the book especially adapted to serve as an instrument of the liberal propaganda. Such contradictory censures neutralize each other, and demonstrate that the author has wisely avoided dangerous extremes. Her desire, naturally, was to reach and rouse those who will not read theological books and who do not know anything as yet of free Christianity. But if she had crammed it with theological arguments, *pro* and *con*, she would have repelled the very class of readers whom she desired to waken to an interest in such questions. She indicates quite sufficiently the line of thought which in these modern days leads so many thinking persons to reject the marvels and incredibilities of the church tradition. She shows how historical Christianity rests for its corner-stone on human testimony, and how much too weak a stone that is to support the huge edifice of dogma that has been erected upon it. She shows us how naturally and generally miracles and myths grew up in the infancy of our race; how much more luxuriant then was imagination; how much weaker the judgment and demand for exact statement and bare fact than it is with us; and what a great discount these considerations justify, when we come to sift critically any ancient story. She thus gives us reasons enough to make Robert's change of mind appear reasonable, and then, with the true instinct of a literary artist, devotes herself to depicting the spiritual struggles to which such a mental revolution must lead any one of a strong religious nature.

He who judges the book as if written solely or chiefly to propagate the religious opinions in which Robert Elsmere lands at last, takes altogether too narrow a view of the author's purpose. On this supposition, the whole story of Rose and Langham's mutual attractions and repulsions is foreign and superfluous matter. But, if we recognize that the author had a wider aim in view,—namely, to show the

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unfolding of character in representative men and women of our modern day,— then we see how the contrasting threads of thought and feeling, so intimately braided together in this web of fiction, are amply justified.

One of the great problems of our nineteenth century life arises from the broad gap opened by our unequal education of the sexes. The result is usually excessive intellectualism in the man and preponderance of the sensuous or æsthetic temperament in the woman. In several of George Eliot's books, this divergence of natural bent between those whom love draws together or marriage has united for life, and the tragedy that not unfrequently results, supply the subjects of her domestic dramas. In the ambitious Lydgate and the pleasure-loving wife who proves his basil-plant, flourishing upon his dying brain, we have one not unusual solution of the problem set forth. In the enthusiastic Dorothea and her dry-as-dust husband, we have another.

To Mrs. Ward, also, this is a favorite subject of study. That a book exhibiting such maturity of thought and style as *Robert Elsmere* does should have been a first effort, would have been almost a miracle. That Mrs. Ward should have published an earlier novel is as natural as that it should have dealt with some of the same situations more fully handled in her second. In *Miss Bretherton*, the canvas is very much smaller; the action and incident are very slight; there is more of the essay style; the motive and disposition are analyzed externally, from the stand-point of the observer, rather than by their inward revelation through the interplay of the characters themselves. The author had not yet attained that art of telling a story in an interesting way which we find in her later work. Still, many of the same traits and merits are exhibited. There is the same limpid style, admirable insight into the idiosyncrasies of human nature, and comprehension of the complex interaction of men and women on each other. The situation studied is that supplied by bringing together a cool, cultivated, masculine intellect and a warm but unsophisticated feminine heart. The heroine is a young actress, whose beauty and purity of

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character have made her the popular idol of the season. She possesses a winning natural grace and sweetness, but has been quite untrained, and suffers from her lack of artistic and literary culture. By the attraction of opposites that takes place, the flame of love is kindled in the heart of the recluse scholar, and the woman's mind and art are quickened to unsuspected power; and the natures of both are happily rounded out into fulness and harmony.

In Robert Elsmere's Oxford friend and tutor, Langham, and in the brilliant violinist, Rose, we have a couple presenting much the same contrast and the same problem. But the lack of will and faith in the one, and of self-devotion in the other, forbids to them the same fortunate solution. In the wayward, intense, high-spirited Rose, with her eager ambition, her fervid art-cravings and gifts, and the touch of unexpectedness in all she does, there is a wild-wood fragrance as of a sweet-brier blossom, charming even where it pricks most sharply. In Langham, we have the modern Hamlet, sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought, every warmer impulse of feeling remorselessly beaten back by the cold critical sense, and the will itself paralyzed by overmuch self-analysis, indolent dreaming, and the popular scientific deification of inherited predisposition as something fixed and absolute. Langham is not destitute of either heart or conscience. The ideal alluringly holds up its visions before him. But these nobler elements have only the half-life that suffices to sting him and make him restless, without rousing him to any victorious exertion. It is a pitiable fate, thus to see clearly the better, but to be incapable of willing it; to be frozen in the very presence of what we long for most, by the chill of self-distrust and ignoble habit. But in these days of predominant worship of intellect and science there is a great multitude of maimed souls that in just this way have been made helpless for practical life or even for their own happiness, whose destiny it is, like Langham, "to leave the feast on the table, and all the edges of life ragged."

In the life of Senancour, in Maurice de Guérin's Memoirs, and the more recent confessions of Amiel's *Journal Intime*,

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we find public testimonies to this moral malady; and the private examples are doubtless lamentably frequent. The patent lesson to our generation is that man is not to be saved by knowledge or by culture, but by that ancient and redeeming trinity, faith in God above, love to his brethren below, and the hope that still remaineth when earth and its little successes or failures are past forever.

But the interplay of thought and feeling between Langham and Rose, fresh and fascinating as it is, is not the chief theme of the book. The more important current of life is that of Robert and Catherine. The bond of sympathy which unites them lies higher than that æsthetic sphere where Langham and Rose meet, and gives their story a nobler interest. Whether the interest be keener or perhaps less so, depends chiefly on the attitude of the reader.

Within the last year quite a swarm of theological novels, written from the most opposite points of the religious compass, have come forth to buzz about the ears of the public. To write this kind of fiction seems to be thought the easiest of feats. But, in reality, it is quite the reverse. Take the best of the others, *John Ward, Preacher*, and compare it with *Robert Elsmere*, and we shall appreciate more clearly Mrs. Ward's remarkably skilful treatment of this difficult field. In *John Ward*, the situation offers the most tragic possibilities,—an agnostic wife and a Calvinistic husband of the most rigorous school. But how crude and ineffective the author's handling of it seems, after reading *Robert Elsmere!* How unreal the spiritual conflict between husband and wife! As Helen wearily sighs, "After all, it is *so* unimportant what John thinks," we begin to feel so also, and are soon persuaded that it is equally unimportant what this shallow wife does *not* think. The quandary in which the husband and wife find themselves lacks probability, for a couple like John and Helen would have fallen out with one another long before the marriage day. A preacher of this type would never have got through any season of courtship and betrothal without pouring forth the lurid flood of his bigotry upon his *fiancée* so fully as to nauseate and repel her

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from the outset. There is no natural evolution of thought, and the coloring of the picture is too prejudiced. This is the great danger in theological fiction,— the temptation to paint the man or woman on the opposite side in dark and hateful colors. In *Robert Elsmere*, on the contrary, plain though it is where the author's own predilections lie, there is no narrowness of this sort. Her sympathies and her insight are of the broadest stamp. The portrait of Catherine is as intelligent, tender, and reverent as that of Robert. Catherine's piety is thoroughly sincere, her spiritual life as helpful and disinterested as it is devout; and if this young Saint Elizabeth is firmly anchored to the old faith, and profoundly shocked and agonized by Robert's change of belief, we are clearly shown how thoroughly her religious emotions were, from her youth up, rooted in the past, in cherished family tradition and sacred filial duties, so that any revolution of this sort seemed treason to all she held most dear. Critics, on the one side, call her cold and bigoted, because she stands aloof at all from her husband at the time of his change; Mr. Gladstone thinks it inconsistent and superfluous that she should yield at all; and another fault-finder itches to lay low her child with one of the numerous fevers in the book, and by mere stress of parental agony reconcile the parents over the child's bed. Such criticisms make one grateful that it was Mrs. Ward, and not her critics, who had the writing of her book. Catherine could not be expected, in consistency with her own character and history, to advance to any such point as her husband does. But such advance and new breadth as is worthy of her character Mrs. Ward attributes to her; and she unites husband and wife at length, not artificially, by temporary agitation of the emotions, in which theological differences are for the time ignored, but firmly and permanently, by that enlargement of heart and mind which enables them, while still recognizing the theological fissure between them, nevertheless to reach across it in charity, and clasp hands in mutual sympathy and help.

As already hinted, this is one of Mrs. Ward's great merits

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as a writer of fiction: that none of her characters are statues at rest or wooden blocks, dressed for an hour with certain abstract qualities. They demonstrate their vital energy by the growth which we see in them, from stage to stage of the story. In Elsmere himself this is particularly noticeable. At the outset, he is in that mood of enthusiastic faith which every earnest young man passes through. His mind is not as yet roused from its day-dreams to look facts in the face. His training and knowledge have not suggested any serious doubts to his mind. But the activity of his intellect and the broadening exploration of his studies were preparing the way. Mr. Gladstone represents the change, when it does at last occur, as a landslide, and the struggle between the new light and the old faith in him as but a make-believe conflict. Had it been only a tenth part as long as it is described, it would still have been true enough to the facts of life. It is enough, on this point, to recall the single fortnight in which George Eliot passed definitely out of the control of the Evangelical religion in which she was born and trained, into a scepticism far more advanced than anything Robert Elsmere reaches. But a careful reading shows how many long months Robert Elsmere's searchings for light covered, and how gradually the ground of his thought had been prepared for the change of opinion which at last took place. All his previous studies and associations — even in those very Oxford days, when he had not a trace of a suspicion of such a tendency — had been leading up to this change. Again and again does the mingled tide of ancestral faith, old association, the love for his wife and longing to be in closest sympathy with her in everything, sweep him backward; but the new intellectual activity awakened within him, the influence of the fresh fields of knowledge into which he has been introduced, and his honorable loyalty to the vision of truth disclosed to him, urge him forward. At length the hour of decision comes. How powerfully does Mrs. Ward describe the despair and pain of that summer evening and the irresistible march of the new forces which are leading his soul forward! —

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The words of Saint Augustine which he had read to Catherine, taken in a strange new sense, came back to him,— "Commend to the keeping of the Truth whatever the Truth hath given thee, and thou shalt lose nothing!" Was it the summons of Truth which was rending the whole nature in this way? Robert stood still, and with his hands locked behind him, and his face turned like the face of a blind man toward a world of which it saw nothing, went through a desperate catechism of himself.

"*Do I believe in God?* Surely, surely! 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' *Do I believe in Christ?* Yes,— in the teacher, the martyr, the symbol to us Westerns of all things heavenly and abiding, the image and pledge of the invisible life of the spirit,— with all my soul and with all my mind!

"*But in the Man-God*, the Word from Eternity,— in a wonder-working Christ, in a risen and ascended Jesus, in the living Intercessor and Mediator for the lives of his doomed brethren?" He waited, conscious that it was the crisis of his history, and there rose in him, as though articulated.... by an inaudible voice, words of an irrevocable meaning.

"Every human soul in which the voice of God makes itself felt enjoys, equally with Jesus of Nazareth, the divine sonship, and 'miracles do not happen.'"

Thus it becomes plain to Robert that he no longer believes the creed that every Sunday he is required to repeat. What shall he do? Suppress in more or less degree his honest conviction and keep his place? Or sacrifice his position, break off his successful parish work, and above all wound most terribly the wife to whom he is passionately devoted, but who remains a tenacious, even narrow church-woman? It is a bitter alternative, a heart-breaking ordeal. But, as an honest man, he sees no other road for himself than that of an open avowal of his heresy and a resignation of his living and orders. His action is here, undoubtedly, sudden. Not a single Sunday can he endure to repeat the church creed after he has become convinced that he cannot sincerely assent to it. And yet how many clergymen of the Church of England have gone on for years, in similar circumstances, reciting her formularies! But this promptitude of action is a thing, under the circumstances, worthy only of respect. In point of fact, any other course would have been plainly dishonorable.

Here is one of the most commendable features of the book, that it so unswervingly inculcates a straightforward honesty

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of speech and action. All its influence is in the direction of the strictest rectitude of thought and life. It is a sturdy blow against the popular conventions and hollow conformities of our time. The eating canker of our churches to-day is insincerity. Who does not know the great gap that exists in so many of them between the inner thought and the outer word; what multitudes repeat the creeds in the pews, who openly tell you that they have got quite beyond these doctrines; how many rectors in the pulpit offer to take the Liberal right into the Church, any day, without his forswearing any of his heresies? In England, as we are told, some of the strongest supporters of the Established Church openly take this position, namely: "The people need to be saved; and they can be reached effectively, not by the reasonable faith which alone is our own private conviction, but by these sensational dogmas of Incarnation and Atonement and ritualistic ceremonies. So let us, for humanity's sake, smother our own disbeliefs, and throw ourselves into these rites, and cry aloud these dogmas, as if they were the unquestioned truth!"

It is the new way, as has been well said, of "being damned for the glory of God." Against this most fatal of all infidelities Mrs. Ward earnestly lifts up her voice. She shows us, now in the wise counsels of Henry Grey, now in the convictions which Robert's own thought brings to him, that God's revelation is not to be confined to any single event of history, but its sweet teaching is that which we find in our own conscience, in the visions of our own soul, in the constant verifications of experience, and in the life of Christian love. Reason is God's, like the rest, and shall not destroy, but only purify religion. Yes: God is in criticism, in doubt even, so long as that doubt is an honest doubt. To believe that this death of the old traditions and growth of more reasonable views of God is a sign of enmity against God, and the momentary triumph of Satan, is to be altogether too ready to believe in God's defeat and man's capacity to rebel against his Maker. As Robert so aptly says in his address to the workingmen,—"Where you see ruin and sin, I see

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the urgent process of Divine education, God's steady, ineluctable command 'to put away childish things,' the pressure of his spirit on ours towards new ways of worship and new forms of life!" *

Robert's experiments at initiating these new ways of worship are very interesting. I should like to see them tried, and see if they have that superior charm in practice given them by the author's imagination. The faintness of Robert's hope of immortality is certainly not adapted to give increased strength or attractiveness to religion, and is a point which we may well regret. But the fundamentals of the rational faith on which the Church of the Future will be founded are well presented in the "new Brotherhood of Christ." Trust in the Eternal, the sacred authority of Duty, and the constant remembrance of Jesus, so reconceived as to be a living force, inspiring men to that self-sacrificing enthusiasm of humanity and devotion to the Father's business which was Christ's meat and drink,—these are the unshakable foundations of true religion. It is in fact these vital principles, not the scholastic theories of the creed-makers, that have in all ages made religion so dear to the heart of humanity.

But to the great army of churchmen and church-women this attempt to disencumber Christianity of the lumber of traditional theology seems to take from it its very essence. Mr. Gladstone, in his review of the book in the *Contemporary Review* (June, 1888), has strongly urged this objection. Mrs. Ward, he complains, has tried to expel the "preternatural" element from Christianity, as if it were to be improved thereby: whereas the power and substance of the Christian religion lie in just those miracles and that Deity of Jesus, which Robert Elsmere would empty out of it.

Now, we do not suppose that any trained theologian attaches any weight to Mr. Gladstone's amateur expositions of Christian doctrine and history. But he has an immense popular following, and the question which he brings up lies indeed at the very heart of the matter. "What is the

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substance of Christianity?" On this question hinges not merely our verdict as to books such as *Robert Elsmere*, but all the great religious controversy of modern time; and Mr. Gladstone has done a good service in this much, at least,— that he has put the question before the world of thought so clearly as he has.

And we may be grateful for this also,— that he recognizes candidly that it is a question which should be decided not by mere inherited prepossession, but by reason. The way in which Elsmere's High Church friend remonstrates with him, bidding him crush his doubts as devil-born,— "Pray down the demon, fast, scourge, kill the body, that the soul may live,"— Mr. Gladstone well characterizes as pure nonsense, considered as medicine for an unsettled soul. Doubts as to the preternatural character of Christianity, and questions as to the true essence of the gospel, are only to be settled, he recognizes, by solid argument.

Mr. Gladstone accordingly has made a great effort to supply the deficiencies of *Robert Elsmere* in this respect, and to put clearly before the world of modern thought the reasons for believing in the preternatural character of Christianity and for identifying the essence of the gospel with the Deity of Jesus. His arguments are twofold: (1) the general consent of the Christian ages to the Deity of Christ; (2) the victories of Christianity, the higher type of character that it has produced, and its adaptation to the needs of human nature.

What, then, is the cogency of these arguments?

In the first place, that which is drawn from the general consent of the Christian ages is a most dangerous one. For by the same argument the Romanist would prove the authority of his Church as the only true fold. Nay, this was the very argument on which the witch-burners, two hundred years ago, leaned, to prove the existence of witchcraft and the activity among them of Satan and his imps. Had not all preceding generations believed in them? But, as a matter of fact, the belief in the Deity of Christ has notoriously not enjoyed even as much general consent in the past as the

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belief in the black art. As a matter of history, it is an indisputable fact that it was not till the fifth century that it became the general and accepted doctrine of the Church. For a century before that it was hotly disputed, the great Arian party opposing and in several councils condemning it. When we go back to the first three centuries of our era, we find the Christians of that day recognizing only one Supreme God, the Father in heaven; the Son being regarded as distinctly subordinate to him.

And just as little does the strength of Christianity lie in this dogmatic envelope which in the metaphysical fourth and fifth centuries was wrapped about the sweet spiritual kernel of the primitive gospel. As witness to the power and truth of the doctrine of Christ's proper Deity, Mr. Gladstone adduces the conversion and purification of the Greek and Roman world, the abolition of animal sacrifices, gladiatorial shows, social impurity, slavery, and so on. But these glorious triumphs of the gospel were in almost every case substantially, if not wholly, won before the time when the doctrine of the consubstantiality of God the Son with God the Father was definitely accepted by the Church. The doctrine of incarnation, in fact, is not properly a gospel doctrine, but was imported into Christianity from the surrounding Paganism. If to this doctrine were due the conquests and moral purification which the gospel worked, why had not Egyptian or Hindoo history, before the coming of Jesus, shown us some religious regeneration nearly similar? For in the popular faith of the valleys both of the Nile and the Ganges the theory of Divine incarnation and claims of the descent of Gods to earth in fleshly form were familiar long before the advent of Christ. It was no such theory that gave the gospel its missionary power and elevating influence, but the eloquent witness of the Christ's own noble personality. It was the moving example of Jesus' own life and of his self-forgetting, heroic death.

Mr. Gladstone thinks that we become involved in philosophical, historical, and moral difficulties, if we cease to look upon Jesus as the second person of the Trinity, embodied

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in human flesh. On the contrary, it is just this theologic theory that is alienating from him the sympathy of modern thinkers. Considered as the story of an incarnate Deity, how petty seem the wonders of the gospel compared with the stupendous marvels which modern science reveals in nature! When the life of Christ is represented as the life of the Deity himself, that history loses its tragedy, its nobility, and its sincerity. It becomes a dramatic spectacle, played off on the stage of Palestine, to work on human emotions. It degenerates into the sly manœuvre of a Divine Council hampered by its own laws, to circumvent the results of its own imperfect creation. It is only when we recognize Jesus as truly human, partaker of Divinity only in the same sense and kind (greater as it may be in degree) as other men, and when we conceive of him as standing before the angry ranks of his Jewish foes, among the surging passions of that turbulent century, in the same way as the prophets and martyrs of to-day have to stand face to face with their perplexities and temptations, that his life gains pathos and grandeur; and we feel (to use Mrs. Ward's apt phrase) "the true human pity of his death." It is then alone that his fidelity and self-sacrifice become an example which we have any encouragement to imitate.

Mr. Gladstone's criticism is, then, quite beside the mark. Mrs. Ward understands much better than he the spiritual wants of our time. One of the chief needs of present religion is, as Robert Elsmere points out, "to reconceive the Christ," so that he may regain his proper place as the spiritual leader of our generation. And another equally urgent need is to base religion, not on this quicksand of Biblical marvels, which expose it to constant undermining and doubt wherever modern criticism and knowledge make their way, but on the great spiritual intuitions in the eternal power and goodness, and the moral tie that binds us to our Father in heaven and our brethren on earth. These carry their evidence within themselves, in a sphere above the reach of disturbance from historic or scientific discovery. That which is the genuine core of Christianity, and which it will be the

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future mission of religion to propagate, is not found in any dogmatic faiths about Christ, but is the living reproduction of his faith,—"that same mind which was in Christ Jesus," and which inspired him to his great work. Such faith is not a product of historic testimony, but draws its strength from personal communion with the heavenly Father and direct vision of spiritual truths.

This spirit of reverence and perfect trust, of sincere obedience to the voice that speaks in reason and conscience, of courageous fidelity to the revelations imparted in the soul, and, above all, of the broadest charity and good will to all of humankind, is the only gospel that can win back the great host of the unchurched to the pale of Christendom, or long retain hold of modern thought. Mrs. Ward is a bold and persuasive preacher of such a gospel, and *Robert Elsmere* is a fresh and noble epistle to all our modern churches.

JAMES T. BIXBY.

MISSIONARY UNITARIANISM.

Nothing is more apparent on a transcontinental journey, judging from the acquaintances one makes, than the ignorance of people from beyond the Eastern States of Unitarianism, and at the same time the vigor and frequency with which its spirit and principles are avowed. It is curious to note the emancipated air of the traveller we have in mind. He talks as if the car were a sort of green-room, where he doffs his conventional profession and costumes, mightily pleased to act his own part. He seems to say, I play "hide-and-go-seek" with conviction habitually from necessity; but I am a far more sensible person than I usually pass for. His career reminds us of that initial period of courtship when preference is disclosed by shyness and concealment, from which relief is found in exhaustive confession to a confidant. At a certain stage of conversation, he always asks, "And what *is* Unitarianism?" An explanation being given, he invariably remarks, "If that

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is Unitarianism, then I am a Unitarian, although nominally this or that."

We fly past town after town, and see in the newest some sign of a church or of a church school-house. Tolerably sure we are that any variety of Christianity is represented save our own, so that the questions press: How can we do frontier work? How can we begin like the rest at the beginning? How can we meet these travellers as they alight at their destination, and start them on a religious career consistent with their mature convictions? They are evidently men accustomed to a neighborly, churchly life, affectionate and loyal, the very class who find it difficult to break away from any relation when it is once established.

Inferior artists, we are told, as a rule always get the heads of their figures too large. It is as hard for the average layman to give up touching associations and beloved friends as it is congenial to surrender repulsive superstitions and obnoxious rites. They grow reconciled to the objectionable features of their church, as the rationalist in art forgives the clumsy mythological figures of a picture of Rubens, because of the portrait-like fidelity of his terrestrial figures. Ancient churches flourish, not because of the supernaturalism of the pulpit, but because of the piety and humanity of the pews. We have certainly as good prospect of recruits as other denominations, if we set to work at the same time in the same way: that is, planting a church with the purpose of providing a place where a Sunday-school and Sunday services for adults can be held, leaving it for time to emphasize our particular name. In all these new towns, a certain percentage of the people look for a church as they do for a school. It is a necessary part of their life. They have a denominational preference, no doubt; but this is waived at first, and the church which first answers their needs has always a special claim on their regard. Thus, if we lay down our platform, and stand on it as a matter of course, and go on to do the general work of a church, the more intellectual will joyfully recognize our rationalism; while the rest will not rebel, at least for a while; and, if at length

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they seek more familiar teaching, they can never feel as those whose knowledge or ignorance is derived from hostile hearsay.

Many, perhaps most, people begin with a new church as passengers who are careful to inquire the destination of a boat and the time of its starting and arrival, finding out its name and the *personnel* of its crew when they are aboard. Their principal concern is a religious home: when that is found, if it be congenial and prosperous, it is more than likely they will discover that no style of architecture or furniture could possibly be so compatible with their tastes and necessities. Like the French manner in marriage, as happy unions proceed from this late acquaintance with our specialities as in the case of those who come to us because they are of us.

The great difficulty in the way of this sort of missionary work is to find suitable preachers,—partly because even our most eloquent laymen seem to have an invincible aversion to pulpit-speaking for themselves, and partly because no *ism* is so susceptible of misstatement. As the old saying has it, "The corruption of the best things is the worst." A blundering account of our faith reduces its doctrines to nothing more than an arraignment of Christianity and a defence of ignorant individualism: it reduces our church life to a Sunday gathering for mental and moral improvement, relieved by amateur attempts to rival the restaurant and the concert-room in the week. In such work as ours in new places, good preaching is more needed than for our oldest societies, because our principles are less understood. The highest style of minister is needed; that is, the man who is so thoroughly master of the philosophy of religion and allied subjects as to be able to teach what seems pure common sense; to filter doctrines, until all the coloring matter of error and misleading statement is taken out. A man, too, who so thoroughly understands the art of pastoral work that he impresses men simply as a friend more attractive, sympathetic, and kindly than other friends.

The best men are thus needed. The best men are suffi-

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cient; with them Unitarianism will be everywhere among the first lines of the advancing tide of our Western civilization. All that is necessary is a little self-sacrifice on the part of pastors and parish. It can, we feel sure, be brought about, if it should become the custom for all efficient ministers to have one, two, or three years for the work; perhaps if they should be spared to it for six months at a time, going and returning as ministers of their society, to be supported by it or not according to their ability. It may be asked, "Why take men already engaged?" The answer is obvious, although we may well be averse to giving it. Our ministers are certainly as disposed to sane self-sacrifice as those of any age or church. The very fact that a man is a preacher in our day marks him as unworldly: he surrenders the prospect of fortune-building as surely as a Capuchin monk takes the vow of poverty. Here and there it may be otherwise; but the profession as such is antagonistic to money-getting. But the age is industrial; the commercial spirit is regnant and pervasive. Everything is more or less subject to a material valuation. Ministers below the line of genius are roughly ranked in the popular mind according to their salaries or the number and wealth of their congregations. One who contemplates this pioneer work knows that he may sink out of sight, or be seriously dwarfed by distance, unless he have extraordinary general ability or exceptional opportunity. In the majority of cases, in these new towns, we can only hope for small though vigorous societies. Let their founder be never so praiseworthy, let him plant and nurture one after another, still he may be doomed to obscurity and poverty. If this does not deter him, if he is willing to sacrifice himself, he hesitates about sacrificing the happiness of his wife and the prospects of his children. Nor can he hope, as a Methodist might, for promotion, or be sure at least of a pulpit elsewhere: he knows that, if his work prove a failure, though from no fault of his, he may some day be adrift, without means or friends, at a distance; or, if he return, what society will be predisposed and eager to secure the services of a man whose only recommendation

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is that he has been preaching in the West, perhaps unsuccessfully?

The difficulty might, we think, be met, if our parishes instituted the custom of *loaning* pastors for the pulpit, as they do funds for the building. If the ablest men and strongest parishes should set an example, others would be encouraged to try the experiment. It might lead to longer pastorates and more vivacious preaching; it could hardly fail to bring the missionary churches into sympathy with the longer established ones, and to enable those ministers who are willing to "go West" to do it with full understanding of the field. It would certainly tend to a more vigorous common life. In point of fact, there is no need of a double Unitarianism. In the East the mind is as hospitable to ideas, even to radical ideas, as in the West. Unity implies and demands everywhere the same conditions; namely, to apply religion in the freest way to life, while in hereditary relation to our past. If we break with institutionalism and renounce all connection with historic Christianity, we cannot be Unitarians, on the same ground that we cannot be citizens without a country.

No greater mistake could be made than to go into new towns as a controversialist. Truth may well say, as Jesus said to Peter, "Put up thy sword"; men will not embrace her, despite her heavenly charms, if they are told that they must. The human mind is, as a rule, undisciplined and timid, easily frightened. Manner nonsuits matter, as the fowl fly from their very food if it be thrown at them. The best thing is to say our word graciously, and wait; to give the truth, and leave it to win its way. The mind has its own secret processes, which we cannot force or often anticipate. In some wild regions, I noticed what might have been a paradise of plenty reduced to a wretched, impassable wilderness simply through impetuous excess of rain. A little dew on an adjacent desert made the land more fertile. Controversy drenches the soil instead of watering it.

On reaching Seattle, in Washington Territory, I found an impressive illustration of what I mean. There is a society,

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in every important respect like those of New England; its birth was almost of one date with that of the city, and the indications are that it may aspire to a like prosperity, whatever that may be. When the Northern Pacific Railroad fixed its western terminus where Tacoma now stands, Seattle was lifted from the rank of a small town to that of a city. The Rev. G. Greer, formerly a Methodist minister in that region, had groped his way to substantial agreement with our principles, and set to work to form a society in Tacoma. Here he found at first only one responsive hearer; but by dint of cheerful patience he succeeded in gathering and in housing the church there. He visited Seattle at about the same time, and began, as at Tacoma, without invitation or introduction. The clearness of his ideas and his unworldly spirit attracted the notice and secured the attention of the liberal element generally, which had already a society for religious discussion. Mr. Greer's aim was to form churches: however small the attendance, he conducted the service as the minister of a congregation. He journeyed, preached, and visited without a word as to remuneration; his learning was modern, and his spirit and method were wisely conservative. In 1887, the Rev. Grindall Reynolds, as secretary of the A.U.A., visited the Pacific coast, and lifted Mr. Greer's work into denominational view. Had it not been for the zeal of the one, and the other's appreciation of his success, no attempt would in all probability have been made to maintain a society either at Seattle or Tacoma, until the liberal element had been largely absorbed or seriously discouraged.

What has been done in this case can be done in many others, if qualified pastors should be spared for the work. A few months of Mr. Greer's ministry was sufficient not only to gather a congregation, but, what is of more importance, to determine its character: in both places we have now *churches*,— Unitarian churches, in sympathy with both the intellectual and devotional traditions of growing Eastern Liberalism. It is only on the spot that one realizes the supreme importance of having new societies in conscious sympathy with the body. It is important for the preacher:

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isolation tempts to a wayward individualism, or at least suggests the suspicion of it. A minister's reputation rests mostly on local testimony, and the parochial view may be narrow, biassed, or capricious. It is even more important for the society: in new cities men are specially engrossed with their personal affairs; they are building from the fonndation; they are strangers among strangers, with a local character to win, and a variety of local interests. They have no disposition to venture on uncertain relations: if they find a society of the order to which they are accustomed, they are ready to send their children to its school, and support its services as they did at home; but they are averse to running the risk of unwittingly indorsing an erratic, improvised organization, which may prove merely a club for verbal quibbling and social experiment. In new towns social *classification* is one of the first things to come about: we had supposed it would be among the last. The fact is, the majority of people are at once claimed by the organizations to which they have belonged before, and the claim is usually allowed; these organizations are extremely anxious to prove themselves genuine and authorized. Lines are drawn quickly and sharply; the worldly are barefaced, the churchman is veiled from head to foot with profession. Thus bigotry is likely, if not inevitable; and the late new-comer sighs for the tolerance which he deprecated at home. It is a golden opportunity for those who desire to change their party or sect, as it is for the more zealous to secure those who hang loosely by the old.

In this state of things the apostle comes first, the reformer last; though indeed the functions of both may be performed by the same person, for he who leads the new order may assail the old. The colonist is a secular apostle. His work is to extend what already exists; he transplants rather than improves; his field is the wilderness, not the plantation of the husbandman. The home of the reformer, or at least of reform, is the city: like all specialists, he springs from the heart of society; while the intelligent colonist must be capable of a variety of tasks, and of adaptability to all sorts of pursuits. He is rough and ready, able to turn his hand

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to anything, with little time for the detail of refinement or for the perfection of minute affairs. His watchword is experience, not experiment.

In aiming for something better than now exists, there is danger lest we foster something worse. The hyper-conscientious demand for exactitude of definition in doctrine, and for ideal perfection in church polity, will be answered by a feeble organization or utter failure. As we view it, Unitarianism, where it has been most prosperous, has made rapid advance towards real independence. The final steps are neither slow nor uncertain, but in process. For the great body of its members it is satisfactory; and, when any remove to new regions, they look as eagerly for a church of their own order as do Methodists or Episcopalians. However anxious we may be for absolute naturalism in history, rationalism in dogma, and unchallenged tolerance of spirit, our first duty to our friends of this class is to second their desire for a congenial ecclesiastical home. Important internal changes must come in a body like ours, committed as it is to progress; but a new undertaking does not supply the fittest opportunity to experiment with them. Our very theism may suffer a change as radical as that which Dr. Channing adumbrated in his definition of God as "another name for human excellence raised to an ideal perfection"; or it may return to the older, larger, and more perplexing conception of the all-comprehending and essential life of the Universe. But this and lesser changes may be safely left to the deepest, most accomplished, most conservative reformers. As Medicine would gain nothing by having the dissecting-room and laboratory in the college porch, Religion gains less (if that were possible) by reforming metaphysics on the frontier of its activities. All societies, indeed, old and new, because they are societies, must submit to compromise at last; and, when the most discriminating and conscientious of our philosophical theologians have secured denominational recognition for their most radical definitions, they themselves will confess that their statement is inadequate and temporary.

The dispute between "ethical" and "Christian-name"

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brethren ought never to have arisen among our new churches. It is something like an immigrant community debating a question of genealogy, while the logs are half hewn for their cabins, and the Indians in a hostile or uncertain mood. If the ethical brethren are, as some of them seem, the lineal successors of Dr. Channing in this type of theism, it is to be regretted that shades of opinion so subtile and delicate should be exposed to the large, clumsy, though eager, busy, and honest handling of popular criticism. The average worshipper does not pretend to be a constructive theologian, or, indeed, a theologian of any sort, any more than the most cultivated patient imagines himself qualified to be a physician, or the average lover of pictures an artist or even an art-critic. The devout parishioner understands by the term "God" that there is something supremely adorable, an ideal to strive after, a moral order to revere and obey; and he is content to express these facts by established phraseology. We may change our nomenclature and revolutionize our theories; but, when we have done our best, we shall be no nearer that zenith of the higher life, which defies the intellect while it charms the soul.

We have arrived at a period in our denominational life when we can realize that dream of our fathers, a national mission. Unitarianism is self-conscious. It knows itself as at once the child of Latin Christianity and the progenitor of Free-thought, so far as free-thought is consistent with religious fellowship. It knows what the wisest have always foreseen,— that, in order to common worship, there must be some sort of common confession; in order to co-operation, there must be some kind of agreement as to what we are to do. The range of the pulpit must be limited, in order that it may exist; and, whenever any of us find that its limitations interfere with intellectual honesty, we can take refuge in the pew. Better so, than to remain simply to draw attention to our personal phases of belief, or even to our superior but unfamiliar spiritual attainment; as in charge of an army, it is the commander's obvious duty to refrain from all discussion imperilling the discipline of his force. Although

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we were wiser than all our comrades, and though our opinion should at length be adopted, yet, if self-restraint involved our moral integrity, we must retire from the post of responsibility, at least for a time. Our churches have as distinct a mission as any army in the field; it is by methods established and inherited that we are to combat the evils in the world, and minister to its highest needs. If "the God-idea" be surrendered, surely it were better to lapse into silence than to launch a denial freighted with alarm and paralysis to any life that centres in the conception of a living and loving God!

It is surely, then, a reasonable hope that some such way as that suggested may be found out, so that new fields may be well occupied in time, so that the men representing the body and doing its work may be sheltered from unnecessary risk.

RICHARD A. GRIFFIN.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

SPECIALIZATION.

A beginner in literary work, as the writer of a college theme or a theological essay, is apt to find that (by some law of mental action which puzzles him at first) if he lays out a subject broadly he gets lost in generalities and finds it hard to make headway; while, if he starts with a single point, sharply put, the path widens before him, and he takes it easily.

Something like this, it may be thought, will appear in the *specializing* of the minister's work, and of church work, which is a manifest tendency among us to-day. Mr. Batchelor said not long ago, very truly, that we must "narrow" our effort, if we would make it a success; and the great prominence given now to religious and Biblical study, to works of practical charity, and the like, in comparison with that usual among us twenty or thirty years ago, seems a sign that the task before us is likely to be more rather than less abundant, grateful, and effective.

We do not always consider, in estimating our professional work, what a warp, wrench, or strain was put upon it in the stress of the questions of conscience that came up about half a

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century ago. What were then called "exciting topics" were comparatively new to the Christian pulpit, and they threatened to put every faithful minister in peril. When he was challenged, by a voice he could not help heed, not to withhold his testimony on a flagrant public wrong, like slavery or intemperance, the alternative he often had to face was his continuing or ceasing to be in his Master's work (as he had understood and accepted it) at all. Under this strain, many broke down wholly and for good in their professional career, choosing, with Milton, liberty "to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties"; others met the reproach of being less bravely true to their conviction, because to them it was more urgent to deal with principles of character than with customs and institutions of society. There was certainly some danger that the pulpit might lose its dignity and courage, and the men their self-respect and manhood; and those of this generation have much to be thankful for, that the battle of conscience was maintained so well as on the whole it was.

Now that the pulpit is in possession of a far greater freedom than it seemed to have then, there appears to be an increasing tendency not to spend that freedom in the negative and dispersive way of which there was danger once, but to consider more and more carefully how it may be "narrowed" to the proper work. Increasing "specialization of function," so philosophers tell us, is the surest sign of an advancing civilization. Some thirty-five years ago it happened to me to receive some counsel from that man of frankest and kindliest wisdom that some of us have ever known, Ephraim Peabody. It was during the stress of the anti-slavery struggle, and the point in conversation was the claim which that matter had on the advocacy of the pulpit. His language was something like this: "A minister who preaches on a question of politics, or that leads into politics, *is out of his beat.* What he says will not have its proper weight. He will simply have uttered a poor editorial — not a first-class or a second-class editorial, but at best a third-class — on a subject on which he is no authority, and will not be listened to with respect." And in this way he justified his own course of silence in the pulpit, and of discussing the matter, when at all, in deliberate, calm essay.

The words were wise, though they did not cover the whole ground. For, first, there is a class of men, including the very noblest, who cannot accept such a limit as that without dishonor:

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conscience must speak first, at whatever cost. Secondly, there are sharp crises in public affairs, where a point of politics (as it looked) suddenly becomes a point of conscience: the pulpit, which is the organ of the general conscience, is at such a time called to *show its hand*, and refuses on peril of all that makes it worth supporting. Thirdly, in the stress of party warfare an independent conscience comes to be greatly hated for its own sake, as the most dangerous disturber of the calculable forces in politics; and party leaders, or party platforms, will make a definite *pronunciamento* (as was done in 1856) that the pulpit must hold its tongue at its peril: then it is hard for a man who respects himself not to take up the challenge thus insolently thrown down, even if he forfeits his professional career, so far as he can see, by "the foolishness of preaching."

But yet the counsel of wisdom stands sure in general,— that each man can do his own work best. Some men work best, or think they do, in the line of philosophical thought, or in the line of scientific exposition, or in the line of socialistic ethics. But, take it by and large, the work of the church and of its ministry is on the line of the individual conscience, and of the interpretation of individual experience. And, to tell the truth, we have felt pangs of regret, now and then, to see (as we thought) so much excellent opportunity wasted, and so much admirable intelligence and ability put to inferior tasks, by the failure to see how wide, how rich, how deep is the soil that is to be occupied by spiritual husbandry. And, in the specializing tendency we have spoken of, we think to find, one of these days, a wonderful illuminating and wakening-up, as regards the richer and nobler *religious* life which we are looking for in the future.

This, too, seems to us one great gain likely to come from such an enterprise as that just taken in hand by the managers of the Sunday School Society,— a course of sixteen lectures on the historical and other antecedents of Unitarianism, which is coming to receive so much larger and richer interpretation in the life of the present day. So delightful and so flattering an audience it is rarely one's lot to see, as that which crowded Channing Hall to greet the inaugurating of that course. And the mere announcement of it has called forth, from far and near, testimonials of interest of a degree and kind quite unlooked-for. This is in itself a good sign,— the merely intellectual interest evoked by the announcement of a large topic largely treated. But, still

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more, it seems to us a sign of the awakening to a better comprehension of the variety, the wealth, the enduring attractions, the valuable service, still open to us strictly within the sphere of those spiritual interests which are given us in charge.

THE MINISTERS' INSTITUTE.

The seventh meeting of the Institute, though in one sense an extra meeting, with short time for preparation, following upon the Princeton session with only a year's interval, was worthy of its predecessors. The convenience of access to the beautiful city of Worcester invited a large number of our ministers, who found awaiting them the most generous hospitality. The exercises, lasting through three days, were faithfully attended, the clerical audience suffering only from those inevitable calls of duty which allow few pastors to be absent long from their charges in the active season of the church year. The number of "the laity" who were hearers was larger than ever before, and we trust it may continue to increase. The intellectual interval between the clergyman of the Unitarian faith and his thoughtful auditor is so narrow, that little which profits the one can fail to profit the other in an assembly of this kind.

The session opened inspiringly with the strong discourse by the Rev. H. M. Simmons, on "The Breath of Life," which has been printed in the *Christian Register*. Is it not a little remarkable that the sermons before the Institute are, as a rule, more generally appropriate and edifying than those delivered before the National Conference? Mr. Simmons's sermon would, indeed, have been worthy of almost any occasion. It was a thoroughly fine example of a kind of preaching of which we could wish that Liberal Christian preachers had a less patent monopoly,— the preaching which takes a law of natural science, such as this one: that breathing, a destructive process, is yet the very condition of life,— traces it through the realm of nature, and follows it on, not in fancy, but in reality, through the natural man, to find its chief and crowning instance in the highest realm of the spiritual life. Of illustrations from nature and from science, we have a sufficiency in the preaching of many popular divines; but of the resolute, logical following out of one law, from the burning bush up to the inspired soul, we have few such models as this discourse at Worcester.

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The programme of the Institute was more varied than usual, covering practical homiletics and the charitable work of churches in city and country, as well as classic ethics, Teutonic Arianism, design in nature, and recent theological literature. The Rev. Brooke Herford's paper, on "The Aim and Method of Preaching," was full of sagacious counsels, which had the best of foundations in a specific experience. There are kinds of preaching, indeed, to which some of Mr. Herford's words would hardly apply, but which are yet very helpful to the audience that the liberal preacher faces. Mr. Beecher's reply to the divinity student, who asked which kind of preaching was best, has always seemed to us eminently sensible,—"*All kinds.*" There is room and need for all kinds of good preaching; and all preaching is good which comes out from the whole life of a true man.

The writer of this notice was engaged in comparing Republican and Democratic ethics at a mass meeting on the evening when the Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody gave his "Comparison between Classic and Semitic Ethics." He cannot, therefore, do justice to a paper which, we trust, will soon appear in one of our periodicals. Dr. Peabody's life-long studies in the field of morals entitle his conclusions to respectful consideration by all students.

Professor Emerton's able paper, on "The Conversion of the Germanic Tribes to Arian Christianity," was an excellent contribution to the study of ecclesiastical history from the stand-point of the modern student, who follows the scientific spirit with no theological bias to swerve him from simple contemplation of things as they were. Professor Emerton's thorough familiarity with the doubtful field of Germanic origins gave his conclusions great weight, though they were presented with simplicity and undogmatic modesty. Mr. W. W. Fenn's essay, on "The Sympathetic Use of the New Testament," was the surprise of this seventh meeting of the Institute. Its plea for attention to the spirit of the gospel above its letter came with great force from one who so evidently was well grounded in that letter. Written with admirable finish and delivered with engaging fervor, Mr. Fenn's paper carried away the severest critics, who recognized in it the union of many excellences too often found incompatible.

Miss Zilpha D. Smith's counsels on "Country Help for City Charities" had the ring of true and tried sagacity. They were finely matched in the evening of Wednesday by Rev. Dr. Rainsford's inspiring presentation of "The Opportunity of a City

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Church." Dr. Rainsford has worked out this problem thoroughly in his own city; and, from the abundance of his experience, he poured forth a wealth of suggestion, in his discourse and in his answers to his eager questioners, that made the evening very stimulating and helpful.

The Institute came back to theology on Thursday morning. The Rev. N. P. Gilman's essay on "Recent Theology" had the direct, practical aim of aiding the minister in his study by pointing out the chief books of recent issue which would be valuable to him, with some observations on the actual position of thought in several fields of theological investigation. Professor Shaler, of Harvard University, closed the session with a discussion of "The Question of Design in Nature," which was marked by deep sobriety of thought, and showed how close is the real alliance between the theologian, who has got rid of the sheer anthropomorphisms of Dr. Paley, and the scientist, who recognizes the overpowering evidences of mind in Nature,—if not of mind, then of something higher than mind.

CRITICAL THEOLOGY.

CURVES OF PAULINE AND OF PSEUDO-PAULINE STYLE.

I.

The problem of Scriptural isagogic is a manifold one,—nothing less than to answer fully, with respect to each of the sacred books, the multiple question, When, where, why, by whom, for whom, under what circumstances, was it written? These queries, while distinct, are not separate. They are the closely interwoven strands of the one veil which Time has wrought over the meaning of the text, and which Isagogy toils untiringly in uplifting. It matters not that the task is an endless one, that some of the inquiries apparently admit only of probable, some only of approximate answer. Art is long, but time is also. Our lives, though short, are many; and the obligation of each to do all he can is not less holy because that all is so little. Love and duty on the one hand and on the other bind the pious soul to the curve of the pursuit of truth, however tortuous, however interminable.

It is the fourth of these questions, put with regard to a New Testament group, whose discussion this paper essays to further.

At the very outset, we are met by a smile from such as judge

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by appearance only, which suggests a doubt whether it be ever possible to settle a matter of authorship,—whether, on loosing from the moorings of tradition, we are not borne out at once upon a sea of conjecture, where no firm anchor can ever strike bottom. Here, then, we must divide, to conquer. The problem, *By whom?* may not, indeed, admit of positive determination; but it is often not the positive, but the negative determination that is of first importance, and this latter is incomparably easier. Though we may not be able to fix *who did*, we may be able to fix *who did not*. Neither in this decision need we be troubled by any pretensions, as that it is possible to disguise a style beyond recognition, that it is possible to imitate beyond detection. Such are completely met by the demurrer that they weigh against him only who attempts the positive determination herein renounced, but for us in the negative purpose herein avowed, since, while motives to the imitation of an author's style by one writing in his name might well be present, motives to the disguise of that style are *eo ipso* entirely absent. Nor will any one credit Paul himself with a *tour de force*. Accordingly, we may approach the problem of the genuineness of a certain composition undisturbed by the suspicion that the object of our scrutiny may prove altogether illusory.

But this problem, in so far as it touches the letters attributed to Paul, has already been treated with such amplitude of learning, such prodigality of painstaking, and such piercing intelligence, that we may not unreasonably ask for the ground of being in this renewed attack, which certainly draws no excess of strength from any of those mentioned sources, nor can find adequate justification, but rather discouragement, in the very partial success of its forerunners. The answer must be that it is to be conducted on a line hitherto untried, and to strike a hitherto unattempted point.

The two hinges upon which turns the general contention as to the genuineness of a writing attributed (say) to Paul are its matter and its style. Against the efficacy of the first, to sustain a negative verdict there lies the weighty objection that we are rarely quite sure just what it is. The ingenuity of the apologist is always ready with some more or less plausible conciliation of any apparent discrepance; and he does not hesitate to claim the field, if the reconcilement be only possible. To this must be added the further embarrassment that, at least for the emanci-

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pated critic, the postulate of uniform self-consistence in the sacred writer is no longer admissible. Says even Saint Paul of himself, "Though once we knew Christ flesh-wise, yet now know we him so no longer." Hence it is that conclusions may be drawn from doctrine only with reserve and within limits.

The argument from style is indeed free from such embarrassments, but is entangled in others scarcely less intricate. As generally conducted, it labors in a multitude of details not easy to clasp together in thought or to bring with united force to the formation of a general judgment. One feels always that he has before him the materials for an argument rather than the argument itself,— a vast conglomerate mass not yet fused together or coherent in adamantine rock. Moreover, these details have for the most part been found in the rarer and more variable elements of expression. Occasional locutions and *hapax-legomena* have been diligently collected. Especial stress is laid upon the vocabulary of the writer. Says Holtzmann, a master in literary microscopy, *Ist die Verschiedenheit des Styls, der Darstellungsweise, des Wortvorrathes constatirt, so ist die Unechtheit einer Schrift erwiesen;* but the stock of words, so far as it consists of notional terms,— verbs, nouns, adjectives, in less degree adverbs,— *must* vary with the subject in hand, and how much variation may be allowed to a given change of subject is a delicate question, an unanswerable one. In fact, the proposition needs no recommendation, that it is not among the variable, but among the relatively constant, elements of style that we are to seek for its distinctive features.

But do any such elements really exist? It is one object of this paper to show that they do; namely, not so much in the *notional* as in the *relational* vocabulary. These minute particles it is that constitute the fibrous tissue of speech, spreading through and permeating the entire organism of discourse, keeping in place the fluent and unsteady notional components, and giving form, coherence, and interdependence to the whole. They are the current co-ordinates in the equation of style, determining by their mutual relations the law of form for the writer's thought; while the words of idea are the arbitraries, the parameters, varying indefinitely from subject to subject, and determining not the class, but the different members of the same class. It is to these, too, so often are they repeated, that we may apply the principle of averages with least hesitation. Still another object

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is, by a simple mathematical device, to present the complex character of a style to the mind in a single direct vision, and thereby not only prevent the mind from losing itself in a multitude of conflicting special decisions, but coerce it to a single collective judgment.

It may be assumed as safe from cavil that the formative influence on style of a word or construction is at least directly proportioned to the frequency of its repetition. Accordingly, if we assign positions to the various stylistic constituents along a right line chosen at will, and erect at each such position an ordinate proportional to the frequency or influence of the constituent in question, the upper ends of such ordinates will form a series of points shadowing forth a curve or broken line passing through them, which, as depicting graphically the style concerned, so far as defined by these constituents, may be appropriately called *the curve of style.* Let no one smile at the idea of picturing by such construction anything so utterly unspatial as the style of a writing. A system of relations among numbers, as $x^2 + y^2 = 1$, is equally ageometric; yet a circle is recognized as its perfect depiction. To the accuracy and adequacy of such representation, or of any representation, *resemblance* is not at all necessary, but only *correspondence* this way or that way mediated. We may hereafter see how dim-felt peculiarities of thought and expression may be brought to much clearer consciousness by study of this curve; but its immediate function is merely as a concise and convenient register of results, as a girdle for the bundle of rods, each mayhap weak by itself, but all infrangible in their compacted strength.

As norms from which to deduce the criterion of style by which to pass upon the Paulinity of any other Epistle, we assume the four recognized ones, Galatians, Corinthians, Romans. From this last, to be sure, we must except the last two chapters, whose genuineness is far too uncertain to allow them, at this stage of the investigation, to be drawn into the reckoning. A similar exception might, with almost equal justice, be made of the *pericope* in 2 Cor. vi. 14—vii. 1. But the passage is short, and only in one particular is the consideration of it not a matter of indifference. From this body of composition, treated as a whole, we shall first construct the general curve of Pauline style; also, from each of the four its own special curve. That will then be the mean of these four, each properly weighted according to the

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length of the Epistle.* Curves shall follow for Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians.

At this point, it is meet to observe that our method is an application of the doctrine of averages. Now, the confidence we must repose in this doctrine increases rapidly with the number of objects averaged. We hold a thermometer in a volume of air, to test this latter's temperature, or mean kinetic energy per molecule; and the result obtained is perfectly definite within the limits of observational error. But such might no longer be the case with a very delicate instrument placed in a highly rarefied atmosphere of very slow-moving molecules, whose separate impacts might not fuse indistinguishably together; while, on still higher rarefaction, the notion of temperature as detectable by a thermometer would vanish altogether. We do well, then, to note that it is to the suggestions of the curves in their upper regions that we may yield our minds with the most unreserved reliance.

When we now ask, What are the elements of style to be considered? the answer must be: All such as are affected not at all, or apparently and comparatively very little, by the subject-matter of discourse. In the accompanying diagrams, these, in number forty, are designated alphabetically, and arranged, not in logical, but in arithmetical order, according to size, so that the fundamental (mean) curve shall fall gradually from left to right.†

First in position and in importance is the number of sentences per page, determining, as it does, whether the manner of expression be periodic or sententious. This same is itself compounded of the number of periods and of question-marks; but this latter is itself a most important independent factor, controlling more despotically than perhaps any other single one the liveliness and picturesqueness of the style. Scarcely less telling is the number of colons per page in its effect upon the general grammatic structure.

The prepositions next claim attention. The total number per page is not without significance; but, among all, ἐν is by long odds predominant. Its use is one of the most striking and une-

* Even of the genuineness of these four, assailants have not been wanting; but we are not concerned with hypercriticism. They were evidently written by some one or ones; by whom, is not for our present purpose material.

† Only the last four form an exception to this arrangement, having been calculated and introduced as an appendix, after the body of the drawing was made.

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quivocal marks of style; and, owing both to vagueness of its meaning and to the consequent multiplicity of relations it may denote, it would seem to be peculiarly constant and independent of the subject treated. The other prepositions, of much less frequence individually, and of still less stylistic import, may be classified roughly as denoting *instrumentality* (διά and ὑπό), *end* (εἰς, ἐπί), *nearer relation* (κατά, ὑπέρ, πρός), the rest being lumped as miscellaneous.

Passing now to conjunctions and modal particles, we note first the simple associatives καί and τέ, which of all are most colorless themselves, and impart least tinge of meaning to the notions connected. The others do not unite thus outerly merely, but innerly, setting the notions in some more or less determinate relation to one another. The scanty or copious application of them gives a distinct hue to an author's style, and points unerringly to his type of mind. First, then, in frequency, are the objective negatives, οὐ and its compounds. The subjective negatives, μή with its compounds, follow *longo intervallo*. Their significance, absolute and relative, for style is too patent to permit elucidation at this point. Very prominent is the continuative and mildly adversative δέ. It opposes where καί juxtaposes, and arranges before and after where καί arranges side by side. The strong adversative ἀλλά is only half as abundant as δέ, but it colors the Pauline page quite as distinctly. The dominant particles of argument are οὖν and γάρ, of which this looks backward, that forward. Their significance, absolute and relative, will be pointed out in the proper place. Closely allied hereto, as key to the writer's cast of thought, is the group of hypothetic particles, εἰ with its compounds, including ἄν. Of minor though of considerable consequence are the several groups of introductives, clause-particles, such as ἵνα, ὅτι, etc., ὡς and καθώς, διό, etc., alternatives. The groups, μέν, ἄρα, ἐπεί-compounds, are small, but not to be neglected. Of other such ingredients of speech there are only traces.

Participles and infinitives are notional words, and so far forth, as to their meaning, are shut out from our present survey; but in their purely grammatic function, as affecting the sentence-structure, they require consideration. Furthermore, each class falls into two sub-classes, according as used with or without the article.

In the *Addendum*, attention is directed to four other features

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as worth notice. The first is the use of the article, a matter into which Prof. Gildersleeve has not disdained profound exploration. The second is the office of the genitive of abstracts as an adjective. In the third, regard is had to the fact that πᾶς, though a notional word, may and often does lose its proper character, to be reduced in effect to a mere particle of intensity; close akin to which, striving after effect and unction, is the employment of πᾶς with abstracts, and of double genitives of abstracts.

Herewith, then, are sketched broadly, briefly, and with no pretence to nice or exact discrimination, the forty formal rudiments of style, which it is the aim of this study to determine numerically and to exhibit graphically. In the drawings, the *rate per page* has been laid off vertically, except for the articles and the totals of particles and prepositions, where, to keep within the limits of the paper, the rates are reckoned per tenth, per fourth, and per half of page respectively. The text used is Harpers' Westcott and Hort's Revised.*

The line of gradual fall is that of *mean* style determined from the seventy-one pages of the four acknowledged Epistles. It is bordered above and below by two green lines, rising and falling irregularly. The upper is the line of maximum, the lower of minimum use, the maximum and minimum for each particular being taken from some two of the four. Between these borders, as extremes of his observed style, the stream of Pauline speech pours throughout the recognized Epistles. It is seen at a glance that this stream is of a truth deep-eddying, but by no means lawless. Here it narrows, there it broadens; but the fluctuations from the average are generally small. Thus there is none so great as 4. The widest are 3.6, 3.3, 3.2. Then come 10 between 2 and 3, 37 between 1 and 2, 110 between 0 and 1. The rate at which the number of deviations decreases as we recede from the mean is seen to be almost exactly the constant, one-third. We are reminded at once and forcibly of the principles of deviation from the average which uphold the method of least squares.

Regarding now the several letters, we find that in Romans the aberrations belonging to the classes 3–4, 2–3, 1–2, 0–1, are 0, 1, 6, 33. In 1 Corinthians, they are 2, 4, 13, 21; in 2 Corinthians, 1,

* These drawings, beautifully executed in lines of five colors, are impossible of reproduction in our pages. They have been deposited, for the use of students or inquirers, with the Secretary of the Sunday School Society, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, where they may be consulted, or obtained on loan through the post-office.— Ed.

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2, 12, 25; in Galatians, 0, 3, 6, 31,—in all of which a like *general* law is manifest. The total deviation from the mean is: for Romans, 24.6; for 1 Corinthians, 39; for 2 Corinthians, 33.4; for Galatians, 25.2,—the average being 30.6. Now, on drawing the curves for all of these letters, they are found to lie wholly within the border-lines mentioned above, and to follow the mean curve with no great, with very few considerable, with many slight, and with very many extremely slight deviations.

Passing now to the Ephesian letter, we find there are 10 digressions *greater than the greatest* already observed: 7.5, 7.2, 7.0, 6.5, 6.2, 5.9, 4.9, 4.5, 3.9, 3.8; 4 others greater than 3: 3.5, 3.5, 3.3, 3.3; 3 between 2 and 3; 11 between 1 and 2; 12 between 0 and 1. In Philippians there are 6 *extreme* recessions: 6.9, 6.8, 4.5, 4.2, 4.1, 4.0; 1 between 3 and 4; 7 between 2 and 3; 10 between 1 and 2; 16 between 0 and 1. In Colossians there are 13 *extreme* aberrations: 7.8, 7.2, 7.1, 7.0, 6.2, 6.0, 6.0, 5.8, 4.0, 4.0, 3.9, 3.7, 3.7; 1 other between 3 and 4; 6 between 2 and 3; 8 between 1 and 2; 12 between 0 and 1. In all three cases, especially in the first and third, it is seen at a glance that excessive abnormalities, entirely unknown in the four cases, are preponderant, while the whole body obeys in no measure at all the law found regulative in the normal quaternion. The total deviations are: for Ephesians, 98.8; for Philippians, 72.9; for Colossians, 106.3,—all largely in excess, both of the mean 30.6 and of the extreme 39.0 in 1 Corinthians. On drawing the curves which characterize the trio, the whole state of the case flashes upon us. They are seen to bear no definable relation, to show no sort of conformity, either to the mean curve or to any constituent curve, or to the general stream of speech already referred to, but to leap from the top to the bottom of the page, and back, apparently at random.

Now let us reflect that, if we throw the Philippian letter into the great quaternary, we shall have in all 5 times 40, or 200, points to be marked on our paper. Of these, 80 must be extremes, 120 means. The natural or most probable share of any one would then be 16 extremes and 24 means; that is, the chance of any one point being an extreme, that of falling outside of the green borders, is $\frac{2}{5}$, and of being a mean, of falling within those borders, is $\frac{3}{5}$. Actually, however, 24 of the Philippian points fall outside, and only 16 inside, of the borders. The chance of such an issue as this, of no less than 24 falling outside, is the sum of

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the first 17 terms in the expansion of the binomial $(\frac{2}{3} + \frac{1}{3})$ to the fortieth power; that is, about $\frac{1}{200}$, or, to be generous, say $\frac{1}{100}$. Consequently, we speak far within limits in declaring there is not *one* chance in a *hundred* that this result would fall out in the natural play of the literary faculty which produced the four standard Epistles. This conclusion would hold in full validity if the aberrances were merely wide enough to carry the points slightly beyond the bounds in question. In fact, however, 6 of them are found to be extravagant, their sum reaching the average aggregate fluctuation of the four in 40 particulars. If the probability of one such extravagance were $\frac{1}{3}$, a very exaggerated estimate, the probability of 6 concurrent ones would be only $\frac{1}{729}$. In Ephesians and Colossians, the extremes number 29 and 31, the means 11 and 9. The chances of such issues in the natural working of Paul's pen are about 1 in 40,000, the excessive size of the deviations being disregarded; on regarding which, the probabilities are seen to sink to the verge of the impossible.*

To be continued.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

TYRWHITT'S POEMS.†

There are certain books that invite the special attention of the critic of literature by reason of their peculiar excellences, and perhaps more peculiar defects,—novels, where perhaps the central idea is strong and valuable, and yet, because of the author's want of dramatic power or capacity for projecting himself into his creations, they somehow fail to produce just the impression they should upon "the average reader," who might still be very grateful to have the author's purpose made more clear; volumes of poems, in which the artistic execution is not quite equal to the genuine poetic feeling of the writer, and which, for want of melody, or smoothness, or some other element of popularity, will inevitably fail to reach the great public unless its attention is properly aroused. Thus it may well be that this little volume of verses by Mr. Tyrwhitt, whose works on art have not failed to

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* The elementary events compounded in the foregoing reasoning are independent; for the numerical values of the components fix those of a few totals. The fall, inside or outside, of these components by means fixes the fall of the total. Even if they did, the results given would need but slight modification.

† *Free Field.* Poems by R. St. John Tyrwhitt. London and New York: Macmillan.

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find a respectable audience, will fail to attract the notice it really deserves; and that through no special fault of the reader, who, in the multiplicity of books, and the hasty reading of them, might not mark the note of genuine poetry in this interesting work of a man who, if not first of all a poet, possesses many of the qualities that go towards making up the true singer.

At the outset, it strikes one that Mr. Tyrwhitt has made a mistake in giving the first place, the first quarter of his book, to his poems of Eastern life and description. "The Syrian Flute," "The Fords of Jordan," "The Wells of Moses," and "The Jew's Wailing Place," though they contain many striking lines,—lines as good as any to be found in succeeding poems,—are not as wholes so felicitous, do not go straight home to the heart, as do the poems that fill the latter part of the volume. Mr. Tyrwhitt's genius is essentially and first of all English. It is the English note in these Eastern verses that rings the truest, as, especially, when he gives in any passage the rapid flight of horses, or recalls before the Arab graves in Rephidim

> "A certain English tomb,
> Where, if God will, I will be laid."

He has, moreover, the true English spirit of manliness, of simple honesty and unaffected courage, delight in sports, in hunting, in the rapture of the moors on some wild autumn morning. He reminds us greatly of Kingsley in his enjoyment of "out-of-doors," of all manly sport, in breathing the free air blowing over wide stretches of open field. He apparently believes with that old writer who thought that God Almighty had made nothing finer than a man sitting astride his horse; and some of his breeziest verse is to be found in the *tour de force* called "Glory of Motion," which has in it the very spirit of all English hunting and riding and cheerful facing of the elements. He has, too, the English love of animals, with a very tender feeling for dogs. His pathetic little poem, "Tony," is worthy to be ranked with Matthew Arnold's classic on "Geist":—

> "His death provoked no weeps,
> Nor any kind of stir;
> But *yet he seemed to reach one's deeps*,
> That little dying cur."

The line we have italicized has just the touch that shows how, in the true poet's thought, all life is one; and even the life of the

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animal, in its mute pathos and its powerlessness to reach what sometimes it seems to long for, more adequate expression, is a deep and very mysterious thing, and links us in most unexpected ways to "the eternities and the immensities."

Mr. Tyrwhitt in his poetry shows the feeling that a pure-minded, high-souled man is apt to have about nature, when "the wonder and bloom of the world" come upon him afresh after any vital experience of love or suffering or bereavement,— a sharing in the high faith of Wordsworth that "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." While, above all, there is an intensely *human* element in this poet that touches the deep places of the heart, something above mere art, that can only proceed from a man who is himself manly and true and brave. It does one good — though occasionally the poetry itself may not be the very best, at least not the most musical or flawless in form — to be in such good company, to have access to what one feels is the sincere life of a true, Christian gentleman. We do not now recall half a dozen books in the language that give one more of this feeling of manliness, of truth, of high courage before the eternal verities, than we find in this little volume of verse. Poems like "A Return," "A Lament" (nothing in the least mawkish or sentimental about this "lament," only a brave, heart-rending endurance of the inevitable, with the trust of the Psalmist in the Eternal Though He Slay), "High Craven, 1887," perfectly simple, and without the least attempt at working upon our feelings, yet somehow suggesting those two lines of Landor, full of their repressed passion,—

> "Voices are sadder than they were,
> And tears are longer ere they dry," —

these verses have such a stamp of genuineness, of a high and noble nature, that, even though they were more defective than they are, as poetry, they could hardly fail to make a vivid impression. "If you would write a noble poem, your life must first be a poem." And, though we fancy that Mr. Tyrwhitt would be the last man to make any claim to an ideal character, yet his evident manliness, sincerity, and unaffected piety, his genuine love of nature and all that is best in human life, go far towards making him a noble poet. Nor is the poetic gift itself at all wanting. Though, as we have implied, some of this poetry, judged by the strictest standards, lacks the most perfect art, yet all through the volume are to be found passages of high poetic quality.

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Take from some of the Eastern poems (perhaps, as a whole, the least happy in the collection) the description of the music of the Syrian flute-player,—

> "It had a buzzing, tuneful tone,
> As if the Grandsire of all Bees
> Did there disport and take his ease,
> Making a small, contented moan."

How felicitous! That one stroke alone shows the poet. The picture of the player himself, who is

> "Like David or like Corydon,
> Or most of all like Sylvan Pan,"

is admirable, in spite of the fact (which, unfortunately, is too often the case in Mr. Tyrwhitt's poems) that it ends in an anti-climax, with lines that rather weaken the general effect. Or the description of the Arab who points out in the desert the graves of his race:—

> "His face was like the beakéd kings
> Who look from lofty carven cars,
> Hewn shallow, where Euphrates' waves
> Reflect the broad Chaldean stars."

This is assuredly in "the grand style," and shows a touch picturesque and striking, that is one of the supreme characteristics of great poetry. We see the very motion of the camel of the desert when we read the line,—

> "His stride is silent as a dream";

and there are few better pictures of a gorgeous sunset in modern verse than are given in these fine lines from "The Wells of Moses":—

> "He rushes down, his course is done,
> The Dynast of the Eastern day."
>
> "Now, through the fringe of yon fair cloud,
> He spreads out radiant hands to bless."

This, too, is effective,—

> "Here but one tender, trickling thread,
> Goes by like good men's lives, unseen."

These passages from his Eastern poems are enough in themselves to show us that a genuine poet, a man with the real poetic impulse, is here at work.

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Still, as we have said, Mr. Tyrwhitt's gift is essentially, and first of all, English. This quality is seen most strikingly in such poems as "The Vigorous Down Dale," "Glory of Motion," "To May — Autumn," and "Bewesly Moor." Here we have the feeling of "all-out-of-doors," the fresh wind in our faces, the clouds flying with the flying horses' feet, the "honied whisper of the moors," "the birches' scented shiver." (Were there ever two better bits of line-long description than these? How they give one the feeling of the moors,— those purple and golden moors that Emily Brontë loved so well,— the delicious smell and ethereal motion of the birches quivering in some golden day of autumn!) The somewhat rough though vigorous lines of "Down Dale" have that breath of healthy life in them that quickens our own blood, like the clearness of some sharp October morning, with, at the close, a note of genuine piety,— we like the thing better than the word, which has somehow passed into the catalogue of "damaged phraseology."

Mr. Tyrwhitt is eminently the poet of the autumn time of the year, not, by any means, of the sadness or gloom of that season. There is not one bit of whining or sentimental indulgence in "the luxury of a few cheap tears" over "the closing scene." It is not the melancholy, but the joy, the glory of autumn which he feels the most and makes us feel, as we catch "the honied whisper of the moors," or hear the lusty barking of the dogs and the rattling hoofs of the flying steed and the cheerful call of the huntsmen over the shining fields. Swiftness of motion finds its apotheosis in such lines as these:—

> "We're winged with the flight of the stork and the swallow,
> The heart of the eagle is lent us awhile."

> "The soul of the horses goes into our marrow,
> My saddle's the kingdom, whereof I am lord."

We can well believe that the poet is a good shot; but, after all, it is the subtle atmosphere of autumn — the winelike air, the breath of the heather, the stir of the wind — that makes the charm of this dashing verse:—

> "There's now and then a red leaf flying,
> Though the birches are hardly growing sere;
> In the pines there's a gentle, southern sighing,
> And we revel in the strength of the year."

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We cannot recall any recent poet who gives us so well, in a few happy touches, just this sense of gladness, of a "revel" in Nature's broad loveliness, as this clear-eyed, vigorous man, roaming over the autumn moors.

Still, if this were all, it were certainly not enough. Nature is vast, and there are times when, "like a bath of youth, she brings peace to the tired, jaded spirit,—times from which we emerge as if reborn." But he who cannot go beyond nature to feel the powers of "man's unconquerable mind" never touches the deeper places of the spirit. But some of Mr. Tyrwhitt's very best poetry shows that he has the strong human feeling, and has keenly shared in man's "exultations and agonies." It must be out of his own experience, deep and full and rich, that he writes these lines which go straight home to every true man who has himself loved and suffered. It is the outlook upon life — sober, wise, serene — of one who has gained knowledge through pain and hope through tears. Even "the inner tears unshed," bitterest of all, have left no real bitterness behind; for his is a brave, philosophic trust in the Eternal Goodness at the heart of things, which helps him to bear what were else unbearable.

There are few modern poems more touching in this high serenity — won, we feel, through hardest conflict — than several to be found in this little volume, like "A Return," "My Tutor's Funeral," "A Lament," and "High Craven, 1887,"— all felt to be the personal expressions of keen and poignant suffering, yet high raised from all mere complaint or groaning into the atmosphere of that great line of Dante,—

"In His will is our peace."

Suffering, loss, incompleteness, the sudden destruction of joy,— all these are here; but how quiet, how restrained this grief, how lifted up into song!

The simple realism of that little poem, "High Craven, 1887," where after absence he is drawing near the place where

"She, too, truest, bravest, best,
Was happy with me, year by year,"

is quite remarkable, and shows how much more effective is power held in reserve, where not all is said, than when a writer "wreaks himself on monsters," and, like Byron, shrieks himself hoarse to the unresponsive heavens. These two lines,

"And I was glad I could not see,"
"And I was glad I could not hear,"

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have more real pathos in them than all the frenzies of a Byron condensed. For — and how brave and high this optimism! — we have here the clear vision that, though death has taken away, yet

"All was good, though all be lost."

It is akin to Browning's faith that "there never was one *lost* good." Pain, suffering, death itself, — what are these in comparison with the joy and blessedness and fulness of life which, "having been, must ever be"?

The subtle change from boyhood to manhood, with all the loss that such change brings to the father's heart, is in "A Return," —

"Yet seems it rather odd and queer
To think you never again can be
That little boy, so very dear,
Who really took my heart from me."

Or we have the realism of "My Tutor's Funeral," with its pleasant picture of the house standing "rich and warm," "all brown and scarlet," "a pleasant place," where

"Sagaciously at ease they fed,
With dewlaps deep in summer grass,
Those well-bred, well-contented kine";

and in the house his "old best friend" lying stiff and stark, with all his wit and wisdom hushed. There is a realism that is harsh, unlovely, unideal. This is a realism "touched by emotion," by the "light from unproved firmaments," that can alone make our human life tolerable.

Nor (and this must be our last word) would we give the idea that Mr. Tyrwhitt's verse is without melody and richness. That poem with its most touching refrain, "She always, always loved the moors," "The Daughter of Mycerinus," "To May — Autumn," and "Kennst du das Land — Late?" have much of grace and music, and show that the poet has a genuine lyrical gift, although it may be confessed that he does not use it quite so continuously as he might, and occasionally sinks to over-rough or fairly weak and almost commonplace lines, where the form by no means matches the value of the thought. Still, after reading and rereading this modest little volume, and returning several times to some of its best poems, we find that there is left with us a vivid impression of a very genuine man, with a great poetic gift, who has been touched to all finest issues by what most

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reaches the soul in nature and in the struggle of humanity after perfection, and whose poems sound a note not always struck to-day,—a pure, high note of joy in the visible world, and a calm resting in the fulness of Him who alone makes all life complete. J. A. B.

BOOK NOTICES.

Poetry, Comedy, and Duty. By C. C. Everett, D.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—The combination, in an unusual trinity, which gives its title to Professor Everett's volume may well be to those unacquainted with his distinctive thought a sign of its rareness, its almost uniqueness, among philosophical criticisms of life. We do not need to tell the readers of this *Review* that Professor Everett stands among the foremost of American metaphysicians and moralists. The two papers on the Ultimate Facts of Ethics and the New Ethics, included in this volume, were first printed in our pages. The keenness of the analysis of our moral consciousness and the resolute refusal to explain the ethical life as so many do, by explaining it away, which distinguished these admirable essays, must still be present to those who had the good fortune to hear or afterwards to read them. We shall best use the limited space at our disposal with a few words concerning the two sections on the Imagination (which lead up to the consideration of the Philosophy of Poetry, the Poetic Aspects of Nature, and the Tragic Forces in Life and Literature) and the two chapters on the Philosophy of the Comic. These four papers are excellent examples of the iron hand under the velvet glove. Nothing could be gentler than the style in which the author treats the materialistic evolutionists who follow the "tendency . . . to explain everything from below upwards, to place the emphasis on physical facts and relations"; but nothing at the same time could be more rigorous than the logical grasp which squeezes the life out of their sufficiency. The thoroughness with which Professor Everett disposes in his first paper of Professor Tyndall's attempt to refer our delight in nature to "the forgotten associations of a far-gone ancestry" must give clear pleasure to those who would see things as they are, their external reality supported by an inward ideal no less real. He goes on to show that the imaginative power is, in fact, the creator of the world for the man of science as well as for the poet. Darwin naturally supplies him with an instructive lesson on the relation between this same imagination and religion. "I would not be understood as implying that an æsthetic taste is essential if religion is to exist. Unhappy would it be for the world if this were the case. In a complete religion there exists, however, a relation between the two. The æsthetic taste is the most natural and ordinary expression of the imagination, and the imagination is one with that power of constructive vision by which man finds himself face to face

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with the Divine Presence that glorifies the world. In the case of Darwin, had the religious sense alone been dulled, there are some who would have seen in the fact an evidence of the worthlessness of this sense." But the fact that the enjoyment of beauty and "the sense of the reality of religion together faded out of the life of Darwin may perhaps help some to realize that possibly the latter might also have been a real loss; that the capacity for religious emotion may perhaps also be one of the normal elements of the mind." The imagination it is which thus gives us the actual world in its wholeness. It gives us God as well, for "Religion is poetry believed in, just as the outward world is poetry believed in; and, when poetry is true, it is truer than anything beside." This opening essay will show the most careless reader that he is under the guidance of one who is poet as well as philosopher, of one who can be true to the canons of the strictest analysis, and yet perfectly realize that life is wholeness, and that its charm consists in its rounded completeness.

When Professor Everett comes to discuss the Philosophy of the Comic, — a subject which he handles with incomparable lightness and sureness of touch, — he discovers the benumbing effect upon the nature of much of the common theorizing. "It somehow lowers the vitality. It makes it all seem of less account. One trouble is that we have in these days such a prosaic set of philosophers. Men talk about beauty who seem as if they had never felt a single thrill of æsthetic joy. They write about morality, and seem as if they had never known for a moment what is meant by the stern voice of duty." Studying up the literature of the comic, as he was bound to do, "I am now beginning to feel," writes Professor Everett in this delightful paper, "as if a joke were one of the most solemn things in the world. I have gained a new sense from this experience of the manner in which the higher æsthetic, moral, and religious life must suffer from all this prosy platitudinizing." Very true to our mind is the distinction which is here drawn between the essential natures of the tragic and the comic. The comic has no objective existence. Its essence is the perception of incongruity in the *forms* of things. The tragic, on the contrary, has a real existence. It is incongruity in the stern realities of life. So wit is concerned with form only, while humor has a sympathetic hold on reality.

Professor Everett's volume belongs to the highest order of criticism of life, — a criticism which gives their utmost dues to science and philosophy, but respects the natural and edifying offices of poetry, comedy, and duty. These powers give sweetness to the strong life and the man whom they make whole goes singing on the way of righteousness. Exquisite balance of deep thinking and cheerful believing render Professor Everett's essays a pure delight to those prepared to receive them. Their literary charm proceeds from the highest simplicity of unaffected art. The happiness of the illustrations, which never overburden the thought, is superlative; but the persuasiveness of the complete argument is their main quality.

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The Law of Equivalents, in its Relation to Political and Social Ethics. By Edward Payson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

There is good material of thinking in this handsome octavo, but — as a severe critic might urge — "not enough to go round" among its more than three hundred inviting pages. Nay,— he would insist,— it was an error to expand into a thick volume an argument which would be more telling and effective in an essay like Emerson's "Compensation," which, in its main doctrine, it much resembles, being, in brief, the "law of *payment in kind*," excellently stated in each. Moreover,— as he would point out,— there is a seeming incongruity in saying (p. 59) that the plan "allows little else than a bald statement," when its real fault is that of diffuse expansion and lavish illustration: the pen runs away with the thought; an idea starts up, and chase is given without heed how far the game will lead astray. The style — he would also remark — is often swelling and big, a sort of inferior Carlylese: as indeed the author seems to be aware, when he says (p. 14) that he may be charged with "stately and ostentatious parade," justified only by "the dignity, the importance, and the full significance of a fundamental, primal law," which this "law" certainly is not. Our critic would note, moreover, an unconscious recurrence of stock religious phrases; queer little tricks of expression, such as "like unto" and "full unto fulness," looking odd in the new, generous type; changes rung upon the phrase "Law of Equivalents" (spelt with capitals) occurring once or oftener upon page after page,— all which seem to show both an unpractised hand and an undue conceit of the originality of the thought: whereas, the writer justly says (p. 180), "some of these reflections are trite enough." Surely, too, he would add, so large and miscellaneous an essay should have been provided with an index; and would perhaps point out such petty errors as speaking (p. 9) of "Frederick's" giant grenadiers, and the annoyance of referring without name (p 143) to "one of the most distinguished critics of the day" — who?

But we began with saying that "there is good material of thinking" in this volume, and it would be ungenerous to stop with fault-finding. At the start it is a happy hit and a happy phrase, where the author speaks in his preface (p. iv.) of the "romantic temper" of our people, as shown in the unquestioning ardor with which they seize upon a grand principle or encounter a momentous issue. The law of payment *in kind*, before spoken of, is unfolded (see pp. 13, 15) with acuteness and helpful illustration. There are excellent remarks (p. 46) on "labor-saving machinery in education," with a stout defence of the good old classic way. The peculiarly American conceit of a special providence that has foreordained events on this particular continent to work out our favorite ends is handsomely set off (p. 57), with some excellent advice touching intellectual humility. "No new spiritual aids," the writer says, very pertinently (p. 63), "were placed in our hands by the discovery and settlement of the new continent. On the contrary, immense additional

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incentives were thus furnished to a purely material progress." The same thought comes in, with good effect (p. 240), where the author is urging the special service of womanhood in idealizing the type of our civilization, and gives emphasis to what he says (p. 96) of an era when "mechanism, promoted from the ash-hole where, like Cinderella, she had long been banished, . . . came to assist in the inauguration of the new epoch." His debt to Lecky is frankly acknowledged, where he treats of conditions of change in general opinion; and what he says of compromise (pp. 103–107) — the odium it was held in by theorists, forty years ago, and its essential service in the working of human affairs — is so good that we had marked it for copying but for not knowing where to stop. A very interesting point is made, and carried out in a running series of illustrations (pp. 115–122), of what the author recognizes as *feminine traits* in the make-up of a strong character,— Lord Nelson is a favorite example,— deepening the tone and giving it peculiar hold upon the common sympathy; and in close connection we were struck with a felicity in the comparison of the qualities of the artisan, who deals with rigid mechanism, with those of the sailor, whose life is among changeful elements on the restless sea (p. 123).

In the treatment of controverted questions of "political and social ethics," to which his argument naturally leads,— such as temperance legislation, new methods of education, woman suffrage, and the rest,— we think the author relies quite too much on the deductive application of his broad principle, and deals too little with the argument of fact. This is to say nothing of our agreement or non-agreement with his opinions, but only of his way of coming at them. At least, if he hoped to have any influence with the advocates of what he opposes, he should have shown his competency to deal with their strong points and the tangible grievances they hope to remedy; whereas he will, we fear, offend them by merely preaching his own theories at them, attacking their weak points, and letting the hard facts go. That the argument is generous, serious, and in the best sense ideal,— having in view (that is) a purer tone and a higher level of human life than now prevails,— we trust that we have implied all along. And the elaborate comparison of what we mean by the life of the Family with that of the State, the School, and the Church, though formal and long drawn out, is dignified, comprehensive, and just.

The Universal Christ, and Other Sermons. Preached in Liverpool. By Charles Beard, LL.D. Williams & Norgate. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)— Dr. Beard was one of the great preachers of England, among liberal preachers one of the very foremost. In this country, he has been better known by his *History of Port Royal* and his Hibbert Lectures on the Reformation. But these twenty-four discourses will make American Unitarians appreciate what a great pulpit power was taken from our English brethren when Charles Beard died. The sermons are brief.

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They are said to have been printed in much the same form as that in which they were quickly written; but they have some, at least, of the highest qualities of pulpit style. They are simple in their construction, direct in their appeal to the full nature of man, thoroughly well articulated in their argument, and illustrated from a wide range of scholarship and a keen observation of society. Science and history furnish equal contributions to the preacher who was, first of all, in love with religion, and anxious to impart its secret of life. We can here give but a few sentences from two of the discourses. The first shall be from the opening sermon, which gives the collection its title. The "philosophical definitions of the nature of God, of which the creeds are full, are just hardened and coarsened statements of great truths which seers have seen in a moment of divine enlightenment, and which contract a taint of falseness and narrowness from the form into which they are thrown; and religion is in them exposed to a double danger. The orthodox believer may very well mistake the shell for the kernel. The heterodox critic, rejecting the shell, may forget that there is still a kernel within it." "The truth of religion varies from man to man; for what to any soul is true, of this kind, is also compelling, and measures its truth by its power of transforming it into something better than itself. Is Buddhism false to one man, whom it makes patient, pure, pitiful, humble, full of a sacred awe? Is Christianity true to another, whom it leaves hard, cold, selfish, cruel, foul?" "When a man has once learned to believe and say that Christ was strength, purity, goodness, he will not think it much if another inverts the phrase, and whenever he sees strength, purity, goodness, calls them Christ."

A fine example of another manner in Dr. Beard is the "Parable of Auvergne," in which he draws a lesson of fundamental cheer from the vineyards and orchards of that district, once a region where volcanic forces had full play. "Enough remains of the original desolation to show how long, how gradual, has been the restorative process. The old lava streams can be traced, through the cultivation which enshrouds them from point to point; and the dead volcanoes rear themselves into the sky, mute testimonies to a forgotten cataclysm. It is as if Nature said, with calm, majestic voice: 'Lo, I destroy, but I restore. My very catastrophes open a fresh era of life and growth. My desolations are sudden, far-reaching, complete; but, to me, centuries are nothing, and presently the land laughs with redoubled beauty.'" Very nobly the preacher develops this parable, speaking first of the volcanic French Revolution, and then of the cataclysms which seem to bring nothing but irremediable desolation into the human heart. There are few volumes of sermons of more depth, finish, and power than these of Charles Beard.

Christianity in China: Nestorianism, Roman Catholicism, and Protestantism. By James Legge, Professor of the Chinese Language and Liter-

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ature in Oxford University. London: Trübner & Co. 1888.—The learned world has long sought for an authoritative word on the history of Nestorianism in the great "Middle Kingdom." The greatest of living Chinese scholars has at last published a new and original translation of the *Ta-ts'in Fû* (or Sing-an Fu) monument inscription, which has been so long the object of criticism on the part of the greatest European historians.

In his admirable little work, the erudite author presents not merely the translation of the original Chinese and Syriac, but also the Chinese and Syriac *texts*, thus enabling those pursuing Chinese studies to examine for themselves the characters inscribed on the monument reared in 781 A.D., which is still standing, thanks to the care of the Chinese *literati*, who, according to the writer, seem to venerate this memorial of an alien religion quite as much as Christian scholars.

Besides the translation and original text, a page is happily devoted to a presentation of fac-similes of the head of the monument and the cross, the "rubbings" from which these were taken being of very recent origin. After reviewing the history of the discovery of the monument in 1625 and the reception of the news in Europe, where the new treasure at once became a bone of contention between scholars holding opposite views as to its authenticity, the author passes to an explanation of the contents of the inscription, under the topics *doctrinal*, *historical*, and *eulogistic*. Dr. Legge holds most firmly to the position maintained by those learned men Wylie and Pauthier in favor of the Nestorian origin of the monument, as opposed to that of La Croze, Voltaire, and others, who maintained that the whole was a forgery of the Jesuits, who brought the first fac-similes to Europe.

The work closes with a review of the progress of Roman Christianity and Protestantism in China. The very moderate price of 2*s*. 6*d*. will place the little volume within the reach of all who may be interested in the march of Christianity towards the far East from the earliest times.

The Manual Training School. By C. M. Woodward, Ph.D. D. C. Heath & Co.— Dr. Woodward is the foremost authority in this country on the subject of industrial training in common schools, which is properly demanding so much attention to-day. This volume is a very full presentation of the whole subject from many points of view. There is a historical introduction on the progress of industrial education in this country down to last year, and a chapter on the European schools, nearly all of which were a disappointment to Dr. Woodward when he personally inspected them. There is a complete and detailed exposition of the methods and courses of instruction followed at the noted St. Louis Training School, illustrated with many diagrams of work to be done in wood, iron, steel, and machine-making. There is, again, a careful investigation of the results of the system, based on the testimony of graduates and others; and, lastly, there are half a dozen addresses, delivered

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between 1878 and 1887, which discuss manual training in all its relations to general and special education. Professor Woodward claims, as the fruits of the system, "larger classes of boys in the grammar and high schools; better intellectual development; a more wholesome moral education; sounder judgments of men and things and of living issues; better choice of occupations; a higher degree of material success, individual and social; the elevation of many of the occupations from the realm of brute, unintelligent labor to positions requiring and rewarding cultivation and skill; the solution of 'labor' problems." We have some doubts on this last head, but the other advantages claimed for industrial education are obvious and great. Now that our population is so concentrated in towns and cities, the natural discipline of life on the farm is lacking to the great majority of school-boys and the deficiency should be supplied. We have little sympathy with Dr. Woodward's occasional attacks, original or quoted, upon classical training. His case — a very strong one — is weakened by these attempts to make out that American boys are suffering from a surplus of Greek. But in all his positive and constructive work we go along with him very heartily. We recommend this volume with pleasure as a very full and careful treatment of the whole subject of industrial education. The possessor of it will need very little enlightenment from any other source, whether he be an educator intent on actual introduction of the system or simply a well-wisher to the cause, who desires to be thoroughly informed.

The Coming Creed of the World. By Frederick Gerhard.— Mr. Gerhard inquires if there is not "a faith more sublime and blissful than Christianity," and satisfies himself that there is. But he tells us that "the doctrine of Jesus is the gospel of all mankind." The solution of this contradiction is the familiar distinction between popular, theological Christianity and the faith of Jesus himself. Fundamentally, we consider Mr. Gerhard in the right; but he makes many mistakes,— as when he lays the blame of deeds of men insane from religious fanaticism upon Christianity. In general, his just criticisms upon the popular Christianity have been made with more discrimination by scholars better equipped. (W. H. Thompson, Philadelphia.)

Sigurd Slembe. A Dramatic Trilogy. By Björnstjerne Björnson. Translated from the Norwegian by W. M. Payne.— Björnson's charming stories of Norwegian peasant life have found a large circle of English readers as Professor Anderson translated them. The present volume first makes him known to us as a dramatist, the work being, in Mr. Payne's estimation, the noblest product of Norwegian literature. Sigurd, "the worthless," was a natural son of Magnus Barfod, King of Norway early in the twelfth century. This trilogy deals with his attempts to become sole king. Björnson is as simple and direct in the tragedy as in

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his tales; but, while the translation appears to be excellent, the work itself we should be inclined to rank with Tennyson's dramas. Upon the Norwegian reader, it should take strong hold; but, as a drama to be read by men of English blood, it can claim no more than a moderate effectiveness, hardly superior to that of *Queen Mary* or *Harold*. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Zury: The Meanest Man in Spring County. A Novel of Western Life. Also, *The McVeys: An Episode.* By Joseph Kirkland. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

These delightful books, in their racy local humor, have a family likeness to certain other delightful books, of a generation ago, by Mrs. Caroline Kirkland,— the pioneer group, best known of which is *A New Home: Who'll follow?* — much as Mrs. Trollope's saucy and vivacious pictures of Western life gave (as we may imagine) some prefatory hints to Anthony Trollope's *North America*. "Zury" Prouder (christened *Usiry*, for a fine old Bible name) is the typical pioneer of fifty years ago or more in the prairie country of Illinois. He is introduced to us as a hardy, shifty, tender-hearted, and courageous boy of sixteen or thereabouts, trudging with his father along the weary way, beside the "prairie schooner" that bears, with other household gods, the mother and the little sickly sister who dies of the hardships of the first bitter winter. His intelligence, foresight, ingenious shifts, and indomitable industry give him control in the family destinies from the start. "Yes," he says, when a prosperous man of fifty, "I could work twenty-five hours a day, same as ever, if I had to; but I don't." The process by which this hard-headed and soft-hearted boy, tenderly devoted to his mother and the sick child, grows up into "the meanest man in Spring County" is told with a piquancy and humor rare to find, and is illustrated by anecdotes of stinginess or pitiless craft almost incredible, picked up (as we infer) in camp-fire talk with a Western regiment. More winning is the process by which that hard and dominant though large-hearted nature — for which we keep a certain respect through its grossest faults — grows tender and generous again, in scenes that show the pathos and tragedy, along with the fantastic and exaggerating humor, of that frontier life. The episode of *The McVeys*, which overlaps and completes the other, has the more of that tragic quality, and as a story is more powerful and shapely.

It is noticeable that Zury's grasping temper seems to invite no blame or jealousy, even from the sorest victims of it: he was only the more successful rival, and did what most of them would have done if they could,— or perhaps worse,— and knew it. He keeps their respect, and is a sort of hero among them; is persuaded to run, successfully, for the legislature; and his one great hit in political oratory, the stump speech in which he attacks the "soft-money" and other pernicious fallacies of

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that day, is for sturdy sense and racy idiom one of the best things anywhere in that kind. In spite of his unpardonable affronts to every nicer feeling (he never pardons them himself, when once they have found him out), he steadily wins on us by his plain good sense and kindly temper; and we are very glad for him when he blossoms into a generous and helpful middle age, under the inspiration of the Yankee schoolmistress, who has brought into those rude ways the experience of a bright Lowell factory-girl, a touch of transcendental free thinking, and some reflected glories of Boston culture, with a genius and force of character all her own. She, with her twin son and daughter, are the McVeys, whose household loves, joys, and griefs make up the "episode" of the second book.

The best lesson *Zury* teaches, and one for which we are willing to forget all his faults, is the lesson how, out of very hard and raw materials, the foundations of prosperity are laid. The laborer of the future, says Thoreau, somewhere, "will be found not to unduly crowd his day with work, but *will saunter to his task surrounded by a wide halo of ease and leisure.*" Happily for us, at least, it was not so with the laborer of the past. He, as we have seen, was ready to buckle to "twenty-five hours a day" of the hardest and most forbidding toil, and probably found more delight in it (so long as he could hold his winnings) than the most "sauntering" of walking-delegates, who personates, as he thinks, that laboring man of the future,— destined, we suppose, to consume and destroy what a sturdier generation has managed painfully to create.

Sermons for All Sects. By Caleb D. Bradlee.— Among Mr. Bradlee's twenty-eight sermons, here presented in a handsome volume, the preference of the discerning reader will easily be given to the more practical discourses, in which the author treats the topics of Christian living with a sober and earnest religiousness. When, on the contrary, the preacher gives forth dicta on the relations of God to matter, conceived as eternal, or comprehensively informs us that, "before the advent of Christ, ideas were shadowy, volatile, sensual, foolish," we are constrained to smile, and to remember that Mr. Bradlee must have consulted very poor authorities in history and metaphysics to make such statements. (W. B. Clarke & Co.)

The Unitarian Sunday School Society issue *Bible Class Studies in Liberal Christianity*, by Mr. James E. Thomas, a successful teacher in the Second Church, Boston. They are based on Dr. J. F. Clarke's *Common Sense in Religion;* but numerous references to other books have been added, with appropriate selections of religious poetry, references to Bible passages, and questions. The manual deserves examination from all teachers of advanced classes in our Sunday-schools.

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Rev. Dr. George F. Pentecost's *Bible Studies* on the *International Sunday-school Lessons for* 1889 will be of interest to liberal preachers, as showing some of the improvements in the exposition of the Bible which evangelical schools of thought have made in recent years. We regret to observe that the author has not advanced so far yet as to question the perfect truth of the New Testament accounts of possession by demons. His acceptance of the letter of the narrative sufficiently indicates the critical value of his notes. (A. S. Barnes & Co.)

Fighting Phil. The Life and Military Career of Philip Henry Sheridan. By Rev. P. C. Headley.— The untimely death of the great cavalry general of the Civil War calls forth a new edition of Rev. Mr. Headley's biography, first issued in 1865 in the series of "Young Folks' Heroes of the Rebellion." A chapter has been added on Sheridan's later years, his death and funeral. There is no more stirring chapter of the war than the one which Mr. Headley here relates in full detail. (Lee & Shepard.)

A Sketch of the Germanic Constitution. By S. E. Turner, Ph.D.— Dr. Turner's brief sketch of the many changes and developments which the state institutions of Germany underwent from 113 B.C. to the dissolution of the empire is based on a thorough study of the German sources. He has comprehended a wide range of matters in a short space by abstaining alike from rhetoric and from philosophizing on the course of events. The exposition is clear and direct; and, as a brief manual for students of this intricate matter, it deserves a cordial reception. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The Virtues and their Reasons. A System of Ethics for Society and Schools. By Austin Bierbower.— This book, intended especially for use in schools, is a very successful attempt at a manual of practical morals. It is entirely independent of sectarian or religious differences, it leaves speculative morality on one side, and it covers with necessary brevity, but also with uncommon point and directness, the whole wide field of human duties. Mr. Bierbower's classification and arrangement of the virtues is excellent; his practical precepts are inspired by a comprehensive and judicial view of human nature in its social relations, and they are often expressed in a felicitous manner. Teachers in public and private schools, and indeed all persons interested in the vital matter of moral training of the young, will do well to examine this work. One of its best uses would also be as a private guide and censor. (George Sherwood & Co., Chicago.)

RECENT FOREIGN BOOKS.

Theology and Philosophy.

Kurz's Church History. Translated by Rev. J. MacPherson. (The first volume of a translation of the last edition of the best German manual from the evangelical stand-point. Hodder & Stoughton.)

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The Philosophy of Religion on the Basis of its History. By Professor Otto Pfleiderer. Vol. IV. (Williams & Norgate)

Histoire du Peuple d'Israël. Tome II. Par Ernest Rénan. (Hachette.

The Scientific Spirit of the Age, and Other Pleas and Discussions. By Frances Power Cobbe. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

The Mental Characteristics of our Lord. By Rev. George Matheson, D.D. (Nisbet.)

Religion und Mythologie der Alten Aegypter, nach den Denkmälern. Bd. II. Von H. Brugsch. (The second and completing volume of Dr. Brugsch's great work on the Religion and Mythology of Egypt as exhibited in the Monuments. Hinrichs: Leipzig.)

History and Biography.

Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité. Tome IV. Judée, Sardaigne, Syrie, Cappadocie. Par G. Perrot et C. Chipiez. (Hachette.)

Mommsen's History of the Roman Republic. Abridged for the Use of Colleges and Schools. By C. Bryans and F. J. R. Hendy. (Bentley.)

Marie Thérèse, Impératrice 1744–1774. Par le Duc de Broglie. (The continuation of the Duc de Broglie's hist rical series. The material is skilfully arranged, and tt e style lucid; but not much new light is thrown on the period. Lévy.)

The Record of a Human Soul. By H. G. Hutchinson. (Extracts from the diary of a seeker after light. Longmans)

Life and Adventures of Edmund Kean, Tragedian, 1787–1833. By J. Fitzgerald Molloy. (Two volumes. Ward & Downey.)

Life of Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe. By Stanley Lane-Poole. Two volumes. (A good biography of the noted physician to the "sick man of Europe." Longmans.)

Life of Prince Metternich. By Colonel G. B. Malleson. (An excellent issue in the series of "Eminent Statesmen." Allen)

Life of Sir W. Siemens. By William Pole. (The subject is the great German scientist and discoverer, recently deceased. Murray.)

The Eulogy of Richard Jefferies. A Memoir. By Walter Besant. (A biography of the remarkable author of the *Country Game-keeper*. Chatto.)

Histoire Ancienne de l'Orient. Par F. Lenormant. (Half of this work is from M. Babelon's pen. Finely illustrated in the style of M. Duruy's *Greece* and *Rome*. On liberal orthodox lines. Lévy.)

Life of John Bunyan. By Canon Venables. (W. Scott.)

The favorable attitude of the Encyclopædia Britannica towards the new school of Old Testament criticism is well known. The second volume of the new edition of Chambers's Encyclopædia contains an article on the Bible from Rev. A. B. Davidson, D.D., which is of interest in this connection. After giving an abstract of the views of Wellhausen

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and Reuss, he continues: "Such is a sketch of the prevailing view as to the Pentateuch, and the history of ritual in Israel. The strength of the theory lies in its correspondence with the practice, as we observe it in the historical books, and in the general outline of the religious history which it draws. Its weakness lies in the incapacity which as yet it has shown to deal with many important details, and particularly in the assumption — absolutely necessary to its case — that the ancient historical books have been edited from a Deuteronomistic point of view.... It is reasonable to suppose that the ritual laws grew up gradually in priestly circles, and were only finally collected and codified at a later period."

Dr. Kuenen says of three recent works on the Old Testament history that Baethgen (a Dutch writer) tries to solve the problem by the use of the comparative method, Rénan by intuition, and Kittell by analysis.

Miscellaneous.

Christian Science Healing: Its Principles and Practice. With full Explanations for Home Students. By Frances Lord. (A complete manual of the theory and practice of this new system, the truth in which is very old,— as old at least as the New Testament miracles of healing,— and the error in which is in its substitution of a part for the whole of medical science. Redway.)

Our Kin across the Sea. By J. C. Firth. (Mr. Firth looks at the United States through the eyes of a New Zealand colonist, and his point of view distinguishes him favorably from most English tourists. Preface by J. A. Froude. Longmans.)

A Thought-reader's Thoughts, being the Impressions and Confessions of Stuart Cumberland. (Mr. Cumberland's explanations of his methods of "mind-reading" should excite peculiar interest in several of our American cities where he gave exhibitions not long ago.)

France as It Is. By Messrs. André Lebon and Paul Pilet, Professors in the School of Political Science in Paris. (A useful work for all classes of readers, after the style of Escott's England. Cassell.)

Elfriede: A Psychological Romance. By George Taylor. (The author of *Antinotis* and of this romance is Professor Hausrath, the theologian. Sonnenschein.)

The Pillars of Society, and Other Plays. By Henrik Ibsen. Edited, with an Introduction, by Havelock Ellis. (A selection from the dramas of the famous Norwegian author, whose genius is of the cosmopolitan order. W. Scott.)

The Economic Interpretation of History. Lectures on Political Economy and its History. By Professor J. E. T. Rogers. (Unwin.)

Another World; or, The Fourth Dimension. By A. T. Schofield, M.A. (Intended as a sequel to Dr. E. A. Abbott's *Flatland*. Sonnenschein.)

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English Associations of Working Men. From the German of Dr. Baernreither. (A standard German treatise. Sonnenschein.)

English Writers. An Attempt toward a History of English Literature. By Henry Morley. Vol. III. From the Conquest to Chaucer. (Includes English authors of this period who wrote in Latin or French. Cassell.)

The Mediation of Ralph Hardelot. By William Minto. (A good historical novel of the times of Wat Tyler and John Wycliffe. The hero tries in vain to mediate between the nobles and the oppressed tenantry, who had risen in arms. Macmillan.)

Studies in the Legend of the Holy Grail. By Alfred Nutt. (With special reference to the hypothesis of the Celtic origin of the legend. "Highly readable, the most important contribution to the literature of the Grail legend that has been made for many years." D. Nutt.)

Poems. By Alexander Pushkin. Translated, with an introduction and notes, by Ivan Panin. (Cupples & Hurd.)

RECENT AMERICAN BOOKS.

Letters of Carlyle, 1826–1836. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. (Macmillan.)

Essays in Criticism. Second Series. By Matthew Arnold. (Macmillan.)

My Friend the Boss. By E. E. Hale, D.D. (Reprinted from *Lend a Hand*. J. Stilman Smith.)

The Advance Guard of Western Civilization. By J. R. Gilmore. (An interesting account of the settlement of middle Tennessee. Appleton.)

History of Tennessee. By James Phelan. (Houghton.)

Selections illustrating Economic History since the Seven Years' War. Compiled by Benj. Rand, Ph.D. (Waterman & Amee: Cambridge.)

Citizen's Atlas of American Politics, 1789–1888. By Fletcher W. Hewes. (A very valuable contribution to the study of American Politics in a scientific spirit. Scribners.)

Life of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. By J. H. Ingram. (Famous Women Series. Roberts.)

The Kalevala, the Epic Poem of Finland. Into English by J. M. Crawford. 2 vols. (A good translation, the first into English of the entire poem. Alden.)

Men and Measures of Half a Century. By Hugh McCulloch. (Extremely interesting reminiscences. Scribners.)

Franklin in France. Part Second. By E. E. Hale and E. E. Hale, Jr. (Roberts.)

Golden Words for Daily Counsel. Selected and arranged by Anna H. Smith. Edited by Huntington Smith. (An excellent compilation. Crowell.)

Concordance to the Divina Commedia. By Professor E. A. Fay. (Professor Fay's great contribution to Dante scholarship is now ready. Little, Brown & Co.)

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NOTEWORTHY ARTICLES IN THE PERIODICALS.

OCTOBER.

Sins of Belief and Sins of Unbelief. By St. George Mivart. (*Nineteenth Century.*)
The Journal of the Brothers de Goncourt. By Henry James. (*Fortnightly Review.*)
The Great Missionary Failure. By Canon Taylor. (*Fortnightly Review.*)
Dr. Martineau's Study of Religion. By Robert Flint. (*Mind.*)
The Problem of the Country Church. By Rev. S. W. Dike and others. (*Andover Review.* Compare with this article a brief paper by Rev. W. W. Newton in the *Church Review* for October, on The Decay of Rural Life in New England.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Poetry, Comedy, and Duty. By C. C. Everett, D.D. Price $1.50.
Sigurd Slembe. A Dramatic Trilogy. By Björnstjerne Björnson. Translated from the Norwegian by W. M. Payne. $1.50.
Realistic Idealism in Philosophy itself. By Nathaniel Holmes. In two volumes. Price $5.00.

From S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.

Wit and Humor: Their Use and Abuse. By William Mathews, LL.D. Price $1.50.

From Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Fighting Phil: The Life and Military Career of Philip Henry Sheridan. By Rev. P. C. Headley. New edition. Price $1.50.
All around the Year. J. Pauline Sunter. Sepiatint, gilt edges. 50 cents. (The most lovely and elegant of calendars, with pretty, emblematic child-figures, "Greenaway" style.)
Days Serene. Illustrated from the original designs, engraved on wood, and printed under the direction of George T. Andrews. By Margaret Macdonald Pullman. Folio, very beautifully printed and illustrated, with selected stanzas from different authors.

From Roberts Brothers, Boston.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning. By John H. Ingram. (Famous Women Series.) Price $1.00.

From Ticknor & Co., Boston.

Fagots for the Fireside. A Collection of More than One Hundred Entertaining Games for Evenings at Home and Social Parties. By Lucretia Peabody Hale. Illustrated.

From A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

Bible Studies from the Old and New Testaments, covering the International Sunday School Lessons for 1889. By George F. Pentecost, D.D. Price 50 cents.

From the Unitarian Sunday School Society, Boston.

Bible Class Studies in Liberal Christianity. By James E. Thomas. Price 20 cents.

From Trübner & Co., London.

Christianity in China. Nestorianism, Roman Catholicism, and Protestantism. By James Legge, D.D. 2*s.* 6*d.*

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

American Prisons in the Tenth United States Census. A Paper by Frederick Howard Wines. Price 25 cents.
Friendly Letters to American Farmers and Others. By J. S. Moore. Price 25 cents. For sale by Laughton, Macdonald & Co.
Tales of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. By Margaret Vere Farrington. Price $2.00.
Relation of the Tariff to Wages By David A. Wells. Price 20 cts.
Tariff Chats. By Henry J. Philpott. Price 25 cts.
Stories from the Italian Poets. (First Series.) Dante Alighieri. With Critical Notices of the Life and Genius of the Author. By Leigh Hunt. Price $1.00.
Stories from the Italian Poets. (Second Series.) Bernardo Tasso and Ludovico Giovanni Arioeto. With Critical Notices of the Lives and Genius of the Authors. By Leigh Hunt. Price $1.00. For sale by Laughton, Macdonald & Co.

From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The History of the Christian Church. Vol. VI. Modern Christianity. The German Reformation, A.D. 1517-1530. By Philip Schaff. Price $4.00. For sale by W. B. Clarke & Co.

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THE

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EDITOR: JOSEPH HENRY ALLEN, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

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UNITARIAN REVIEW

VOL. XXX. DECEMBER, 1888. No. 6

EARLY CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.*

The process which proved such a thorny and tangled one, of casting the early Christian doctrine in shape to give the type of the world's best life for a thousand years, may be reckoned to have taken about five centuries before it was finished. A little more strictly, we may set the two boundaries of that process at the middle of the First Century, when St. Paul set seriously about the task of interpreting the Messianic office of Jesus, and a little past the middle of the Fifth, when Leo the Great, of Rome, had laid strong and deep the foundations of the ecclesiastical structure that was to be. This large perspective ought to make our first step, in trying to understand as we may the nature of the slow growth of opinion that was meanwhile taking place.

This wide way of looking at it does not serve to the scholar quite the uses of the elaborate study which he has been used to spending upon that period — or, more likely, upon some detached fragment of it. But it is well to look upon the growth of opinion as an *organic* growth; and that means, to see it first as a whole, before dissecting it to find the shape and uses of its several parts. That study is oftenest made too purely analytical and erudite. Think of the learning, for example,— literally microscopic,— that has

* Prepared as the introductory lecture in a Course upon the antecedents and history of Unitarianism in this country, at the request of the Directors of the Sunday School Society. The topic assigned was "Christian Doctrine of the First Five Centuries."

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been spent in interpreting a single group of texts, the New Testament Epistles or the Fathers of the Second Century, wholly detached from the soil they grew out of or the life they grew into! Think of that eager, anxious, controversial motive which made a great scholar like John Henry Newman stake his faith on the right reading of the documents of the Fourth Century,—doctrinally speaking, the stormiest and most passionate of all! Primitive Christianity has been identified not with the pulse of that strong, brave spiritual life which went forth upon the world in those early centuries in a purifying and invigorating though turbulent stream, but with the opinions, necessarily transitory and crude, in which a credulous, ignorant, and excited time of revolution tried to express its sense of the one transcendent fact of its moral history,— to interpret to the understanding what its own eyes had seen and its own hands had handled of the Word of Life. Each later student of that astonishing phenomenon, launched as he probably was upon the swelling flood of modern controversy, was naturally anxious to claim those opinions as his own; and in this temper our Christian scholars of the Nineteenth Century have tried to identify themselves with the mind of the First, and to make good their claim of finding their own belief identical with "primitive Christianity."

If we would escape the fallacies and confusions that have grown out of the one phrase last quoted, we must first of all clear our mind completely of all such controversial motive. For example, it was a pardonable thing on the part of Unitarian critics half a century ago, but would be most unwise in us, to look for modern Unitarianism, or anything like it, in the early beliefs of Christendom. Negatively, indeed, we should be quite right; for, truly, we must look long and late into the history of doctrine, before finding anything like the Trinitarian creed of modern Orthodoxy. But our modern terms do not hit the ancient thought. Thus, to say (as in the title of an ingenious doctrinal tract) that "the Apostle Peter was a Unitarian" can only mean that the apostle was — as he certainly was — quite innocent

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of any such notion as that symbolized in the modern Trinity. But we should doubtless be very much astonished if we could see just what his thought really was about the kingdom of God that was immediately to appear, and compare it with our own way of thinking about the kingdom of God we are looking for. We may strip away the errors and accretions that came about in the course of centuries; and we may find, indeed, a human heart that beats very much like ours, but a line of thought almost as hard for us to follow as if it were written in Chinese.

In the task before us, then, we shall not once try to identify our own doctrine with that held by anybody at any point in that early age,— excepting only so far as the holders of it appear to us to read correctly their own experience, or to deal frankly and intelligently with the religious phenomena of the time they lived in. We may call this, if we will, a "scientific" attitude or temper in the study of opinion. But, in fact, that expresses it very imperfectly: the scientific temper is only one element in what we need; and, standing alone, is quite as misleading as a non-scientific or controversial temper — perhaps more so. For, whatever else we do, we must deal with religious matters *religiously*, that is sympathetically; and even the polemic temper is not half so far away from that as the non-religious or agnostic. We must be as frankly ready to accept a fact in the religious life, however strange and even repugnant it looks to us, as to discern an error or a truth in religious thought. We will see with the eyes of the early Christians if we can, and think with their minds as well as we can; but at least we ought to find in our own hearts something of the life they lived, and then put it to our thought in as much clearer language as we can.

And for this, instead of studying with the help of learned commentary that vast library of what we call by courtesy "the Christian Fathers," with a view to manipulate their scattered and floating hints into intelligible shape, it is quite possible that we may get a clearer notion of what we really want, if we follow somewhat *swiftly* that great current of

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religious life, and watch the bold navigators in that flood, or the trusting multitude that confided in their skill, with the motive not all of taking sides with one as against another, but simply of seeing what is the point they all want to make, and how they are working towards it. In the period I have named, I roughly reckon (after the New Testament times) about fifty names of Christian writers,* some of them very voluminous, with whose lives, writings, and opinions the student of such things ought to be fairly well acquainted, in order to make that rapid review of any value. We must rely, in good part, on the broad impression taken from them all,—a sort of composite photograph I may call it; though it may be necessary to point out a few individual features, in order to make it clear that we are looking at the *human* likeness of a period at all.

Now I have noticed that when an artist sets about to draw a portrait, he wants first of all a clear thin outline that just hints the likeness, and guides himself by that while he works out the different features in due prominence and proportion. Something like this is necessary, if we would take in at once so broad a view as that covered by four or five centuries. The general fact before us is a revolution of human opinion with which there is nothing whatever to compare, except that revolution of scientific opinion which has come about in the four or five centuries since the modern era of thought had fairly set in. But the radical difference of the two cases is here: that the modern revolution deals mainly with men's views of the universe and the laws of life seen *from the outside;* the revolution we are dealing with dealt mainly with men's view of their own relation to the Divine government and the law of the spiritual life as felt inwardly. Moreover, it went along with that most stupendous of all political and social revolutions, the complete dissolution of the fabric of ancient society, religion, morals, and empire, and the coming-on of the great wave of

* Migne's *Patrologia* contains the writings of something more than two hundred and sixty Christian authors of the period in question, from whose names a select list of fifty may easily be made out by the student. To this should be added a list of from twenty to thirty Pagan writers.

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barbarian conquest, which changed the very raw material of the populations Christianity had to work on. We see the whole thing falsely, unless we see it in its bearings with that most memorable convulsion of all that have ever happened in human affairs.

I have mentioned the names of two men, Paul and Leo,— possibly the greatest, and certainly the most significant, of the long series,— as standing at the beginning and the end of the four centuries' process of development. The process was one that, as we must remember, transformed the Christian doctrine from the prized possession of a little Palestinian sect to a great shaping spiritual force, of energy enough to dictate and control the lines on which a new civilization, of vastly greater might and splendor than the old, was slowly taking form and substance. What we wish to understand is, how the central thought — the "formative type" as a naturalist might perhaps call it — was growing and changing under such influences as I have hinted at. For that is really what we mean when we speak of the development of early Christian doctrine.

We have to do, as you will remember, with a period of some four hundred years, from the middle of the First Century to past the middle of the Fifth. Looking along that line, from our particular point of view, our eye is first caught by two groups, one about the middle of the Third Century, and one about the middle of the Fourth. Is first caught, I say; for the eager discussion going on in these two groups, respectively, represents to us the Sabellian and the Arian controversies,— the first, touching the nature and office of Christ, that are likely to have any definite meaning to modern ears. It will be convenient therefore, in our wide perspective, if we let our eye rest a moment on these two cardinal points, and fix the date of them distinctly in our mind.

The earlier of these two dates, again, is interesting to us, from our point of view, in two ways: first, it is exactly at the middle of the line of development we are considering; and, secondly, it is marked not only by that controversy,

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the earliest that has weight in the modern history of doctrine, but also by the earliest formal treatise on the Christian trinity. This is not, it is true, quite the trinity of the later creeds, though it speaks of Jesus — for the first time, I believe, distinctly — as "a god"; and it was not written by Sabellius, an Alexandrian Greek, but by Novatian, a Roman schismatic, a Puritan of ill health and (as he was charged) of "wolfish" temper, a man whose impracticable and eccentric opposition to the church authorities reminds us strongly of Roger Williams, and who, like that vexer of the Pilgrim church, entangled himself in an interminable snarl of controversy touching the right and wrong of baptism and the true conditions of church membership.

So we find that in the middle of the Third Century, more than half a century before Constantine, under the very stress of the martyr-age, or at least in a short breathing-space of rest from persecution, active and acrimonious controversy is going on, that touches both the central doctrine and the visible organization of the Church. We are already two centuries away from Paul; and in this long interval we have not, at first view, caught sight of anything that specially arrested us as a landmark of Christian doctrine. At least, the names scattered along that line are the names not of men who handled sharp weapons in the strife of opinion, but of Apostolical Fathers,— writers for edification merely; Apologists,— defenders of the faith against alien enemies; Fathers,— commentators, philosophical lecturers, and so on, who did a busy preparatory work, but who do not stand in especially sharp relief as the expounders of controverted doctrine. And so those two centuries are a comparatively level stretch, of little account to us; until we look a little more sharply, and then we see that they are intersected by a line which, in truth, marks the most clearly defined and significant boundary in the whole development of Christian theology.

This cross-line cuts the course of our history at a point just a century after the beginnings of the Church of the Apostles at Jerusalem; and it marks, really, the starting-

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place of the rapid development of Christian doctrine, as such, contrasted with those first efforts, which we find in the Epistles of Paul, to draw the line between Judaism and Christianity. Clearly, throughout the New Testament, the leading idea is that Jesus was the Messiah of the Jews, in however spiritual fashion this office might be interpreted; and so long as the Jewish nation existed, however feeble a remnant it might appear, the deliverance and glory of the chosen people under its Divine Leader would remain the central point of faith, at any rate with a large proportion of the disciples. Indeed, in the time of the apostles, it is not quite clear that in the average Christian mind the Messianic hope was altered essentially from its early Jewish meaning, except that it was definitely fixed upon Jesus of Nazareth, and that its fulfilment was to be in a second coming, visibly, in the clouds of heaven, in the lifetime of the generation that had seen and heard the Master. It is common to say that that hope was extinguished in the tragical overthrow of Jerusalem under Titus. But it would be more correct to put the date sixty-five years later,— when a Messianic pretender or enthusiast, calling himself Son of the Star of Jacob (Bar-Cochab), having reigned three years as Messianic prince in Jerusalem, was suppressed, and the Jewish nation was bloodily extinguished under Hadrian, in 135. Up to this date, it seems quite certain that there was a sect of Palestinian Christians who looked distinctly to see a restoration of the "kingdom unto Israel" under the risen and triumphant Messiah. After that date, this hope was definitely blotted out, and the independent growth of Christian doctrine, as distinct from a more or less altered and spiritualized Judaism, may be said to have begun.

The year 135 is to be taken, then, as the crisis of the revolution which established Christian doctrine as an independent force in shaping the religious opinions of mankind. The moment is so well defined, and the narrative which relates it is so explicit and precise, that one might almost think it a myth half-consciously created (as such things are) to tell the intellectual event in the terms of personal advent-

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ure. On the contrary, the story has every appearance of being plain matter of fact; and it is told by one of the most calm, plain, and thoughtful of all writers of that time,— I mean Justin the Apologist, who died as a martyr somewhere about thirty years later. The dialogue is a long one, but I will just indicate here the cardinal point on which it turns.

Soon after that great catastrophe of the Jewish people, Justin — an educated Greek, now a zealous Christian of the philosophic type coming to be common — meets an elderly Jew, Trypho, a teacher and man of mark among his people, who (we may suppose) has been cast into a great despondency by that hopeless overthrow. Such, at least, we may imagine to be the motive of his patient listening; though, in truth, the part he holds in this dialogue is curt, captious, and dry. But to put it a little more dramatically: "Alas!" he says, or seems to say, "where can we now look for the fulfilment of that divine hope, that promise of God to his people?" The younger man takes up the topic, and enters with him at great length into the true interpretation of that prophecy: it is, he urges, a spiritual fulfilment of that hope, not a literal or carnal one, which has been meant from the first. And so, having prepared the way, he enters with frank enthusiasm upon that doctrine of the eternal Word of God — such as Philo had expounded it in Alexandria a hundred years before, and such as we find it in the Gospel of John — which, he insists, is the very Spirit that was in Christ. The language in which he states this is so important to my present purpose that I must give it, as nearly as I can, in Justin's own words: —

> Before all created things God begat from himself a certain mighty Word ("might of the Word," *δύναμις λογική*), which is also called Holy Spirit, or Glory of the Lord, sometimes Son, sometimes Wisdom, sometimes Angel, sometimes God, and sometimes Lord, or Word. And [not] * so it is with us: for when we utter any word, we *beget* that word, — not by a cutting-off [or act of separation], such that the Reason in us is thereby diminished, but rather like one fire kindled from another, while the first remains no less [than it was before].— Chap. 61.

* The word "not" is found in the Greek, but is omitted in the versions as unintelligible.

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This, with what follows, is probably *the first attempt* at a formal statement of the Logos-doctrine as a cardinal point in Christian theology; the Proem to the Fourth Gospel (whether written a little before or a little after) being an eloquent and noble *religious* expression of the same general thought. What is important for us to note is that, with this deep religious and philosophic idea,— suggested in this new application (apparently) by the final extinction of the Messianic hope,— the first stage of Christian doctrine passes away; the decisive second step is taken, that makes Christianity a new and independent force in the world of thought. The second step, as we may rightly say; since Justin's doctrine of the Word completes and follows out Paul's doctrine of the Spirit, which was the first.

We seem here to have found the germ, out of which came the rapid and astonishing growth of Christian doctrine in the three centuries succeeding. During all this formative period, we find that all the task of interpretation, and the motive of every later Christological controversy, turned not at all upon the points familiar to us in the New Testament and in the so-called Apostolical Fathers: the simple acceptance of Jesus as a Saviour from sin; repentance, regeneration, and the rest; but upon the question, In what sense are we to understand the cardinal fact, the advent of the Divine Life among men in the person of Jesus? That the disciples were deeply persuaded of such an advent, as witnessed in their own experience and in what they knew of the world about them, we may accept without any cavil. The faith was real: the task of reason was to bring the theory of it within range and harmony of their general way of thinking,— which was far enough away from ours. The first attempts were, as we have seen already, a little vacillating and crude. We must try, however, to see how the doctrine looked *to them;* not merely the shape it grew to afterwards. We find, for example, no hint of a formal Trinity; no distinction, even, of which they were conscious, between Son and Spirit. Thus the most definite statement we get from Justin's *Apology*, written some fifteen years later, is

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this,— defending the Christians from the charge of impiety: "We worship and adore both Him [God], and the Son who came forth from him and taught us these things, and the host of other Angels who follow and are made like him, and the prophetic Spirit." A few years later we find these words of another Apologist (Athenagoras), who attempts to make the doctrine more explicit: "The Son [is] in the Father, and the Father in the Son, by oneness and power of the Spirit. Mind and Reason (*Logos*) of the Father [is] the Son of God" (chap. 10).

So far, the thought we have to deal with is simply religious; that is, it is an attempt to make plain to the understanding and put into intelligible speech a real experience, which the believer is first conscious of in his own religious life. For there are times when any of us who are capable of such emotions feel as if sharers of a Life higher than our own, and as if our thoughts were suggested to us by a Wisdom greater than our own. By the easiest turn of phrase, we call that prompting voice the Word of God. The Word so spoken in us is the voice of the Spirit; and the revelation of it through some nobler life we easily think of as the Word of the Most High "made flesh." With us, indeed, the terms are apt to be symbolic and vague,— if, indeed, we do not prefer other terms to express the same thing. But with those who received it then there were two things that made them take it in a much more literal way than we are apt to do. One was a habit of mind which made what we should call an abstract idea a real "objective" thing to them: thus Day or Night, Life or Death, by a sort of natural poetry, seem to such minds more an actual person or power than mere impression on the senses or a mere fact of life. The other was a law of the language in which they thought, which carried the same thing farther out, and made the thing a person: the term "*Logos*" in Greek is masculine, not neuter, as Word or Reason would be in English; and it was clearly much harder for them than for us to think of it as a mere abstract quality. Thus, in the sentence I have just quoted, it was the most natural thing in

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the world for Athenagoras to say that the Mind (νοῦς) or Reason (λόγος) of God is his Son. I do not suppose that this way of looking at it can ever be made easy and natural to us as it was to them. But we constantly meet it in early Christian theology,— which we may, if we will, call vividly imaginative instead of coldly rational,— and we shall very soon see how important it is in the understanding of doctrinal controversy.

Meanwhile, as we have to remember, there are three classes of interpreters, all calling themselves Christian, each very different from both the others. Nay, in these early times of unchecked speculation about a very momentous fact in human history, we find a formal list of more than forty different "heresies," or fashions of free interpretation, before the creeds were fixed. Those who were intellectually fascinated by the theory, and attempted — often wildly and crudely enough — to work it out in systems of metaphysical philosophy, we call Gnostics. Those who simply laid it to heart as a gospel of life, and tried to live faithfully up to it, we call Confessors. Those who tried to interpret it into a coherent system of opinion, and to make it the basis of an organized and regulated religious life, were the Fathers, the teachers, the theologians, of the Christian Church. The first of these classes ran fast into all manner of differences and extravagances, and in not much more than half a century had almost wholly disappeared. From the second class came the multitude of Martyrs, humble and unknown, most of them, who fill the record of three Christian centuries with glory and with pity. The third class have exhibited, too often, the passions of mere subtile and angry disputants that have grown out of their almost incredible notion of belief in doctrine as essential to salvation; but it is they who have also given the dignity, the intellectual strength, and the enduring vigor to the organic life of Christendom. The history of Christian doctrine is given in the lives of a few of these men.

But now that great and mischievous fallacy,— *belief in doctrine essential to salvation*, which has brought so much

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calamity, guilt, and shame upon the Christian ages,— how ever did it come about? It will not do to let it go with mere reprobation and abhorrence. We must see, if we can, how it was possible for some of the noblest and most enlightened of men to hold that opinion in good faith, and to open the way (as St. Augustine did) to grievous crimes against humanity, even if they did not walk in that way themselves. And, in trying to answer this question, we shall hit upon the double current of motive, which it will be necessary to follow, to get any right understanding of what the history of Christian doctrine really is.

I do not think so shocking a belief as that, with all the horrible consequences it led to, would ever have come to pass, if the Christian doctrine had been held as a mere intellectual opinion. It was something very different from that. The Word was not made flesh, the Son of God did not dwell visibly among men, above all a Being higher than all the angels did not submit to the sorrows of humanity and the ignominy of a cruel death, merely to teach a theory of speculative knowledge, which we might compare to our modern science about the Sun and Stars! The whole thing meant deliverance from some impending calamity which was threatening all human society and the soul of every man. At the bottom of all religious feeling, nay, as a background to their joy of pardon and assurance of salvation, lay a deep sense of terror and gloom. Just what men feared we cannot always tell: perhaps it was a great horror and dread of hell, which it certainly was in many; men's apprehension of a future life is always deeply colored by their experience of this. But it is not necessary to suppose it was so in all, or always. At any rate, we can look back and see what a doom — the destruction of a whole order of society, complicated with miseries and terrors like a French Revolution spread out over three whole centuries, with a mystery of iniquity before which the conscience stands aghast — was in fact slowly coming on, overwhelming and resistless; and it is impossible not to think that the *tone* of their feeling may have been a sort of foreboding of that

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almost infinite disaster. At the bottom of their religious conviction, at all events, and a motive of their deepest gratitude, was the sense that the Christian gospel was the way of rescue from some overwhelming doom. The Lord's people were safe — how or why they knew not; safe under a Divine Leader and Deliverer, while the world outside were cut off "in eternal ruin * from the presence of the Lord." It was not for them to dispute the terms of safety; and these, they no doubt thought, implied at least as scrupulous homage, at least as accurate an observance of every form and title of reverence, as that demanded by the Roman emperor and his court. I do not go into their possible or probable theory about it; but only suggest this by way of illustrating what was evidently their state of mind.

With this motive, we need not be surprised that it became the keenest point of conscience with them, and the strictest condition they exacted of one another, to hold right doctrine concerning the true rank and majesty of their unseen Sovereign, and to vie with one another who should carry their homage to the most exalted pitch. I say that all these motives are to be found: I do not say what was always the theoretical ground of them. Their theology ran in two streams, not one, following this double line of religious motive: on their part, by what discipline or organization, by what rites and obligations, by what spiritual exercises of contrition, penitence, worship, or human duty, should they assure themselves of the Christian salvation? on the Lord's part, how should they rightly esteem and how most fitly honor the Author of the great deliverance?

In a broad way we may say that the former, the practical side, was taken up rather by the Western Church: the chief crisis it came to was in the work and life of St. Augustine, about the year 400, which, beginning in a passion of remorse and a deep sense of native sin, went on to an absolute surrender of will and self to God; as its consummate work was that wonderful ecclesiastical structure, built up under Cyprian and Ambrose, confirmed by Leo the Great, and stand-

* αἰώνιος ὄλεθρος.

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ing in vigor almost unimpaired down to our day. Of this, the more social, human, political task of the Christian Church of the first five centuries, with its more earnest and profound development of moral doctrine, I shall have little to say, though it is the historic fact best of all worth keeping clear in mind.

For my immediate purpose, I must keep to the line of speculative development, which is found chiefly in the Eastern Church, and which wrought out within these five centuries the great historic creeds of Christendom. The chief crises of interest are at or near the middle of the Third Century, the middle of the Fourth, and the middle of the Fifth. These are the dates of the Sabellian controversy, the Arian controversy (at its height), and the controversy respecting the Double Nature of Christ, which was brought to a term at the Council of Chalcedon, last of the Four Great Councils, in 451. From the point of view I have taken, a very brief review, I hope, will make these main points of the doctrinal development sufficiently clear and intelligible for the purpose we have just now in mind; and perhaps make the completer study of this period a little easier.

I must now go back to the point I had come to before,—the doctrine of the WORD, which came in early in the Second Century to fill the void left by the perishing of the Messianic hope. Let us here recall the words of Athenagoras, repeating with a little more precision those of Justin: namely, that "the Mind and Reason of the Father is the Son of God"; or, as we are free to read it, "The Son of God is the Mind and Reason of the Father." I have said something of the state of mind which made such a definition more natural and reasonable then than it would seem now. It has, in fact, to do with a system of philosophy (known as "Realism") held unconsciously, and prevailing from antiquity down to nearly six hundred years ago, but which has been blotted almost out of our memory and imagination by the analytic science of modern times. I wish to have as little to do as I can with that line of pure speculation; but we cannot understand in the least what the creators of the

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Christian doctrine meant, or thought they meant, unless we make a little effort that way. The words just quoted — "the Son of God is the Mind and Reason of the Father" — are the germ of the Christian Trinity. If we were to use such words now, we should at once be understood to use them figuratively. Athenagoras uses them literally,— that is, as far as any symbolic language can be literal. And so we must understand them, too, in as literal a sense as they will bear.

Mind or Reason, we say, is an attribute of God. Now the Son of God, we also say, is certainly a person, not an attribute. But the early dogmatists did not see the difficulty as we do. To them, it is clear, it was perfectly easy to think of Mind or Reason as having an individual, almost we might say a personal, existence,— not of course independent of the Father, but "in the bosom of the Father." This fiction of speech, as we should call it, is what theologians call *to hypostatize the Logos*,— that is, to regard the Divine attribute as if it were a living person, a real thing. This is, in fact, what is meant by the true mystical doctrine of the pre-existence of Christ,— not that he existed (as the Arians say) as a conscious individual Person before the world was; but that the Divine Word which "became flesh" in him was from eternity a quality of the Divine Nature, the same thing (so to speak) with the self-conscious intelligence of the Eternal. But this quality, or attribute, was so strongly individualized in the habit of mind I speak of, that there was not the least difficulty, or objection, in conceiving that it took in the most literal sense the place of a human soul in Jesus, and made him the Son of God exactly as Athenagoras declares that Mind or Reason is the Son of God. We, as I just said, have left wholly behind the habit of mind which makes such a conception possible to us; but to the early Christians it was evidently quite easy and natural, and we must see it so if we would understand anything of their doctrine.

I shall not take up here the story of those long, weary, unintelligible, and often scandalous disputes known as the

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Controversies of the period we are now looking forward to. I wish, just now, only to point out the difficulty or ambiguity of language which they turned on. For all the parties to these controversies contended, with equal zeal, that they were both orthodox in their belief, and the true interpreters of the Christian formula which all accepted alike. The difficulty lay in the nature of the thing to be expressed, and the language in which it was expressed. The hard, pious, and rather narrow Novatian, indeed, is content to say, bluntly, that "it would be an offence to deny that God the Father can beget a Son who is also a God," and lets it go at that. But those of a more metaphysical turn must needs look a little closer; and then they found there were two elements in the conception, instead of one; and whichever we give weight to, the other presently goes out of sight. We are agreed (we will suppose) to say that the Word of God — that is, the divine wisdom, reason, or thought — is the Son of God; and that the Son of God, in the flesh, was Jesus Christ. Now, when we say the Divine Reason, are we really speaking of an Attribute or quality of the Godhead? or are we speaking of a Person? If the first, then we are speaking of what is necessarily eternal, as God himself is eternal; for God cannot even be thought of without his Wisdom, his Reason, or his Word, which is strictly, therefore, co-eternal with Him. But, again, we are agreed in calling that Word his Son: his Eternal Son, therefore? This might be, and in our modern way of thinking would be, a pure figure of speech, as we have seen; but it was far from being such with these ardent Realists, who saw in it, on the contrary, the most positive and objectively real of existences. And so at once the subtile question confronted them, in a sense that could not possibly occur to us: How can a son be co-eternal with his father? the very word "sonship" implies an act and a beginning: Christ, as Son, must then be, if ever so little, lower than the Father, and later in order of time,— that is, not literally eternal.

Such, as nearly as we can see it, was the equivocation, or ambiguity, which set the believing Christians at endless

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variance,— each (as I have said before) being convinced that his own belief was essential to salvation. Those more mystically inclined would dwell rather on the Eternal Word and its identity in essence with God himself; those more rationally inclined would draw the line where I have marked, and, in defending their position, would insist on a wider separation of Christ from God than the general conscience of Christians would bear. And so the story of the controversies of those three succeeding centuries is the story of the slow swing, as of a pendulum, first to one and then to the other of these two interpretations, till, as I said, its point of rest was determined, on authority then held good, at Chalcedon,* in the year 451.

With this hint for our guide, I will now go rapidly along the line of those obscure and acrimonious disputes, in such a way as to show, I hope, that they were not mere accidents of bigotry and passion; but were steps in a natural process of development,— stroke and counterstroke, thought balancing against thought,— such as all history shows must be, where any great revolution of opinion is going on. The passion and violence involved in it are neither more nor less disgraceful, neither more nor less surprising,— perhaps rather less,— than the passion and violence called out by the labor-battle of to-day; certainly, on a higher intellectual level.

Naturally enough, the first great swing of the pendulum was towards the more mystical and speculative view. What we call the School of Alexandria, with its two great teachers, Clement and Origen, spent its main strength (along with other and most important services of criticism, interpretation, and moral instruction) in developing, with all its bearings human and divine, the doctrine of the Divine Word, making it effectually the central doctrine of the Christian life. Even in the lifetime of that mighty teacher and commentator Origen, the doctrine had been run out into a pious mysticism by Sabellius, who taught that the Christian

* Chalcedon is to us a mere geographical expression, of no particular account. It was, in fact, a small suburb of Constantinople.

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Trinity — Father, Son, and Spirit — is purely a trinity of Attributes, just as light and heat are one with the splendor and power of the sun. This was to merge Christ in God, and either wholly lose sight of the historic Jesus, or else leave him a man like ourselves, only illuminated by the Light that shines upon all alike. This is the Sabellian heresy, condemned at Alexandria, and its author excommunicated, in 261.

"The chief adversary of Sabellius," we are told, "opposed him so earnestly as almost to fall into the opposite error of a hypostatical independence of the Father and the Son." Now, to explain the strange term "hypostatical independence," we most conveniently take the account given by a great and famous theologian, Gregory of Nyssa, a hundred years later, who tells us that *hypostasis* corresponds to the individual as *nature* to the race or species: thus we say the "nature" of a man, but the "hypostasis" of John or Paul. This error, then, of making Christ an individual wholly distinct from the Father, which was "almost" committed by the opponent of Sabellius, was quite fallen into, unawares, some sixty years afterwards, by Arius, a presbyter of Alexandria, who in like manner assailed his bishop Alexander as a Sabellian. The matter was more important now, as it was just when Constantine the Great had come to be sovereign of the Roman world; and the stress of debate grew so violent that, for reasons of State, Constantine — who had just (323) declared the empire Christian — resolved that it must be decided by a representative Council gathered from all Christendom. And so was summoned the first "Œcumenical" or World Council, which met at Nicæa, some forty miles from Constantinople, in 325.

Fortunately for Alexander, he had a keen and vigorous defender in a young deacon of his church, Athanasius,— who for nearly fifty years bore himself intrepidly and not unworthily as the champion of the contested faith. The story of his life is very dramatic, and wins genuine homage from us all, whatever we think of his temper or his opinions. But I can stop to tell only the point or two bearing

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directly on our subject. Arius was defeated in the Council, if not convinced; and, to guard against his error, the Nicene Creed (then adopted) carefully states that the Son is "of one substance" (*homo-ousian*, or *con-substantial*) with the Father. The Arians, or semi-Arians,— who were long in great favor at the Imperial court,— would compromise only so far as to say that the Son is of "like substance" (*homoi-ousian*) with the Father. And the degree of separateness, or independence, which they thus asserted, was held by the more orthodox to be a most dangerous concession to the decaying Paganism,— as if, in fact, it made Christ an inferior divinity, a Son of God in the same sense as the Roman pantheon made Hercules a son of Jove. Under that stigma — an illogical and monstrous compromise between a devout mysticism and a sober rationality — Arianism has labored to this day.

The Arian Controversy, which lasted for some forty years with great heat and violence, is not only the chief and most dramatic event of this Fourth Century, but is the only one of these great ecclesiastical campaigns which is well fastened upon modern memory. It was not, however, at all conclusive of the matter in debate; but only opened the way to further refinements and further quarrel, lasting till past the middle of the Fifth, and was then only settled by authority, not reason,— for in reason the battle goes on till now. Successive points of this debate came up to be determined by successive Councils,— the four (which it may be convenient to sum up here) held equally in authority in the Eastern and in the Western Church being those of Nicæa (325), Constantinople (381), Ephesus (431), and Chalcedon (451). I will recite, as briefly as possible, the doctrinal decisions made in the later three.

The heresy of Apollinaris, condemned at Constantinople, was that Christ had, properly, *no human personality;* the Logos being his soul, and his body being specially created of celestial substance. The same Council condemned the heresy of Macedonius, which denied personality to the Holy Ghost: thus was made complete the formal doctrine of the Trinity,— the Nicene Creed being expanded accordingly.

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The heresy of Nestorius (Patriarch of Constantinople), condemned at Ephesus, was that Jesus was not essentially Divine in his own person, but was made so by the "indwelling" Word of God. Hence Nestorius refused to the Virgin Mary the title (beginning to be ascribed to her) "Mother of God."

The heresy of Eutyches (a pious and mystical monk, a great fanatic), condemned at Chalcedon, was that the divine nature in Christ *wholly absorbs* the human, leaving it inoperative. The formula by which the faith was here defined was dictated by Leo the Great, bishop of Rome. Its essential declaration is as follows: —

> We confess and with one accord teach one and the same Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, perfect in his divinity, perfect in his humanity, truly God and truly man, consisting of a reasonable soul and body; of one substance with the Father according to his godhead, and of one substance with us according to his manhood; in all things like to us, sin only excepted; . . . who is to be acknowledged one and the same Christ, the Son, the Lord, the only-begotten, in two natures, without mixture, change, division, or separation; the difference of natures not being cancelled by their union, but rather the property of each nature being preserved and running together into one person (*πρόσωπον*) and one substance (*ὑπόστασιν*), so that he is not divided or separated into two persons, but the only Son, God, the Word, our Lord Jesus Christ, one and the same Person.

Into this prodigious definition came to be evolved the simple proposition of Justin we started with, by a process that is seen to be strictly natural and inevitable, as soon as we take into view the ambiguity that lurked in the simple proposition itself, and the condition of mind to which it was addressed. Not that the controversy stopped here. Under the form of disputes concerning "a single nature" and "a single will" it continued still for a century or two to vex and divide the Eastern Church: in fact, the "one-will" heresy continued in the little sect of Maronites down to the time of the crusades, possibly down to our day. But the decision of Chalcedon is the last that has any interest for us. It was, as I just said, dictated in almost its exact terms by Leo the Great, of Rome, called also "First of the Popes."

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It was the same year with the great invasion of the Huns in western Europe. Under the terrors of the barbarian flood that poured in successive waves, each bringing the final overthrow more certain and more near, it was fit that the moral strength of Christendom should not be wasted in that war of words; and so the voice of Rome, still strongest and most formidable of all, was heard, bidding the vain conflict to cease, and the Christian nations to unite in one formula of faith. And — whatever the abstract veracity of its terms — it is well that it was so; well for the world, and well for us.

What was wanted was a symbol, or type, under which the spiritual force educated and trained by four Christian centuries could rally, to organize and maintain an Authority that would serve as some sort of guide and defence in the awful three centuries' convulsion that was already seen to be impending. Thirty years before, St. Augustine, looking out upon the storm-clouds that were gathering,— having already given the strength of his life to show that true liberty must be had not by the wayward will of man, but by absolute surrender to the awful sovereignty of God,— had proclaimed that the refuge of souls may be found not in any city of earthly foundation, but in the CITY OF GOD, eternal in the heavens. He meant it (writing as he did when the Gothic invasion was yet fresh and that of the Vandals was just about to burst) to show that men's strength is only in a Power that is spiritual and unseen. But his words were generous and brave, and they closed in a strain that is musical in its serenity and sweetness. And, as the great conflict with barbarism went on, and as it was found that after all the race and states of men did not wholly perish, those words were taken more and more to heart, and had their weight in giving men good hope and courage for the future.

It is well then to see how this great moral force, that had been growing up side by side though almost out of hearing of that passionate theological debate, at length accepted its result as the symbol of its own faith. GOD WITH MAN is

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the meaning which it conveyed to them; and so it made the long development of the early Christian doctrine no mere barren conflict in the dark (as an observer had once said of it at Nicæa), but the prelude to an organization that saved Christianity itself to the modern world, and held in itself all the moral forces of civilization for the coming thousand years.

J. H. ALLEN.

OUR HUMAN CONCEPTION OF DEITY.

A senseless misunderstanding has always existed between theologians and scientists, based chiefly upon an unacknowledged and probably an undefined jealousy and fear on the part of theologians, lest some incontrovertible fact be discovered leading to the explosion of many theories, parasites upon the truths of religion and unessential to spiritual welfare, but which are absolutely necessary to the existence of sects and the vitality of creeds and rituals. But as the spirit of honest inquiry is abroad, and is apparently permeating even the ritualistic incrustations on theology, there is no reason why an impartial consideration of the truths offered by scientists should be refused by theologians, especially when we consider the fact "that no one truth, great or small, can ever be hostile to, contradict, or disprove another." An honest man must accept the evidence of his senses, if sustained by his judgment.

Two great ideas are ever present to the human mind, whether one be conscious of it or not. They are what Mr. Spencer calls "self and not-self." Man is ever conscious of his own existence; and, being conscious of himself, he becomes conscious of his surroundings, by voluntary or involuntary relative comparison.

Unlike some speculative philosophizers, we will accept man and his surroundings as we find them, acknowledging them to be, so far as the tests of physical laws are to be trusted, real existences, substantial facts.

First, then, we accept the universe of matter, organic and

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inorganic, as indisputable. This universe is wonderful, sublime. As it is not possible for man to conceive of its beginning in time, and as it must have existed for countless ages and still exists, we must believe it to be systematically coordinated in all its parts, its various functions aiding and supplementing each other, producing perfect harmony,— the true "harmony of the spheres."

Man is born with brains and an undeveloped ability to use them. As he grows, he receives impressions, reflects, considers, recollects, associates ideas, makes comparisons, analyzes, adopts conclusions, and ultimately attains the ability to judge the value of impressions and ideas and the motives of life and action. The typical man, therefore, reasons first of created things, concrete matter; then, becoming abstract, he speculates about the origin of matter, the cause of things. To him, the existence of a creation presupposes the existence of a Creator.

An investigation of the various individual creations presently discovers certain unvarying relationships among them, which relationships are called laws. The perpetual existence of this gigantic harmonious aggregation of phenomena, which is the Universe, is therefore built upon these unvarying, intricate, and inexplicable relationships or laws.

Law is simply "an expressed decree," or the will of its maker. We must, therefore, either accept law as self-generated, or acknowledge a Superior Being as the creator of law, or adopt the only other alternative of denying law. We believe in law, and will assume that it is the will of a Superior Being. In consequence, we conceive this Being to be a governing Being; One upon whose will the construction and continuance of the universe and the functions of its minutest creatures have always depended. This macrocosm we believe to exist because of the will of some Superior Intelligence, who is therefore a Great First Cause, an absolute Creator, God.

To *understand* a law, we must know something of its author, his character and disposition, and the object to be attained by the decree. We readily understand a law made

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by a king, a general, or a judicial body, because the makers of such laws possess attributes in common with ourselves. The laws of God we cannot understand, because we cannot understand God. All phenomena in nature, great and small, are inevitable results of definite causes, that under the same circumstances may be repeated indefinitely. All laws are more or less closely correlated. They precede, co-operate, or are supplemental. The relation of man to the inorganic and the organic creations is thus determined by immutable decree. We assume natural laws to be an index of the character of the Law-giver. He must therefore be unchangeable. If, at the beginning of the material universe, inorganic and organic matter was subject to laws, so it is to-day subject to the same laws; and if, as we believe, these laws are perfect laws and exponents of the eternal Truth, it is impossible for any other laws to exist that are inconsistent with the vitality of these laws. Quite possibly, there are laws whose operation is rarely witnessed by man; but, whenever phenomena occur that indicate an apparent suspension of some proved law (*e.g.*, gravitation), we need not lose faith in the perfect and unchangeable character of God, but can conclude either that such phenomena are illusions or they result from a law which, if known, would prove to be consonant with the law it apparently infringes. Most frequently, however, such phenomena are, upon expert investigation, found to be illusions.

Man's physical being is perfectly governed by wise laws. It is not conceivable, therefore, that the great Cause of man's existence will be found neglectful of man's higher spiritual being. Consequently, if we have faith in the omniscience and perfection of the great First Cause, who has given man the ability to conform to the laws of his physical nature, it is most unreasonable to doubt that God will withhold from man the necessary knowledge of and ability to obey the laws necessary to his spiritual salvation. And, as with our physical life, so with our spiritual life, we can, without fear of our safety, reject all teachings that are counter to the demonstrated laws of God, the knowledge of which is within reach of all earnest inquirers.

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By eternal or spiritual salvation, we mean the attaining of a place, state, condition, or mode of being of complete safety and happiness of that something we call a soul.

Because we cannot understand ultimate meanings, and must accept some things upon faith, is no reason why we should adopt unreasonable dogmas, unessential abstractions, and unprovable theories, simply because we find them in the creeds of our forefathers, or because some bright mind espouses them and presumes to dictate their acceptance to the world. A man, to be religious, need not have sympathy *with* the commonly accepted religion of the "heart," — religion of the impulses, the involuntary, unreasoning life; but he must have toleration *for* such forms. True common sense, his better nature, and practical and theoretical knowledge, all may prove such forms false, superficial, and even harmful, conveying a really erroneous idea of truth. But they serve a purpose; and, because the world has not yet outgrown them, one should not deprive others of the comfort they find in such forms when they are not ready for the higher, scientific, voluntary religion.

It is better to have our impulses trained in a direction to work good than to work evil. Begin at the ground, and build up from the physical, animal life to the voluntary, human, intellectual, scientific life. For centuries, the emotions and impulses were, to a great extent, allowed sway of the actions of mankind; and the result has been not altogether perfect. Science is now teaching how the emotions may, to a proper extent, be controlled and educated. In this dawn of a new era we recognize the birth of a new religion,— a better, a more practical, and a higher religion; the religion of the intellect, the religion of law. This religion depends upon no intricate system of theology, no vague and mystic creed; but it is straightforward and simple, gnostic in form, agnostic in the acknowledgment of human non-comprehension of God and eternity.

My friend Ralph Eldridge, who is fond of diving into all kinds of abstractions, startled and shocked our mutual acquaintance, the Rev. Dr. Speller, a few days since, by abruptly asking him,—

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"Is there a God?"

Ralph did not mean to imply a doubt on his part. He simply asked the question to see how the preacher would take it. The answer was: —

"Of course there is. Why, my dear sir, I am surprised, I am shocked, I am pained, to have you even suggest the possibility of such a doubt."

"Prove it, then," said Eldridge.

That was impossible, of course.

Now, this little circumstance has a deeper significance than its surface shows. It means that professors of religion have not always the strongest faith in the eternal verities, and that they cannot all calmly bear the thought of having their faith critically examined. It shows a shrinking from the possibility of shaking old ideas and beliefs. The answer would have been the same, had the question been, "Have you a soul?" or anything else that is considered an essential belief.

A mind with profound faith in a Great First Cause, unaffected by creeds and petty non-essentials, would have regarded such a question as of no material importance, and passed it by, without feeling either indignant or "pained." He would simply have said, "Demonstrably, I know nothing of God; but, from the evidences of law, I assume such an existence, and believe there is a God."

Thus far can we go. Can we go no farther? Is the Great First Cause personal or impersonal? Here we may speculate without being considered impious, except by illiberal sectarians.

If God be personal, with what or with whom does he find congenial companionship? Is it possible for an infinite Being to move on a plane with the souls of finite beings, or with beings of any description who are not equal in any respect? *Man* can only conceive of true companionship on terms of equality. And for God to live through all eternity alone — aloof from all other existences — is beyond *man's* conception of even vegetative existence. On the other hand, if God is impersonal, he is beyond the grasp of man's

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mind: he is unthinkable, and man cannot form the vaguest conception of the idea.

Whether God be personal or impersonal, we do not know. We are lost in attempting to reason from either postulate; but, as man is finite, and cannot fathom the mysteries of the universe or even the little fraction of it that is within his mental scope, his inability to conceive the idea of Divinity proves nothing and disproves nothing. But man is mentally so constituted that he must have some definite idea to fight for or against. Either he must believe something or he must *dis*believe something. The former is the more common, and I am not sure it is not the more normal. Therefore we have the two great divisions of thinking men, — theists and atheists.

Of atheists I have nothing to say. Not that I have a word of condemnation to offer,— for I can respect an *honest* atheist,— but, as a theist, it is for me more rational to assume neither extreme, but (disregarding however abstract and diffuse his attributes and powers may be) to adopt the idea that God is a central governing, concrete Intelligence, not in any sense humanly personal or having any of the defects of a human personality, omniscient in the fact that all that is or ever will be is but the result of divine imagination, omnipotent because of his omniscience, and omnipresent in his omniscience,— an Intelligence worthy of worship, because his laws are perfect laws, and an Intelligence best worshipped by obeying the laws of nature, which we interpret as the will of this Intelligence. But, suppose we accept the most impersonal of all ideas of God, we can yet obey the laws of nature, and thus practically worship the Being we believe to be the cause of all things. So that, whatever may be our conception of God, we can worship through our conformity to law, and praise him through our faith that, whatever be his essence, he is perfect.

Some very orthodox Christians are very inconsistent Christians. They say God is beyond finite comprehension, and then they proceed to give him human attributes and to talk about his method of doing things. They also say he

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is unchangeable, and then they attempt to illustrate the power of prayer by relating how they have wrestled with God, and by their importunity compelled him to change what appeared to be the inevitable course of affairs, accept their views, and grant their requests. In *words*, these devout men say love and charity are cardinal virtues; while in deeds they persecute the students of science.

"Words, words, words!" Profession, not practice; words, not deeds; theory, not fact; the letter, not the spirit; appearance, not reality; superstition, not science,— these are the mottoes and standards of many of these very orthodox Christians. But, praise be to the Creator of perfect and unchanging law, progress is inevitable; and the arbiters of future moral standards will render justice to the past. And *justice* is all that science claims.

FRANCIS W. NEWMAN'S MISCELLANIES.

Two volumes of Mr. Newman's Miscellanies are in hand. They differ widely in their dates of publication and in the character of their contents. The first volume, published by Trübner & Co. in 1869, is made up of "Addresses Academical and Historical" that had not been previously published; the second, published in 1887 by Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., is made up of "Essays, Tracts, or Addresses: Moral and Religious," which had previously appeared in various publications and throughout a period of more than forty years. The first volume has much less variety than the second. It contains the more solid and elaborate work, but much less that will appeal to the general reader. Much the larger part of its contents is devoted to two series of lectures,— four upon poetry and seven on "The Chief Forms of Ancient Nations." The lectures upon poetry abound in admirable discriminations. In his definition of poetry, Mr. Newman begins by cutting away various metrical performances, such as satires and comic pieces. One can easily imagine that Pope and Dryden and Praed, Dr. Holmes and

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Locker and Dobson, would object to this abscission; and I doubt not that in a practical view Mr. Newman would be compelled to allow a poetical character to some pieces that are very comical. For all real poetry he demands elevation, and in the diction something distinctive; also metre in English. But the metre and the diction, vanishing in translation, are seen to be less vital than the qualities that remain in spite of translation.

I am inclined to think that more of the poetry would go with these, especially with the diction, than Mr. Newman thinks. His own striving after an archaic diction in his translation of Homer appears to indicate a greater importance attaching to diction in his mind in practice than in theory; and the failure of his diction there to produce an Homeric effect — the judgment of many confirming that of Matthew Arnold — is evidence that he did not overrate its importance. Mr. Newman's first lecture is on the "Topics and Essence of Poetry," his second on "Forms of Poetry," his third on "Poetical Description," his fourth on "Poetical Ornament." Under these heads there is abundance of instructive and suggestive matter. The illustrations are taken more largely from Sir Walter Scott, for whom Mr. Newman's admiration is very great, and from Mr. Newman's own translation of Homer, than from any other sources. Those from the latter have confirmed an earlier impression of the substantial truth of Mr. Arnold's strictures on Mr. Newman's translation,— as lacking in nobility of form and grace of motion. Mr. Newman speaks of the "sadly monotonous metre" of Longfellow's "Hiawatha." But what can be more sadly monotonous than the steadily recurrent pound on Mr. Newman's double endings, which has a tendency to paralyze the mind, and make the beat of the rhythmic hammer all-engrossing?

In the lectures on "The Chief Forms of Ancient Nations," we are dealing with a phase of Mr. Newman's mind made familiar by his admirable *Hebrew Monarchy*. We have here a series of splendid generalizations, evidently based upon a very full acquaintance with the wide field through which

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they range,— the prehistoric states, the priestly, the commercial, the equestrian, the republics of Athens and Rome, and the Roman Empire. The illustration of the priestly state is mainly from Egypt; but so much of it as is taken from Judea is an admirable statement of facts which dovetail into the Kuenen-Reuss-Wellshausen theories of the priestly portions of the Pentateuch with perfect ease. Immediately following these lectures, we have "A Defence of Carthage." It is the most elaborate and by far the most interesting and valuable lecture in the volume of which it is a part. The historical treatment of Carthage has very generally been an echo of the Roman senator's *Delenda est!* The studies of Mommsen, subsequent to Mr. Newman's, if more favorable than his to Rome, are confirmatory of his judgment of the financial policy and the military system of Carthage. Mommsen's praise of the former is indeed warmer than Mr. Newman's, and his criticism of the latter — a system of mercenary warfare — could not be more strongly adverse. Michelet found in Carthage an ancient England, and so loved her not. She presents more vivid analogies at the present time with the United States in the dangers which the selfishness of a moneyed oligarchy had for her ultimate prosperity.

Mr. Newman's second volume treats of thirty-eight different topics in papers varying in length from two or three to ten times as many pages. It is a surprising thing that the papers suffer so little from the time that has elapsed since many of them first appeared and the remoteness of the events by which they were inspired. Mr. Lowell has remarked upon the permanent element in Burke's political writing, whatever there may be of immediate misapprehension. This is the proof of philosophic statesmanship, of the large way of looking at events; and Mr. Newman brings to every subject that he treats a mind so philosophical, a habit of viewing things in so large a way, as to preserve in his most occasional papers an element of abiding truth and good. One of the earliest papers in this volume is dated 1845, and is a review of Charles Sumner's famous oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations." Such a war as was then immi-

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nent in America he deprecated as heartily as Mr. Sumner; but he was not to be taken in the snare of the peace reformers of those days, and insisted that "to justify *some* wars of defence is the first condition requisite for that soundness of view and power of Truth by which the lovers of Peace must triumph."

An article on "The Religious Weakness of Protestantism" contains a searching criticism on the principal miracles of the New Testament and a criticism of "the moral perfection of Jesus," akin to certain parts of the later edition of Mr. Newman's *Phases of Faith*. The same matter is considerably expanded in this volume in the article "Against Religious Hero-making." The permanent value of these papers is nowhere better attested than in this instance; for no contemporary criticism of *Robert Elsmere*, and more especially of Robert Elsmere's endeavor to establish a new brotherhood, based on an isolating reverence for Jesus, is so effective as Mr. Newman's criticism of this method in religion. His review of the character of Jesus may be too little sympathetic, but it has the merit of unflinching honesty. It is an immense relief from the loose rhetorical adulation of many writers and preachers,—what Channing called "a swollen way of talking about Jesus,"—as if his acknowledged humanity could be rhetorically expanded to the measure of his lost divinity. The point at which Mr. Newman's criticism of Jesus seems to me least just, is in regard to his assumption of a Messianic *rôle*. Does he not exaggerate the definiteness of the Messianic idea as it existed in the time of Jesus? It took the shape of every heart that beat with generous aspirations. It was impossible for Jesus to be conscious of an inward summons to a great work, and not identify that work somehow with the Messianic office.

There is a double interest attaching to the letter to the Boston *Index* on "Romanism a Corruption of Christianity"; a letter in which he takes a negative side opposed to F. E. Abbot's affirmation that Romanism is a natural and logical development of New Testament Christianity. It is interesting as bringing back one of the most important episodes

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of the Free Religious controversy, and as a criticism on that form of Christianity which Mr. Newman can never think of without painful personal associations. It is evident from the general action of his mind, as illustrated by all these essays, that his divergence from Cardinal Newman is not greater in theological opinion and ecclesiastical position than in the character and working of his reasoning faculty. He is as quick to detect a sophism as his brother is to adopt one into his argument. We have a proof of this in his review of Prof. Jowett's Commentary on Thessalonians. Here, again, is some admirable prophetic criticism of *Robert Elsmere*,— of the methods from which Robert happily delivered his soul. "A tender conscience," said Jowett, "is a conscience unequal to the struggles of life"; and, again, "In general, we should be suspicious of any conscientious scruple which other good men do not share." Nothing could be better than Mr. Newman's tracking of these sophisms to the moral hole from which they come, in which are engendered thousands of excuses for professional falsehood. The considerations of these pages were never more pertinent than at the present time, when, as almost never before, the temptations are immense for men to cling to forms and phrases from which the soul has wholly fled, and when these temptations are subduing hundreds to their base control.

I will not attempt to make any report on the majority of Mr. Newman's articles in this volume. He has gathered up nothing that did not deserve a wider currency than it could have in the magazine or journal in which it first appeared. That noble spirituality which made his book upon *The Soul: Its Sorrows and its Aspirations* one of the most helpful of our time is here again in many a brief discussion, shining with the clear old radiance. Mr. Gladstone's failure to find a sufficient doctrine of sin in *Robert Elsmere*, and his conclusion that such a doctrine cannot be associated with the doctrine of a human Jesus, here find their comment and rebuke. But the one characteristic of these books which dominates all others is a frankness and sincerity of the most absolutely fearless quality. We seem not so much to read

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a book as to overhear the thinking of a remarkable intelligence, equipped by the most various studies and the most thorough training for its work. There is something tonic and refreshing in the whole attitude and bearing of the intellectual man, something that rebukes the shifts and the evasions which are the curse of liberal religious thought. He is now eighty-three years old, the age of our own Martineau and Hedge, four years younger than his distinguished brother. May these pages bear to him the kindly greeting of many hundreds in America who have enjoyed the liberat ing and inspiring influence of his clear and earnest mind.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF HERBERT SPENCER.

It would seem * that on the positive side man's nature necessarily implies his immortality because of the highly complex constructive character of his essential or spiritual life, and also because his typical nature is infinite; and that also on the negative side his immortality is fairly insured because, from his very nature as a being possessing the power to choose his own course of action, the tendency towards disintegration which is necessarily involved in the choice of an irrational course of conduct must rest upon itself and ultimately annul itself. And this annulment of the tendency towards disintegration on the part of the individual must ever take place before the annulment of the individual is effected; and this, because of his increased dependence upon the element of good in the environment as he approaches nearer and nearer towards disintegration.

The individual thus remains as an indestructible unit whose central characteristic is *power to choose his own course of action*,—the only restriction upon this power being that the individual cannot so far misuse it as to bring about its

* This paragraph summarizes an extended argument which it is impossible here to reproduce.—ED.

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utter destruction, so far as to effect his own utter annihilation. But it is also to be observed that, so far as he persists in choosing an evil course of action, the divine within him is changed inevitably into the demonic. The individual who refuses to advance through rational deeds towards Godhood chooses by that very fact to become or remain in corresponding degree an anti-divine power,— a "devil"; and, so long as this choice continues, by just so long must his anti-divine character continue, even though it be to eternity. He cannot attain annihilation, but he can choose the never-ending death of self-perversion. The persistent evil-doer transforms himself more and more into the moral deformity of diabolism, and builds about and most of all within himself the hell of self-contradiction. Thus the law of everlasting punishment is rather the everlasting law of punishment, which, being interpreted, is: "Whatever a man sows, that shall he also reap."

One further remark suggested by etymology may be added. The word "individual" has come in course of history to be nearly equivalent to the word "person." Nevertheless, it is in fact simply an exact translation through the Latin of the Greek word *atom*,— "that which cannot be cut or divided." But the word "atom" became fixed in its significance during the period of Greek speculation as to the world in its physical aspects, so that it serves very perfectly the needs of modern science for a term expressive of those smallest divisions of matter which occur in chemical reactions. On the other hand, the word "individual" became fixed in its significance through the influence of Christianity, the latter holding up to view the spirituality of each human being and insisting upon his indivisible, inextinguishable nature and his ultimate right to the complete fulfilment of the infinite destiny involved in that nature. Thus the word "individual" is found in modern forms of speech as the name of the ultimate social unit or element.

Already with Democritus the term "atom" assumed a kind of transfigured significance. The atom was described by him as an eternal, independent, self-moving unit, which became aggregated with others into larger wholes rather by

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accident than otherwise, these larger wholes being, of course, in the nature of the case temporary. It would seem that in all this — unconsciously, doubtless — Democritus was but presenting, under a universalized image conceived as eternal, the fundamental characteristic of Greek life,— Individualism. That was the quality which the Greeks so jealously guarded against all those influences tending towards tyranny, that have come to be classed as Asiatic. And it is no wonder that, in the first great struggle for personal liberty, an extreme view should be arrived at as to what personal liberty really consists in. There the individual in isolation, as a unit complete in himself, beautiful and worthy of eternal admiration, even though it be but in his outer form preserved in marble,— that was their Ideal, which they still further transfigured into a multitude of gods, each also serenely perfect in his eternal isolation. It is true that a fatal defect lay at the heart of this conception; and even the Greeks themselves at length became aware in greater or less degree that such gods, in spite of their divinity, are still finite gods, and therefore doomed to final overthrow.

On the other hand, in the Roman world, the subordination of individual man to the law, as the expression of that larger personality consisting of the State, already constituted a stage in the process of educating man up to a rational conception of his universal and infinite nature. With Christianity, this infinite nature was explicitly announced; and each man, each human being, was declared to be in his own person an *individual*,— an indivisible, imperishable unit. That was henceforth to be regarded as the one veritable atom, the one genuine monad in all the universe, the changeless type of perfect Godhood unfolding through the ages in each and every human soul. And, instead of saying that Christ brought life *and* immortality to light, it might be more precisely descriptive of the fact to say that Christ brought life *as* immortality to light, in the sense that he was the first to show that life in its highest significance, life in its intellectual and moral phase, already involves the indestructibility, the immortality, of such living unit.

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It is this view of immortality, shadowed forth more or less vaguely in the creeds of all races, that has become clarified and expanded in the minds of the more thoughtful, until at least the clew to its ultimate significance has been fairly attained. And the process of bringing this ideal into fulfilment for each individual has become more and more apparent with each succeeding age. Not by isolation and self-deprivation, but by participation in the universal Life, — through science, through all honest work, through the social organism in all its forms, — only thus is the life of each to be rendered concrete, real, truly rational.

From having been abstractly idealized and figured in the form of the gods among the Greeks, man is now seen to have ever been, little by little, undergoing transfiguration into a richer, nobler life, that proves him to be ever more and more worthy of recognition as himself "God manifest in the flesh."

If God were not manifest in the flesh, — that is, in space-filling modes of existence, — he would not be God; for, as ultimate, self-conserved Energy, God must be manifest in all modes of existence. In him the subjective and the objective aspects of existence must be forever perfectly balanced. Thus Schopenhauer's epigram * — "No object without a subject is the final refutation of all materialism" — presents an essential truth, but a truth so expressed as to make it seem one-sided. It therefore requires the complementary form: "No subject without an object" is the final refutation of all mere idealism, — that is, of all idealism that assumes to dispense with a world in space; for mind is inner, subjective, spontaneous power, and can be conceived as in process of realization only through the medium of an outer, objective, passive instrument. Thought, to be real, must be manifest, must be expressed, must be embodied. The inner necessarily implies the outer, the subjective is meaningless apart from the objective, the spontaneous finds its complement in the passive, power is powerless without instrumentality.

* *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, i. 35.

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Whence it follows that, the more adequate and consistent thought is, by so much the more complex and extended, by so much the more perfectly adapted to the uses of thought, must the embodiment be. Advance of thought is inconceivable without a corresponding advance in the physical media of thought. Perfect thought can only be conceived as perfectly expressed.

To this view, indeed, science is ever adding definite confirmation. On the side of comparative zoölogy there is no fact more clearly established than this: that advance of intelligence is invariably accompanied with a corresponding advance of mass and complexity of nervous organization. Nay, advance in complexity of structure especially, as corresponding with advance of intelligence, is true of the whole external form or embodiment. At the one extreme is the *amœba*, with its *pseudopodia*, which it thrusts out from time to time from its tiny undifferentiated mass. These serve alike as improvised organs of locomotion and of seizure, being withdrawn again into the mass when a particle of food is obtained. At the same time, the food-atom sinks gradually into the mass of the little animal's body, which becomes folded gradually round the food, and thus constitutes for the moment a simple organ of digestion. At the other extreme is man, with his complex structure, having specialized organs of locomotion and of seizure, as well as a jointed skeleton and a vastly elaborated muscular, respiratory, and digestive system, all serving to bring him into contact with his environment in endlessly varied ways. And from the one to the other of these extremes there are innumerable multitudes of organic forms, presenting in the whole range a fairly unbroken continuity of advance in complexity of structure corresponding to the advance in complexity of intelligence.

And here we may profitably refer, however briefly, to the identity in type of all minds. As Mr. Spencer seems very clearly to recognize, and as he in one place * at least explicitly states, "There must be *some form of thought* exhibited

* *Principles of Psychology*, ii. 298.

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alike in the very lowest and the very highest manifestations of intelligence." It is true that his statement is made while definitely looking backward from man to the lower animal organisms. And yet, logically, it is and can be none the less true when looking forward towards any and all possible grades of intelligence above man as he is known on the earth. As has already been so often insisted, there can be but one type of mind. There can be and unquestionably are endlessly varied grades of realization of that type. Doubtless, there may be and are in reality not merely individual, but also national, "strains" or variants from the type. But such variants, persisted in, cannot fail to result in "arrested development." Persistent variance from the type means self-contradiction, means death. And it may be remarked by the way that the ever-widening process of intercommunication between individual and individual, between nation and nation, between race and race, has for its chief value the education of humanity,— the leading out of minds from the dwarfing influences of merely local relations. It tends towards mutual inclusion, intellectually, of all men; towards prolonged national growth, and hence towards the elimination of national death.

Let us note some of the conclusions that appear to follow from what precedes. In the first place, we are met by the truth, which presents itself at every turn, that the ultimate Energy is to be regarded as just the Perfect Mind, and hence that as such it must be perfectly manifested or embodied. Nor is this anything else than the obverse of the statement that, regarded as space-filling energy, its activity must be shown as the unfolding of a perfect method, which again means nothing else than that the "Persistent Force" or Energy of the universe is the one all-inclusive, self-unfolding Power, conscious of itself in all its modes. Secondly, it would seem that we may legitimately draw the conclusion that not only has there been a gradual increase in complexity of embodiment through the various advancing grades of intelligence from the *amœba* to man, but that as further stages are reached in the advance of mind there

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must still be a corresponding advance in the complexity of the instrumentalities through which mind is embodied and realized.

Nor is this without its confirmation in human history. Not merely is it that the sense-organs of man seem yet to be undergoing development in complexity and delicacy, but with every stage of intellectual progress man has shown his creative capacity by inventing new instrumentalities for the accomplishment of his constantly multiplying purposes. On the side of man's physical needs, this is familiar enough. While man's "body" was the only embodiment of man as an intelligence, he could only move from place to place, and depend upon the spontaneous productions of the soil for his subsistence. Danger of starvation stimulated him to the discovery of implements of agriculture, as danger of being himself devoured stimulated him to the discovery of weapons or instruments of defence. And with growing intelligence these instrumentalities have been multiplied and increased in complexity and efficiency to an extent such that even here we have a fairly accurate measure of the enormous advance made by human intelligence since the first appearance upon the earth of a creature that could in any way be rightly called man.

But still more evidently has man's embodiment in respect of his intellectual needs become greatly extended, though here, too, the new instrumentalities constantly reach across and serve as means for satisfying his needs in the physical sphere, just as inventions on the latter side are themselves the expression of growing intelligence. The steam-engine is an extension of man's hands. It is an added organ of seizure, of manipulation, of *manu*-facture. It is also an extension of his organs of locomotion, and at the same time a multiplication of his power of transportation. The telegraph system is a vast network of nerves, reaching out to every part of the earth's surface, and thus organically connecting each man's inner life with the lives of all other men. The printing-press is the medium for the ever renewed embodiment of all that is vital in human thought. The tele-

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scope, the microscope, and the spectroscope are but added organs of vision by which man is able to penetrate ever more and more deeply into the truths of nature.

These, and endless other instrumentalities that man has shaped, show how the embodiment of intelligence may be indefinitely extended, and also show how the extension of the embodiment follows inevitably from the extension of the intelligence itself. As man's comprehension of nature increases, so his power over nature grows. Knowledge of nature has displaced the fear of nature. The mystery of nature has given place to the ministration of nature. The overwhelming forces of nature have ceased to be worshipped, and instead have become the secure and efficient agencies of human will.

Is there any absolute limit to this process? That such should be the case can scarcely be believed. Mind is ever the same in its typical nature. Its modes of development cannot possibly contradict one another. The same general process of mental evolution must go forward in the same general course. The power of mind over the physical aspects of existence must ever be on the increase.

And death, as we have already seen, is but change or transition from one to another mode of life. Man, as a thinking unit, has for his normal, essential life the expansion and intensifying of his intellectual and moral powers. These powers, too, have constant relation to the external or physical aspects of existence. The more matured these powers become, the greater is man's ascendency over the merely physical and external phases of reality. Man first adjusts himself to nature in the sense of tracing out the method of nature. And that, let us repeat, is the same as tracing out the manifestations of divine Thought in nature. On the other hand, however, in proportion as this tracing out of the divine Thought is accomplished, man finds himself able to adjust nature to himself in the sense of controlling the forces of nature in such wise as to shape physical masses into instrumentalities, through which in turn those forces may be rendered efficient in the furthering of man's purposes in the world.

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Doubtless it is true, as Mr. Spencer urges, that man is just the logical culmination or highest product of nature. His powers, his tendencies, his passions, are what they are through that measureless process of evolution which we can dimly trace back through countless ages to an undifferentiated nebulous mass indefinitely diffused through a space far exceeding that marked out by the present limits of our solar system. But it is also true that, while we may thus trace back the process through which man has become what he is to that aspect of existence in which (as the first law of motion practically asserts) there is no trace of self-mobility, yet through this same process which has such a beginning there is seen to have developed a phase of existence in which self-mobility constituted a definite, positive characteristic. Nay, this characteristic had no sooner appeared in a given unit than it proved to be a characteristic marking off such unit in a wholly new way from any preceding unit within the condensing nebulous mass. And, the further this characteristic became developed, the more radically is it seen to have separated the unit possessing it from the inert forms of the inorganic world. For intelligence and self-mobility prove to be but different aspects of one and the same essential characteristic. The more definitely specialized intelligence comes to be as intelligence, in like degree does the power of self-movement become more definite. Nor may the factor of heredity be disregarded or lightly esteemed. There seems no good reason to set aside the long-established though vague conception which Mr. Spencer has formulated, to the effect that the accumulated experience of countless generations becomes organic in succeeding individuals; that the power to distinguish between objects that do not serve for food and those that do, between objects that are to be desired and those that are to be feared, becomes ever more precise; that the corresponding power of appropriate self-adjustment on the part of the unit thus affected must increase in precision and efficiency of exercise; and, finally, that out of such mere instinctive self-adjustment has arisen the phase of self-adjustment that comes from conscious calculation.

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Thus it appears that the subjective aspect of self-movement, though in so large a degree organic through inheritance, is, after all, an *inherited power* which the individual finds himself capable of *using independently in his own self-adjustment to his environment.* And thus, the further the process of evolution extends, the more significant does the power of self-movement become. So that one may well agree with Mr. Spencer in the statement that there is no contrast between the lowest and the highest organism more striking than this. It is through this power, indeed, that man as the highest organism is able to control with ever-increasing efficiency the very forces of nature out of which he has arisen. It is thus that he is enabled to make nature shield him against nature. It is thus that with increase of intelligence he proves to be an ever-expanding power, reaching out through nature and moulding it into an ever-increasingly complex embodiment of his intelligence.

It is to be noted, too, that this increase of power over nature is manifest in another significant way. The extension of man's embodiment is an extension of his efficient energy without increase in the cumbrousness of the physical aspect of his own personality. In other words, extension of man's embodiment means simply extension of instrumentalities under his control,—of instrumentalities that can be taken up and put down at pleasure.

Thus man's environment becomes gradually transformed into man's embodiment,—into more and more perfectly specialized instrumentality, serving the purpose both of his self-manifestation and also of his further growth as a living unit of the highest order; as a living unit possessed of intelligence and self-mobility so matured and interfused as to make certain the unlimited extension of his existence.

But increase of intelligence means increase of power to apprehend and finally to comprehend in ever greater degree the "established order" of the universe. In other words, it is increase of power to trace out and more and more adequately think the Thought of the Perfect Mind as that is forever manifested in the Universe; while increase of self-mobility is

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increase of power to adjust one's self to that order, to live in harmony with the law of Reason, which is the law of all genuine Reality. Intelligence is power to know the Truth. Self-mobility (or will) is power to live the Truth. And, as these two aspects of living units expand into their fuller significance and rise into their maturer forms in man, they constitute the vital characteristic which may well be named Freedom. For, if Freedom has any meaning at all, it can be nothing else than this: *conscious, glad conformity to Reason,*— that is, to the "established order" of the world. And from this definition of Freedom it may be that Mr. Spencer himself would not seriously dissent; though a hasty reading of his chapter on "The Will" can hardly fail to lead one to infer that he would dissent very emphatically. And yet that "freedom of the will" which he and others regard as impossible appears rather to be that immature phase of will commonly known as wilfulness or caprice, which of course is self-contradictory and hence not free; while in its proper significance the will is free or it is not *will* at all. For, as already indicated in this essay, will is an evolved power which in its very nature implies freedom. Indeed, as Hegel has remarked, "Will without freedom is an empty word." And, if one recalls Locke's subtilty,— that the will, being a power, cannot be free, though man as the agent possessing the power is free,— *Hegel again furnishes an answer quite in keeping with the doctrine of evolution (for Hegel himself was a most thorough-going evolutionist), to the effect that "the difference between thought and will is merely that between the theoretical and the practical attitude [of mind]. Indeed, there are not two powers. Rather, the will is itself a special mode of thought. It is thought translating itself into practical forms of existence."† Thus the conclusion to which the foregoing argument has led seems not only in accordance with the truth, but also to be the legitimate outcome of the doctrine of evolution as a whole, even as formulated by Mr. Spencer himself.

* *Of the Human Understanding*, Book II. chap. xxi. § 19.

† *Philosophie des Rechts*, § 33 (3te Auflage).

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And now let us see what bearing all this may have upon the question of the "resurrection." As commonly understood, the doctrine of the resurrection has passed out of notice among thinking men, as a curious piece of symbolism belonging to an unenlightened age.

And yet, the more carefully the symbols of earlier ages are examined, the more they are found each to involve some shred at least of truth. Is this symbol of the resurrection of the body an exceptional one? We have only to refer to what precedes to find an answer, and, I cannot but think, the true answer. Mind is, as we have seen, no less unthinkable apart from its manifestation or embodiment than is the latter apart from the former. Mind and matter are the two complementary, absolutely inseparable, factors of the totality of existence. And, along with this, we have also seen that death is but transition or change,— that, in such a being as man, it is but transition from one to another phase of life. And, finally, we have seen how with every advance of intelligence there is necessarily a corresponding increase in extent and complexity of embodiment. Is it conceivable, then, that in the very progress of the modes of existence there should at length be reached a stage at which death should prove to be a sudden transition from a state of expanding embodiment to a state of literally no-embodiment for the mind? And what, indeed, could the latter state be but a "state" of utter annihilation,— a complete severance of the individual from all relation to the modes of manifestation of the divine Thought?

If what is called the "future" life is really to be *life*, it must be a continuance of the spiritual existence of man; that is, a continuance of the exercise of those intellectual and moral powers (or, rather, modes of power) by which alone he can be conceived as immortal. And, so far as these powers are realized in any given unit, they imply a corresponding range of control over material forms of existence. Not, of course, that such unit can be conceived as having, in any slightest degree, a power to alter the laws of nature, to change the "established order" of the world;

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but that through knowledge of those laws he may take advantage of them, and by conforming to them may still secure the accomplishment of his own rational purposes through them. And those purposes can be essentially nothing else than the further expansion of those same intellectual and moral powers through a continued search after the Truth as exhibited in the infinitely varied forms of Reality, interfused with a like continuous effort to conform in all the modes of the individual life to the Truth thus discovered.

And, as this implies the constant association of growing mind with growing mind, it necessarily also implies the existence of appropriate and indispensable media of association; that is, some kind of embodiment. But, also, as increase in intellectual and moral power means increased capacity to mould nature into the appropriate embodiment of the individual mind, so it would seem reasonable to conclude that through the whole range of existence of the individual thinking unit there must be a continuance of the same process which we now see to be going forward,—the process, namely, of extending the range of embodiment of such unit along with the expansion of its inner reality and of rendering that embodiment more and more delicately and subtly adapted to the individual's needs. Do not the continuity of life and its modes warrant us in drawing this inference from our observations and experiments in the only field where we can actually study the nature of mind and the modes of its advancement?

Thus far, it would seem reasonable to draw a positive conclusion. The progress of individual minds, each towards the fulfilment in itself of the one typical nature of all possible minds, must be by a method as unalterable as is the type itself.

But, if we attempt to picture to ourselves precisely what will be the form or series of forms of the embodiment that will suffice for the needs of a given thinking unit in its successive stages of advancement, then we find ourselves wholly at a loss. The general conditions of the life after

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death — and that can, of course, mean nothing else than the continued life of the individual thinking unit after the dissolution of the present form of embodiment — can be thought out, because those conditions join on to what we already know concerning the nature of the individual thinking unit. And we may also fairly conclude that, the more advanced the life of such unit becomes, the more extended and complex must its embodiment become also. But, just for that reason, it is wholly impossible to anticipate what the precise form of the embodiment may be at any given stage.

Nevertheless, one further inference at least seems reasonable, though this is on the negative side. It is, that with the increased vitality of the individual thinking unit there can scarcely fail to be less and less dependence upon any one specific form of embodiment, just as with the expansion of the life of such unit it can hardly be doubted that increased multiplicity and delicacy of forms must be demanded, to supply the widening range of instrumentality to a power whose growth in extent and complexity has no conceivable limit.

Finally, as every one knows, "resurrection" means, etymologically, a "rising again." And this presents an ultimate, transfigured meaning, that is essential and valid. It is this: With every sincere, consistent effort, man — "he who thinks" — rises out of a narrower into a wider life, rises from a less worthy into a worthier existence, rises out of his merely "natural" or predominantly physical range of interests into the sphere of spiritual interests,— interests which are, in truth, to so highly endowed a unit, still more natural than are the physical.

And so resurrection proves to be a name for that perpetual process through which, stage by stage, man becomes in reality what he is in ideal or type. That is, in its most vital significance, resurrection is an eternal factor in the life of man, the immortal: it is the never-ending process of the transfiguration of man as the eternally begotten Son of God.

WILLIAM M. BRYANT.

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TRAINING SCHOOL FOR MINISTERS IN THE NORTH-WEST.

There are three considerations which ought to determine the location and policy of a theological institution or school for the education of preachers: —

1. A Training School for ministers ought to be in immediate contact with the life and activity of a denomination or religious movement. This is the traditional policy, and it is the true policy. A Divinity School conducted upon a purely scholastic plan, with sole reference to technical proficiency, but without direct interest in the success of a particular religious spirit or ideal, may produce a few great theological scholars, and may accomplish much for higher religious scholarship, and so far be a success; yet it can never provide a definite religious organization, which has a missionary spirit and a living gospel, with ministers prepared to win its victories.

There is no similarity of situation between law and medicine on the one hand and the pulpit on the other; for what is needed in the one case is to fit men to perform a particular task and reach an individual success, but in the other case what is needed is to prepare men to become the workers and leaders of an organized movement. And, to do this, they must be filled with the enthusiasm, and brought into contact with the methods, of that organization. A difference of training is made necessary by the difference of vocation. For, while the lawyer and the doctor are prepared for a purely personal work, a minister must be trained for a corporate or denominational work, because the religious interests of society must always be carried forward by co-operation and association. The very nature of the religious sentiment necessitates organization, and denominational organization necessitates a training which has reference to denominational work. So that, in order to succeed as a School for the preparation of men who can advance such organic interests, the life and aspiration of that religious movement must report

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themselves in it and make the atmosphere in which its students study.

There ought to be breadth and catholicity in the work of a Divinity School. It is no place for unprogressive dogmatism; and, unless it is hospitable to the intellectual spirit and method of the time, it cannot prepare men to do the kind of work which must be done if the church is ever again to be a victorious institution. But when it is detached from some living denomination, then the source of its vitality is destroyed, and the sphere of its operation is narrowed from missionary enterprise to merely academic attainments. A Training School for ministers ought therefore to be one of the branches of a great denominational tree of religious life. But it can be just as modern and scientific as the religious movement of which it is a part.

2. Such a School ought to be in the vicinity of the work to be done by the ministers trained in it. It needs geographical proximity to the fields of action, that the church life may, as we have urged, report itself there; and also that students may become directly interested in the particular work which they are to do during their professional life. Unless there is this immediate relation, that close interaction cannot exist between School and Church which confers benefits both ways. Nothing can do the divinity student more good than to be within hearing distance of the battle for righteousness which is in progress, and in which he is preparing to participate. And nothing can do a church more good than to send one of its members to such a School and watch his progress, while participating now and then in the enthusiasm of his young heart. Religious societies have a grave responsibility in their treatment of young ministers. If churches, instead of being intolerant of everything but the highest oratory, and of everybody but their adored pastor, would open their pulpits to young men and meet their imperfect efforts with generous encouragement, they could do much to attract men to the ministry. Now all this is possible only as a Training School is within easy reach of the churches which need ministers and of the places which need missionary work.

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3. A Unitarian Divinity School ought to be located in the very shadow of some great secular or State University, where young men who have not yet chosen their vocations congregate, and where the intellectual life is the most modern and the most progressive. A Theological School located apart by itself, and disconnected from a great seat of learning peopled by superior young men, receives only those who are sent to it, and it is like a candle set under a bushel. It ought to be so situated that its light shall fall across the pathway of those who have not decided respecting their life-work. If planted at some great centre of education, then its attraction will be felt by those who otherwise would never think of the pulpit.

And such a location is best, not simply because it is in this way brought close to a multitude of students, but because such an institution needs this environment to protect it from the narrowness which is incident to the pursuit of a single line of study. Theological students need the broadest possible view of life, and this is necessarily forced upon them if they are in contact with all the varied activities of a great university. It is evident, then, that only a State (or secular) University offers the proper location, at least for a Unitarian Theological Seminary, because there alone is that intellectual freedom or modern spirit which it is the mission of the Unitarian Church to translate into religious sentiment, and organize into methods of spiritual helpfulness.

These considerations point very forcibly to the necessity for a new Unitarian Training School for Ministers somewhere in the great North-west. It is not the object of this paper to call in question the efficiency of the schools at Meadville or Cambridge. The men who preside over them are the pride of our churches, and an ornament to American scholarship, while the graduates of these institutions take high rank as preachers, and do noble work for the cause of rational Christianity. What every Unitarian desires is to see these schools built up and enlarged, rather than dismantled. All they can possibly do is not half that ought to be done. And the reason for a new school in the West is not any failure or

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inefficiency of Meadville and Cambridge, but the pressing necessities of the West itself. These institutions will do well if they provide enough ministers to care for the new missionary work which is being opened east of the Alleghany Mountains, because at present about all they are doing is to fill the places constantly being made in our ranks by death. This being the situation of affairs, it is easy to see that we are not going to be able to do in the West any considerable part of what our duty demands and our opportunity affords, unless we have a School here which can train ministers on the ground, out of material found directly about us.

If the views already affirmed are correct, it follows that both our existing Schools are too far off to serve the interests of the North-west. They are not where our own young people congregate, while a distance of over a thousand miles separates them from our missionary fields. The power of attraction exerted by these institutions cannot make itself sufficiently felt over such a vast space, while it is impossible for our church life to report itself adequately at such a remote locality. Indeed, it is precluded from so reporting itself at Cambridge by the settled policy of the School.

But, besides these general considerations, there is a special reason for such a Western School. The only way by which to protect ourselves against the evils of an incompetent ministry is to have in our midst an institution which shall afford an opportunity for ministerial education and which shall lift up an authoritative standard of religious scholarship. As our work grows, it will happen — it has already happened — that young men will come to us who desire to enter our ministry. Indeed, unless our movement here has sufficient virility to inspire men to consecrate themselves to the propagation of the Unitarian faith, the movement itself has no deep root, and can have no glorious future. Now, when a young man comes to us and says that he wishes to be a Unitarian minister, what shall we do? If we send him to the East, he will be carried beyond immediate contact with our churches and activities, while the probability is that when he graduates he will be picked up by some Eastern parish.

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But this is not the chief reason which I wish to urge. Whether he becomes a minister at all, and especially whether he becomes an efficient minister, will in many cases depend on the proximity of a proper Theological Training School. If no such school is near at hand, many will hesitate to choose this profession, while many will be led by the urgency of the work to be done, and the gravity of the obstacles which in their case may stand in the way of a course at either of our existing institutions, to attempt to enter at once upon a task for which they are poorly prepared. If we improve our opportunity as a religious body, and more especially as a missionary body, we must have men who are more thoroughly trained in the duties which belong to *the spiritual leadership of society.* But, unless we have a School within easy reach, the probability is that many enthusiastic young men and women will attempt ministerial duties before they are fitted for them, and our work must accordingly suffer. In other words, to insure the highest standard of ministerial ability, we must make the opportunities of a ministerial education as easy and accessible as possible. My own experience leads me to fear that a grave danger of just this character threatens our work in the North-west; and, unless a School is established in our midst, that possibility will become an actual misfortune.

Having pointed out the necessities for a Theological Seminary somewhere in the North-west, I wish to give the reasons for the location of this new School at Madison. They may not seem at all conclusive to others, but I will state them briefly. If any one will take a map of the United States, and draw two north-and-south lines, one through Chicago and the other through Bismarck, and intersect these by an east-and-west line drawn through Kansas City, these lines, with our northern boundary, will define a rectangular territory six hundred miles each way. In this region at present there are about 10,000,000 inhabitants, or one-fifth of the population of our nation. This is the great heart of the American continent. Its social and intellectual conditions are everywhere similar; the religious situation is

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about the same at all points; while the needs and opportunities of Unitarianism are greater in this vast section than in any other part of our country of equal extent. There are good missionary fields outside this block of territory, but nothing which for promise and extent can be compared with it. Our opportunity is riper in these States than anywhere else, and in them will be our largest missionary field for the next fifty years; while here, if we are equal to the task before us, will be the future centre of American Unitarianism. What is needed at this moment is a School to provide for this region; to bring within reach of these towns and cities the attraction and power of a Unitarian Theological Institution, and also to bring near to our young people the opportunity of ministerial education. As soon as you turn the corner of Lake Michigan eastward, you are within arm's length of Meadville, and so far removed from the region described.

Now Madison is accessible from all parts of this territory, and it is the seat of the best equipped and most flourishing institution of higher learning within these bounds. It is far to the east of the geographical centre of this rectangle, but it is an advantage to be eastward rather than westward of that point. There are also certain peculiar advantages at Madison: its library facilities are the most extensive in the West; the hospitality of the State University to the type of thought which we represent is exceptionally generous; the means of education are practically free, and the expense of living very low; while the climate is happily free from the malaria of districts farther south, and from the excessive rigors of a more northern latitude.

There is another fact worth consideration. The Germans and Scandinavians are going to afford a valuable and growing element in our churches in the North-west. The hospitality of the educated members of these races to our faith increases yearly. In the Madison Church, about one-fourth are of German stock, and about one-sixth of Norwegian parentage; and there is no place in the North Mississippi valley from which the Germans and Scandinavians who

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are ripe for our faith can be better reached than from Madison.

But can such a School be established? The obstacle is its cost. It will be said at once, "This attempt means an immense expense or a weak institution." Let us, however, consider for a moment what is possible and practical. By looking over the curriculum of our Theological School at Meadville, it appears that about one-half of the work, such as psychology, ethics, rhetoric, German, etc., is purely academic, though at Cambridge the proportion of such work is much smaller. But it is probable that many of those who may seek to enter our ministry in this part of the country will be persons who need more or less instruction in these and other purely university studies; and members of a Unitarian Training School at Madison could do all this work in a most efficient manner as special students in our State University, while carrying forward their theological studies. So that the only teaching force needed to realize the beginnings of a first-class Divinity School here would be enough professors to represent the most important of the strictly theological or professional branches.

If the attendants at this Training School for Ministers should do their purely academic work as special students in our State University, I should say that three Professors and two Lecturers would make an efficient theological faculty with which to begin. The eight purely technical branches might be distributed in the following manner,—a scheme which is presented as simply tentative: 1. A professorship of Hebrew Literature and Comparative Religion; 2. A professorship of New Testament Exegesis and Christian Doctrines; 3. A professorship of Church History and the Philosophy of Religion; 4. A lectureship of Pastoral Theology; 5. A lectureship of Social Science. This means three first-class men, who would have to be paid $2,000 a year each, which is the salary of the professors in our State University, and two non-resident lecturers, who could doubtless be obtained for a comparatively small compensation.

But practically, besides these instructors, the whole intel-

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lectual equipment of our university would be at the service of the students of such a School. There would be accessible to them libraries aggregating nearly 200,000 volumes, many of which are directly in the line of religious thought and theological scholarship. Still, a special library would be needed to give the School the proper apparatus.

To realize such a School would need the income from a fund of $125,000. Whether the money can be raised for this purpose I cannot say. I believe that it ought to be done. Of two things I am profoundly convinced: 1. That, without such a School somewhere in the North-west, we shall be unable to improve the magnificent opportunity which lies before us,— an opportunity such as seldom comes to any denomination; 2. That the existence of such a School would do more than anything else, not only to give vigor to our missionary work, but to create in the near future in this rapidly developing region a larger number of strong, self-supporting churches than our most sanguine prophets have hoped to see for a long time to come. I believe that Madison is the best place for this new Training School for Ministers, but in this I may be mistaken. If I am, and local interests may have warped my judgment, then let it be located somewhere else. But let us have it somewhere in the North-west, and that, too, at once.

JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

HAS THE STATE A SOUL?

If, as most philosophers hold, the State has a soul,— that is, both a common consciousness and a common conscience,— then two consequences seem to follow: first, that there is a meaning in the words "Religion of the State" which neither religionists nor statesmen have been apt to recognize; and, secondly, that the common consciousness or common conscience has to be allowed for in our estimates, as well as the individual conviction that judges it. We idealists and moralists are apt to overlook

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that larger view; to measure things by too personal a standard; to lose our sympathy with the life which embraces that of millions along with our own. Which is a misfortune to the moralist, and also to the State. Thus when Channing not only expressed his own honest view, as a citizen, touching the iniquity of the annexation of Texas, but further asserted that such annexation would justly dissolve the Union, he traversed the limit which as a citizen he should have respected, and weakened his real hold upon the conscience of the American people. In issues so vast as those which concern a nation's life, there is a certain comfort in taking to heart the haughty motto: *Securus judicat orbis terrarum;* "the world's verdict stands!"

But it is not the casuistry of the thing we have in mind, so much as its appeal to a certain sense of loyalty,— which is strengthened in all right-minded men by the spectacle of that recurring wonder, the easy and matter-of-fact acceptance of a decision which has for months been sharply and bitterly contested, and is at length suddenly announced. On Monday (as the New York *Post* lately reminded us) the whole nation is wondering what the decision will be; on Tuesday the whole nation is voting; on Wednesday the whole nation has already accepted the result. The official count may show but a few hundred votes that have turned the scale in an empire State, and so in the entire Republic; but the party in power has never a thought of overruling those few hundreds, with all that enormous engine of power at its disposal. Some of us, the other day, could not avoid asking ourselves, Would that instant assent to the verdict have been possible in a continental State,— France or Germany? and, if not, would it show that France or Germany has lost its soul; that is, its corporate conscience? And to this day, looking back twelve years, we feel a certain thrill of pride in remembering the act of political virtue that assented — sullenly perhaps, but silently — in a verdict which on the face of it certainly looked both strange and wrong.

Such crises as those we have referred to ought to do something to strengthen our sense of what we may call a *religion of the State* quite other than what could be defined by the terms of any creed. That, and not applauding or regretting the particular result, is what we have best occasion to think of. For, in the right meaning of those words, the conscience of the nation shows itself to be very strong and sound. There is a passage in Profes-

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sor Seeley's *Natural Religion*,* which has perhaps elicited more criticism and comment than any other of that remarkable book: —

> We imagine religions to make their way either, like scientific doctrines, through their truth, or else through some adaptation to human needs, and do not perceive that commonly they are what may be called *nationalities in an idealized form.* Even in modern Europe, we can observe the affinity which exists between the spirit of nationality and that of religion. "Italy," said Mazzini, "is itself a religion." Yes! the view of life, the way of thinking which has become characteristic of a nation, constitutes a sort of atmosphere round the individual members of it, an influence moulding the character of each successive generation which arises to represent it. Any shock or change which makes the individual aware of this atmosphere about him, raises nationality into religion. "By the waters of Babylon" Jewish nationality is transformed into Judaism. Not otherwise at this day the American who finds himself in Europe translates of sheer necessity his American ways of thinking into a creed; he can think and talk of nothing else; to every European he preaches, like Saint Paul, "in season and out of season," America, America. And, when the shock has been given by some tragic catastrophe, as in the case of ancient Jerusalem or modern Italy, the creed of nationality becomes solemn and intense, so that the suffering patriot says in all seriousness that his country is to him a religion. (pp. 186, 187.)

It is easy to see, indeed, how such a religion may became secularized and brutal, as it was among the conquering Romans, or an insolent fanaticism, as in revolutionary France, or a stealthy and slavish vindictiveness, as among some conquered peoples, when patriotism becomes, what Dr. Johnson called it, "the last refuge of a scoundrel," and a cloak for every crime. But it is, in part, to save it from that, that we cherish at heart the religion of humility and reverence, of mercy and good fruits; while our religion will never be the strong and noble thing it might be, unless it takes into its compass, and does its best to purify and redeem, that larger life which we may fitly call the Soul of the State.

A WORD OF THE PULPIT.

Our attention was lately called to a volume of sermons † which on examination we found very charming,— a delightful flower-

* *Natural Religion.* By the author of *Ecce Homo.* (Roberts.)

† *Sermons for All Sects.* By Caleb D. Bradlee. Boston: W. B. Clarke & Co. pp. 283.

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ing-out of the sweet and grave spirit that was so abundant in the elder Unitarianism, a delightful relief to the overstrained critical and scientific self-consciousness that so often prevails even in the best of our modern sermonizing. To one who has the good fortune to be often a hearer instead of a doer of the word, this is the vein of thought which comes home easiest to the mood of his devotion; and it will be an ill day for the so-called liberal pulpit when such tones as these cease to be familiar.

The non-controversial, non-critical, and non-scientific spirit of these discourses in general well justifies their title; and they are such as we should welcome equally, in the hearing or in the reading, whether coming from high-church ritualist or from one moving in humility of spirit on the perilous edge of agnosticism, — because, in general, they deal with the real experiences and higher sympathies of the religious life as we actually find it. Of course, this is not to deny that the book has, or implies, a body of opinion of its own, opinion from which we might often critically dissent. But we go to hear preaching, or we take up a volume of Christian sermons, more with a view to forget than to revive such differences; and what we may hint of them here is not to diminish, but only to put in relief, what we have said already of the main quality of the book. This quality, we may add, shows itself in the directness, the simplicity, the pungency and force, the unqualified and unguarded form of assertion, which are indeed a merit in the discourse as such, yet lay it open to criticism that might do its argument injustice, and so hinder it of its true effect.

An example of such rhetorical overstatement we seem to find on page 163, in the paragraphs from which we copy the following: —

> Before the advent of Christ ideas were shadowy, volatile, sensual, foolish, and only in a few cases prophetic, hopeful, and celestial. The Jews were a people of no great power, while they were small in numbers. Philosophers were scarce, and the large mass of the human race had lost all hope in themselves, each other, and God; for they lived like beasts, met death stoically, frantically, stupidly, and had no time for thought, so that even the moments of light that will, despite preparation or resistance, gleam upon the darkest minds, were considered or labelled as delusive visions. . . . Look at action before Christ, and then you will see that it has no basis, is filled with no unction, refers to no great end, and springs from doubt, or difficulty, or pain; that it is spasmodic,

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speculative, and hap-hazard; that it is the child of inclination, and has no sacred affiliation to duty.

What we object to in sentences like these — spoken as they are for edification, not instruction, and to those not qualified to take them as the speaker himself means them — is not that they are not rigidly and literally true, which in a way they are. It is that they are not *distinctively* true of any epoch: neither before nor since the advent of Christ has there been a day when "the large mass of the human race" have not been looked on just so, and described just so, by serious-minded observers; every word of the charge is repeated, with every grade of emphasis, of the moral condition of mankind in this nineteenth Christian century. Again, "God has not left himself without witness" in any age: the early Christians certainly did not contrast their own time as Mr. Bradlee does with that which went just before; and the wisest of their teachers, Clement of Alexandria and others, maintained that "the advent of Christ" was *from the beginning* among men, and was witnessed in every wise and devout soul, whether Jew or Gentile.

There is certainly a difference, quite sufficiently marked and striking, which Christianity did introduce, and which did powerfully influence the life of mankind generally: namely, it *organized* piety, charity, and other human virtues in a new way, about a new centre, giving them a recognition, a discipline, and a vigor which they never had before *as a social force;* and in that sense it may be truly said that a new life had come into the world at large as well as among the disciples in particular. But — till it astonished the world by the bitterness and obstinacy of its doctrinal disputes — that life was in the main narrow and obscure; and it cannot be proved, at best it can be but faintly illustrated, by the broad view of man and society generally, which preachers are so apt to take.

The qualifications we make were, of course, in the writer's mind; and a little thought, a moment's putting of himself in the attitude of a critic, not a preacher, would have protected an argument half-true from being (as we have seen) only a half-truth. The modern preacher, especially if he prints his words, must bear in mind that the critic "lieth at the door." The consciousness of this may cramp him for a little while; but the observance of it will mend the weak joints in his armor, and prove an economy of his best strength. With this slight and inconsid-

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erable demur, we wish to express again our grateful appreciation of the wealth, the force, and the beauty of those expositions of the religious life which we find in Mr. Bradlee's volume.

CRITICAL THEOLOGY.

CURVES OF PAULINE AND OF PSEUDO-PAULINE STYLE.

II.

Thus far these eccentricities in the three have been treated merely in their outer relations and their metric character. It now remains to submit their inner nature, their vital force, and their essential significance for stylistic to exacter analysis. To this end, we must now pass in review the main elements affected.

1. The average number of sentences per page is 13; of lines, the number is 33: hence, the average sentence is of 2½ lines,— it is very short. The apostle's style is thus eminently sharp, crisp, sententious, allied not to the German, but to the French type. When we consider further that the colons number about 6 per page, the average Pauline grammatic structure is seen to be but little over 1½ lines long,— the terseness and directness of style are doubly manifest.

In this most important particular, the three depart widely from the normal four, but especially Ephesians and Colossians, in which the sentences are over twice as long and broken per page by less than half the number of colons. In fact, the whole argumentative portions of the twin letters furnish pluperfect examples of the periodic structure,— a style directly antipodal to Paul's. The thought of the apostle leaps straight to its goal by short and rapid bounds. The thought of the Paulinist circles around its object in endless gyrations without ever sensibly nearing it,— participial, infinitive, relative clauses heaped one on another without organic articulation, like the ascending spires of a coiled up serpent,— a painted one, ready to dart, and yet never darting.*

* To feel by contrast the fountain-like play of the apostle's intellect, read Galatians and, without stopping, straight on through Ephesians (or Philippians). *Nemo tam prope, nemo proculque!* The one bounds forward like an Alpine torrent, the other winds along like a Siberian river.

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2. But this is not all. The four Christian classics are animated and impassioned in extraordinary measure by interrogations. Two hundred and eighteen times the apostle launches the direct question,— thrice per page, once every eleven lines. As the curves indicate, in the trio this idiosyncrasy of Paulinity has vanished, we may say, wholly. Only three questions are found on twenty-one pages, and one of these — the one in Philippians — is unintelligible. A more radical divergence in any particular is hardly conceivable.

3. Again, no one will question that the missionary's mind was rich in ideas; but his was eminently a constructive genius. Many as they were, these ideas existed no one for itself, but each was vitalized by contact with another; and they consisted in the most complicate interdependence. The evident reflection of the manifold and intricate coherence of his notions is the apostle's abundant use of particles, whose general function it is, with subtile suggestion, to irradiate the filmy network of relations by which these notions hang together. His page is strewn thick with such hints,— more than 4 every 3 lines they average. In Ephesians and Colossians, they are little more than $\frac{1}{3}$, in Philippians little more than $\frac{1}{2}$, so thickened.

4. This impressive defect, which drops the curves of these letters far towards the bottom of the page, is balanced by an equally impressive excess; namely, of καί's, which lifts the curves even beyond the limits of the paper. This conjunction sets the conjoined in merely outer relation to each other, placing them side by side, without inner nexus. Its equivalent, *vau*, characterizes the inorganic thinking of the elder Hebrew, just as *and — and* marks the uncultured American. Paul was a son of Israel, and used καί abundantly,— 10 times per page; but the Paulinist far more abundantly,— in Ephesians 15 times, in Colossians 16.3 times, in Philippians 17 times per page. In still further compensation for the lack of particles, there is poured out in the three letters a copious flood of synonymes and phrases co-ordinated by καί's (as, *over above all rule and authority and power and dominion and every name named*, etc.), or merely seemingly subordinated (as, *according to the energy of the strength of his might which he energized*, etc.). If the Pauline page be likened to a Venetian painting aglow with life, rich in blending tints, and fecund of spiritual suggestion, the pseudo-Pauline resembles rather a chequer-board or, at best, a Florentine mosaic.

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5. Now, among these particles in the acknowledged Epistles, the first rank undoubtedly belongs to those of negation; and of these the objective twice outnumber the subjective. Eleven per page, one every three lines, thick as islands in the Ægean, these repellent negatives are scattered through the wide expanse of the apostle's diction. Of his philosophy, of his religion, of all his thought, perhaps there is no other stamp so sharply characteristic. That philosophy was dualism, that religion was engendered of contradictions, that thought moved in antithesis. With him, the affirmation of truth still leaves the idea incomplete, hemispherical: only through the negation of the polar error does the dilated idea become complete and orbicular. But now, on entering the region of the three letters, what another scene displays itself! Two-thirds of the whole body of negatives and more than three-fourths of the objective class have sunk out of sight. The *peculiarity* of Pauline diction has disappeared totally. The current of the writer's thought streams forth wide and free and placid, breaking against rare contradictions; this, too, while the three are as controversial in their way as are the four themselves.

6. But it is not merely in numerous negatives that the Pauline spirit shows itself a two-edged sword: the same mental temperament is evinced by abounding adversatives,— δέ and ἀλλά, the one occurring 65, the other 32, times per 10 pages. No one of the three shows any approach to these numbers, as the deep deflections of their curves at K and W may testify.

7. To the prevailing dialectic habit of the missionary, the profusion of γάρ's and οὖν's bears ample witness. But γάρ is over four times as frequent as οὖν,— a circumstance significant for a proper understanding of his temper, and intelligible only in the light of such understanding. Namely, the inferential οὖν is superstructive: it builds upon a basis already deliberately laid; but γάρ is substructive: it builds beneath a structure already reared, but as yet without solid foundation. Manifestly, its great prevalence must indicate a passionate nature, which eagerly projects its conclusions and then returns upon its track to ground them afterwards. While, therefore, the presence of οὖν or γάρ every three or four lines marks the writer as highly ratiocinative, the nearly fivefold frequency of the latter denotes him as a rapid and vehement reasoner. Both these tokens, but especially the last, are in large measure wanting in the triad of letters. As the

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curves exhibit, οὖν suffers in iteration only slightly, but γάρ excessively, falling to less than ½ in Philippians, to less than ¼ in Ephesians, to ⅛ in Colossians; this, too, in face of the fact that these compositions, especially the two last, are gravely argumentative.

8. Closely allied to the foregoing, having its roots in the same rich commingling of discursive and emotional faculties, is the apostle's plenteous employment of hypothetics,— εἰ and its kindred. In Philippians, this plenty is reduced nearly ⅔; in Colossians, nearly ⅔; in Ephesians, over ⅘.

9. Passing by in silence the particles of rarer occurrence, as less weighty and unequivocal in their intimations, we come to participles and infinitives. Here the scene is suddenly shifted. Thus far the wide divergences from Pauline usage have been, with καί as a notable exception, by way of deficiency; but, of course, this could not last. Defects so great and so many imply compensating excesses. So in Ephesians and Colossians the participle rises into eminence far beyond what it attains anywhere in the Pauline tetrad,— but not through its service with the article as a simple noun, wherein contrariwise it falls, and in Philippians notably, but through its service as a predicate, wherein, with surprising redundance, it discharges the singular grammatic function of linking one clause into another, and so forming a new starting-point for a new fold in the convoluted sentence,— a function foreign indeed to its nature, and hence assumed only occasionally in the four Epistles, but which it now usurps as its own in the absence already noted of articulating particles. This idiom, so patent in the twins (Ephesians and Colossians) as to catch the most casual eye, has its fit companion in what may perhaps be called the appositional use of the infinitive. About this last there are, indeed, several things to be noted. The Pauline use of it, whether with or without the article, fluctuates between very close limits; but the Philippian scribe doubles the total occurrency, and trebles that of the articled infinitive, his especial favorite. On the other hand, this same is disowned almost utterly by the Gnostic pair, which employ the verbal noun without article in a new and singular office, unexampled in the Pauline tetralogy,— to introduce a following clause as a vague appositive or correlate to a foregoing one, and so gain a new point of departure in the circling flight of the author's idea. Hereof the third chapter of Ephesians presents *seven* more or less distinct instances: εἶναι, εὐαγγελίσασθαι, φωτίσαι,

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κραταιωθῆναι, κατοικῆσαι, καταλαβέσθαι, γνῶναι. The kinship of this idiom to the participial one, their common dependence on the want of shading particles, and their concurrent testimony to the writer's inorganic thinking are plain without explanation.

10. Now, of the points of agreement between tetrad and triad (9 in Colossians, 11 in Ephesians, 16 in Philippians), 5 concern the use of prepositions, as to which, indeed, agreement is in no measure surprising, Paul's own habit being here especially inconstant, and as well for other evident reasons. However, as to *one* preposition, and that by far the predominant one, that habit is but slightly variable; namely, the preposition of *condition* and *instrumentality*, ἐν, recurrent nearly 7 times per page. But in Philippians the average rises to 11, much beyond Pauline precedent; while in the twins it mounts still higher,— to 14.4, 14.7 respectively, more than doubling the apostolic medial. If, now, we ask, as well we may, How is such exuberance possible? the answer need not linger. It is the conjunction of ἐν particularly with abstracts, but also with personal and relative pronouns, to form adverbial phrases, that swells its numbers to the prodigious aggregates of 88 and 126. Such agency of this preposition is by no means unknown to Pauline or other New Testament diction; but in these three, especially in the two, letters it has become a mannerism of fairly monstrous proportions.

11. Nevertheless, the plethora is not yet complete. An overplus of articles still further swells it, much more, however, a double portion of πᾶς's a triple burden of genitive modifiers, a fivefold surcharge of abstracts with πᾶς and double genitives; distent with all of which, no less than with adverbial phrases, loosely related participles, and disjointed infinitives, no wonder the Ephesian and Colossian sentence appears beyond parallel unwieldy and dropsical.

There remain a few minor points of special interest: —

(*a*) The fondness of the author of the Gnostic Epistles for swelling words, especially compounds, is apparent; let ἀνακεφαλαιῶσασθαι, ὑπεράνω, συνεζωοποίησεν, ἀπηλλοτριωμένοι, ἀποκαταλλάξῃ, συναρμολογουμένη, πολυποίκιλος, ὑπερεκπερίσσου, καινενώπιον, ταπεινοφροσύνη, ὀφθαλμοδουλείαν, ἀνθρωπάρεσκοι, εἰρηνοποιήσας, ἀνταναπληρόω, πιθανολογία, ἐθελοθρησκεία, and the like, bear witness. Saint Paul is himself capable of expressive combinations, as ἀποκαραδοκία, but on occasion, and not without it.

(*b*) One genuine case of the indirect question is met with in the four letters, Rom. xii. 2 (τί τὸ θέλημα), in 71 pages; *seven*

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such are met with in the 9 pages of Ephesians (*τίς ἡ ἐλπίς, τίς ὁ πλοῦτος, τί τὸ μέγεθος, τίς ἡ οἰκονομία, τί τὸ πλάτος, τί εὐάρεστον, τί τὸ θέλημα*)!

(*c*) The formula of equivalence, "which is," recurs 6 times in Ephesians, 3 times in Colossians.

All of these are cases of usages exceptional with Paul, but exaggerated into rules by the Paulinist.

(*d*) The phrase of citation twice employed in Ephesians, "wherefore says" (*διὸ λέγει*), in itself hard to justify, is without Pauline precedent.

The diction of Philippians is in many aspects remarkable, but only a few of these properly fall under our present scrutiny.

(*e*) The pet *φρονεῖν* comes to hand 11 times in 6 pages, elsewhere but 11 times in 71 pages.

(*f*) The restrictive concessive *πλήν* is found but once in the four, and then in a deeply corrupted context (1 Cor. xi. 10); in Philippians, it is employed thrice, and strangely.

(*g*) Three compounds of *ψυχή* — *εὐψυχέω* (magnanimous), *ἰσόψυχος* (equanimous), *σύμψυχος* (unanimous) — startle us on remembering that *ψυχή* was no fondling of Paul's.

Such minutiæ are separately of little moment: it is their concurrence that has weight.

The vocabulary of the three letters, especially of Philippians, departs widely from that of the four; but any discussion of it lies without the scope of this paper, which regards not the material, but the modal, principles of composition. Only this observation may be pardoned in passing: that no mere listing of *hapax-legomena*, or the like, though not valueless, can be decisive as to the relations of the vocabularies in question. What seems needed is rather research which shall reveal the relative weights with which various notional elements enter into the phraseology of the respective productions, but, more particularly, which shall determine and compare the rates per page at which the range of expression is widened, as well in the tetrad as in the triad of Epistles. Such an examination, we may be sure, will but disclose a superfetation of the already teeming evidence that the scriptures under inquiry can sustain no higher pretensions than to be mediate and secondary reflections of the apostle's mind.

SUMMARY.

In the first part of this paper, the existence of a formal type of Pauline expression was set in evidence. The departures

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therefrom, in the case of the four Epistles, were reckoned, classified, aggregated, compared, and averaged. The like was done for the other three. By a graphical device, the whole state of case was brought within a single glance, and the whole body of facts made to bear down with collected weight upon the understanding. Lastly, the calculus of probabilities was summoned, to show that the certified divergences constituted a phenomenon demanding special interpretation.

But, so far, the analysis was merely quantitative. The facts were treated merely in their mass and in their number. The second part has been given to their qualitative evaluation. The approximate uniformities in the mechanism of Paul's scripture have been dealt with as so many outward projections of his consciousness; and, by tracing back the lines of projection, we have been enabled to reconstruct in outline that consciousness itself. A like process has yielded us a sketch of the mental and emotional temper of the writers of the three letters, at least so far as indicated by the principal divergences from the type of the four. We have found the two outlines in no manner congruent. On the contrary, in from eight to twelve capital aspects, they prove to be not only unlike, but contrasted and repugnant. By no deformation possible in reason can the two figures be made to approach similarity,— no more than a plane surface can be wrapped around a sphere or a sphere surface flattened out upon a plane. They resemble each other as little as do their representative curves, as little as a triangle resembles a circle.

It is vain to urge that these curves, these constructions, depict the apostolic mind at different stages of development; for time fails for any such change: no more, yea, less, than a lustrum can have elapsed between Romans, or even 2 Corinthians, and any of the three. But, even had a generation intervened, any conceivable development must have *followed* some general direction observable in the four, and surely not have run diametrically counter thereto. Nor can diversity in subject-matter be alleged to account for the contrarieties in manner; for these latter attach to precisely such elements in our selection as must be thought not, indeed, invariant, but only in small degree variant, with the matter of discourse. Moreover, this itself alters not nearly so much on passing to the three as on passing from member to member of the four. The general theme of Romans, for instance, is much closer akin to Ephesians and Colossians than to

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either of Corinthians; while Galatians is quite as far from these twain as they are from Philippians.

So much, at least, may be affirmed with confidence: that the path of investigation here struck into leads to the gravest doubts as to the genuineness of any of the three compositions in question. When this round of research shall have been extended into the region of the notional elements of style, and fulfilled in the domain of the notions themselves, perhaps there may no longer be left ground for reserve of judgment.

CONRAD MASCOL.

TABLE OF AVERAGES.

	R.	1 *C.*	2 *C.*	*G.*	*Av.*	*E.*	*Ph.*	*C.*	
Sentences,	12.7	15.0	10.3	13.2	13.0	6.0	9.0	6.0	A
½ Total Preps.,	14.5	9.1	14.0	13.2	12.3	15.8	14.2	16.2	B
⅓ Total Particles,	10.3	12.4	7.5	9.4	11 1	4.6	6.9	4.0	C
Total Negatives,	10.2	12.7	9.9	10.9	11.0	3.8	4.2	3.8	D
καί and *τέ*,	9.7	10.3	11.3	8.1	10.1	15.0	17 0	16.3	E
Periods,	9.0	12 0	8.8	11.4	9.9	6.0	9.0	6.0	F
Total Participles,	9 5	7.0	10.7	10.1	9.0	12.5	8.7	12.7	G
Preps. (save *ἐν*),	11.0	5.6	10 0	10.5	8.9	8.8	8.7	8.9	H
Obj. Negs.,	6.6	8.6	6.7	6.8	7.3	1.4	2.8	1.3	I
ἐν,	6.3	7 2	8.0*	5.5	6.9	14.4	11.0	14.7	J
δέ,	5 8	8.1	4.1	6.9	6.5	2.0	4.3	0.5	K
Colons,	6.0	6.3	5.8	5 6	5.9	2.6	4 3	3.8	L
γάρ,	6.0	4.5	4.7	4.5	5.0	1 2	2.3	1.0	M
διά and *ἐκ*,	6 0	3.1	4.4	6.8	4.7	5 5	3.5	4 3	N
Parts. (unarticled),	4.7	3 2	6.5	5.1	4.7	8.0	7.0	10 5	O
εἰς and *ἐπί*,	5.7	2.5	5.8	4.8	4.5	5.5	5.2	4.3	P
Parts. (articled),	4.7	3.7	4.1	5.0	4 3	4.2	1.7	2 2	Q
Hypothetics,	3 1	5.0	2.9	3.6	3.8	0.5	2.3	1.3	R
Subj. Negs,	3.7	4.1	3.2	3.0	3.6	2.3	1.3	2.5	S
κατά, *ὑπέρ*, *πρός*,	1.9	2.5	5.8	3.8	3.6	5.5	3 5	4.3	T
Misc. Preps.,	2.1	3.2	3.8	5 6	3 6	3.6	4.7	5.0	U
Total Infins.,	3.2	3.8	3.4	3 4	3.5	3.3	6.7	1.7	V
ἀλλά,	2.9	3.0	4.1	2.9	3.2	1.5	2 5	0.5	W
ὅτι, etc.,	2.8	3.1	3.2	4.0	3.1	1.5	3.5	1.5	X
Questions,	3.7	4.0	1.5	1.9	3.0	0.1	0.2	0.2	Y
Infins. (unarticled),	2.0	3.3	2.3	2.6	2.6	3.0	3.8	1.5	Z
εἰ-compounds,	1.7	3.4	2.1	1 8	2.4	0.5	2.2	1.0	a
ἵνά,	1.4	2 5	2 7	2.1	2.1	2.5	2 0	2.2	b
ὡς, *καθώς*,	1.6	2.6	2.5	1 3	2.1	2.5	1.7	2 0	c
Alternatives,	1.5	3 3	1 4	1.0	2.0	0.8	1.3	1.8	d
διό, etc.,	1.4	2.4	1.8	1 5	1.8	1.1	1 2	0.2	e
εἰ,	1.5	1.7	0.8	1.9	1.4	0.0	0.2	0.3	f
οὖν,	2.1	0.8	0.6	0.8	1.1	0.8	0.8	1.0	g
μέν, *ἄρα*,	1.4	1.1	0.7	1.1	1 1	0.1	1.2	0.2	h
Infins. (artic'ed),	1.2	0 8	1.1	0.8	0.9	0.3	2 8	0.2	i
ἐπεί- compounds,	1.0	0.6	0.4	1.0	0.7	0.0	0.2	0.0	j
πᾶς with Abstracts, and Double Genitives,	0.6	0.6	0.8	0.4	0 6	3.0	1 3	3 0	k
Genitives of Abstracts,	3.6	1.8	4.0	2.6	3.0	9 2	4.8	7.0	l
πᾶς,	2.7	4 5	3.3	2.0	3.3	5.8	5.7	6.5	m
⅓ Articles,	4.1	3.4	3.2	3.4	3.6	4.7	3.0	4.3	n

* Deduction, just and proper, has here been made for several *lists* in which *ἐν* is reiterated.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTE.— The writer of the following communication accompanies it with the following lines of explanation, addressed to the editor of this *Review:* —

I agree with you perfectly that we cannot afford to lose our heroes and saints, and that the idealization with which time inevitably invests them is good and wholesome "when it is not actual idolatry" The reason why I have been diffuse on the negative side is precisely because the exaltation of him by the great majority of our religious people *does* amount to idolatry. In their literature, it is constantly claimed by their clerical leaders, in speech and print, not only that he was without sin or even error, but that he was God. For the disciples of such teachers, every one of my Scriptural references to the mistakes of Jesus is needed. Those references will seem new and strange to the few of that class who will read them, because their Bible reading has always been through the spectacles of such commentators as Scott and Henry. But you see very well how little such references, even supposing them correctly stated by the reporters, detract from the eminent greatness and goodness which I heartily ascribe to Jesus of Nazareth.

CONCERNING JESUS.

One very remarkable feature of the teaching of Jesus was that he dared not only to question, but materially to modify, the religion of his time. Recognizing in it not only defect, but positive error, he made free criticism upon the system and its administrators and its founder, not only contradicting the traditions of the scribes and Pharisees, but modifying the code of the ten commandments given by Moses. To the pious people of his time he must have appeared as Luther did to the Roman Church, as Channing did to the New England clergy, as Parker did to the conservatives in Boston.

Of course he was opposed and maligned; and we are apt to ascribe this treatment mainly to those of the scribes and Pharisees who were hypocrites, devourers of widows' houses, etc. But it should be remembered that among the scribes and Pharisees were also the most truly devout and pious of the Jewish nation. They were disciples of Moses, feeling confident that his commands were the commands of God; and when Jesus presumed to allow what Moses had forbidden, and to forbid what he had commanded, these children of Abraham thought themselves

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bound to oppose and denounce him. Believing themselves representatives of the only true religion, their allegiance to Moses necessarily led them to oppose and denounce him who contradicted Moses. Believing the prophetic declarations of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Amos, that a son of David would arise to sit on the throne of David, deliver his people from foreign oppressors, collect them in the land of Palestine, and maintain them there in peace and prosperity, they were necessarily indignant to see the Messianic name claimed by one who declined to execute the Messianic function; who forbade his followers to fight, and required submission instead of resistance to Roman oppression. Thus it inevitably came to pass that Jesus was discountenanced and opposed by the best as well as the worst portion of the Jewish nation.

This attitude on the part of devout Jews will not seem strange if we consider how sweeping were the pretensions of Jesus. Claiming to be bearer of an authoritative message from God, he demanded, first, belief in himself as the Divine messenger, and then repentance for sin and a change of life in accordance with his further directions. The first injunction of Jesus to a new disciple was to *follow him* in preaching repentance for sin and a speedy coming of the kingdom of heaven, leaving a bread-winning occupation if the disciple had one, or, if he were rich, selling his property for the relief of the poor. The poor and needy, the suffering, the despised, the sinful, were special objects of interest and sympathy to Jesus; and his friendly intimacy with those classes was one of the most common reproaches made against him by the scribes and Pharisees. He also treated women with the same consideration as men, and gave no countenance to the Mosaic doctrine of their inferiority.

The prominent characteristic of the ministry of Jesus was self-sacrificing labor for the good of others, physically and spiritually. Next to the love of God our Father, the chief duty he taught was the love of all men as brothers, and the help of all who were in need. His disciples were to be patient and submissive even under insult and injury, and were to forgive and love even their enemies.

The first duty, love to God our Father, was to be shown by obedience; and obedience was, first, repentance and reformation, such as the Prodigal Son exhibited; and, next, help and comfort to those in need, such as was given by the Good Samaritan.

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Under this new dispensation, sacrifices, rites, and ceremonies of worship, holy places and holy days, and outward observances of every kind were discarded as unnecessary. When Jesus visited the temple and the synagogues, it was not to join in the ritual observances there, but to teach his new doctrine.

His sharpest rebukes were given to the self-righteous and sanctimonious. The poor and ignorant sinners he accosted with friendly sympathy, seeking to attract, that he might reform them. He counselled following the dictates of the individual conscience in regard to right and wrong, instead of taking traditions, oral or written, as the chief authority. He forbade prayer in public and conspicuous fasting,— customs much in vogue among the Pharisees,— and forbade the taking of oaths, though the third commandment of the decalogue allowed it. He enjoined non-resistance to injuries and to those who inflicted them. He refused to be defended by the sword, and prayed for those who betrayed and crucified him.

He praised poverty, irrespective of its causes, and censured wealth, irrespective of the mode of its acquisition. He not only called men away from their self-supporting occupations, but when they "followed him," and went out to preach his gospel, he expressly enjoined that they should go without purse or scrip, and depend entirely for subsistence on the hospitality of those to whom they preached. And here, as in other things, his example corresponded with his precept. Teaching his hearers to take no thought for food or clothing, and saying frankly to those who offered to follow him that he had neither home nor property, he took no wife, had no settled habitation, and was, during his whole ministry, "without visible means of support."

He was not, however, an ascetic, like John the Baptist; and he gave no countenance to such "withdrawal from the world" as hermits, monks, and nuns have practised. He lived among the people, and ate and drank, as he enjoined his disciples to eat and drink, such things as were offered, whether at the table of rich or poor. The Gospels tell us not only that he drank wine with his disciples and others, but that he made it in abundance for a festive occasion.

Enjoining not merely non-resistance to the evil-doer, but patient submission to robbery and personal violence, Jesus gave no recognition to what are now called the rights of man; none to the claim of the weak for protection against injury by the

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strong; none to the duties of citizenship; none to the need of mental culture, science, art, invention. All these things, now considered highly important by Christian ministers and people, Jesus passed by as utterly unworthy of attention. How are we to interpret his disregard of matters now deemed essential to the welfare of civilized society? How are we to explain the fact that Jesus not only enjoined neglect of provision for food, clothing, and shelter, but fortified this teaching by his example during the whole course of his public life?

The explanation of these peculiarities of the teaching and practice of Jesus seems to be that he really expected a coming of the kingdom of heaven, and a supernatural overthrow of the kingdoms of this world, during the lifetime of the generation to whom he spoke. Sooner or later, within that time (the precise date being known only to the Father), he, the only begotten Son, would come in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory, attended by angels, who would divide all mankind into two classes, the righteous and the wicked, thenceforth to remain permanently separated.

This expectation of Jesus, that a supernatural overturn of all existing civil and social arrangements was speedily approaching, seems to explain his prohibition of methods of thinking and living which now are not only systematically practised by all who call themselves his followers, but are systematically defended by the ministers who call themselves Christian. Earnest solicitude about provision for food, clothing, and shelter, active effort to lay up treasures on earth, vigorous resistance to evil and the evil-doer, vindication of popular rights against tyrannical rulers, are now not only the custom and the accepted rule among Christian men, but are enjoined as duties by Christian ministers. This course would be correct if they would candidly acknowledge that the precepts of Jesus concerning these matters were intended only for the generation to whom he spoke, and were never designed for our time. But since our teachers simultaneously with their practice and advocacy of customs directly opposite to the injunctions of Jesus claim for him not only supreme authority, but perfect immunity from error and mistake, it becomes necessary to speak plainly of such of his ideas as facts have proved to be erroneous.

Not only has no such inauguration of "the kingdom of heaven" appeared, as he promised, within the lifetime of some who heard

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him, not only has no reign of peace and discontinuance of war occurred since the coming of him whom they call "Prince of Peace," but much of the most satisfactory progress of our race since his time has come through disregard of his injunctions. He required submission and obedience to tyrannical rulers as a duty to God. We, including the Christian ministry, find that God is better served and our own true welfare better promoted by overthrowing tyrants, and establishing a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people." He enjoined non-resistance to injurious treatment, even amounting to personal enslavement. We have found the system of slavery so pernicious to the community and to each of its component classes as to necessitate the thorough extirpation of it, even by the use of violence. He seemed regardless of all education except that of the conscience. We find that God is best served by the thorough cultivation of *all* the powers he has given us,— those of the body and mind as well as of the soul. We cultivate art, science, invention, search after truth in all the departments of human welfare, and we find our race made better as well as wiser through these courses of action.

It is no extreme disparagement of a man eminently great and good to say that he made some mistakes, and fell into some errors of judgment. But, when his partisans contradict obvious facts by claiming for him infallibility and perfection, it is needful that the mistakes he made be plainly pointed out.

I have already spoken of the *great* error into which Jesus fell: the expectation of a speedy inauguration of the kingdom of heaven under his administration, with a final judgment of all mankind, separating them permanently into two classes, the righteous and the wicked. Some other mistakes of his are the following:—

He directed his disciples to search the scriptures (meaning, of course, the Hebrew scriptures), saying not only that they testified of him, but that Moses wrote of him. We have those writings as they existed in his time; but there is no good reason to believe that any chronicler, prophet, or psalmist either foresaw or spoke of such a person as Jesus, and it is certain that no allusion to him is to be found either in what Moses actually wrote or in the five books which tradition attributes to him.

Jesus declared that, in that kingdom of God which was speedily to appear, his twelve apostles (including Judas Iscariot) should

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sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel. The promised second coming remains unfulfilled; and nobody now supposes that Judas either has had or will have the promised exaltation.

Jesus declared that whatever petition any two of his disciples agreed together to ask should certainly be granted; also, that whatever any one of them should ask, believing, should be granted; also, that the power of working miracles should be given to all who believed in him. None of these promises have been fulfilled.

Some of the declarations attributed to Jesus in the gospel narratives are inconsistent with others resting on the same authority. Thus, after protesting against tradition, and calling the scribes and Pharisees (the chief upholders of tradition) "blind guides," "hypocrites," and "vipers," he commands his disciples: "Whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do." He is represented as saying, "No one cometh to the Father but by me"; and yet his beautiful parable of the Prodigal Son teaches a direct return of sinners to the Father, without seeking or needing a mediator. He declared to his disciples that the kingdom of heaven would be introduced within their lifetime by himself, coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory, as obvious as lightning to the eyes of all men. He even said to the priests and scribes before whom he was brought for trial, "*Ye* shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven." And yet he also said, "The kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation"; "the kingdom of heaven is within you." He promised pardon of sin to believers, and yet he also said that God would render to every man according to his works, a method absolutely incompatible with that division of mankind into sheep and goats — one set all good, the other all bad — which he elsewhere announced as the Divine arrangement.

The best observers of human nature find reason to believe that there is something good in all men, even the worst. On the other hand, observation and experience unite to assure us that few lives, if any, are free from error. The conflict between flesh and spirit, of which Paul so pathetically complained, is still felt and acknowledged by the most saint-like people of our time, as it has been by those of all the intervening centuries. The division of the whole human race, then, into goats and sheep at any particular time, one class received into permanent happiness and the

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other condemned to permanent misery, seems the most improbable of all things, being irreconcilable with either justice or goodness in God, and also inconsistent with those qualities which we most highly venerate in Jesus. We know that people are constantly passing from this mortal life to the next stage of existence in all degrees and varieties of impenitent sin. Since it was this very class that Jesus, during his mortal life, was most anxious to help and to save, we may rationally feel confident that his character will not be so changed, and changed for the worse, as to care nothing for sin and suffering in the future state. We may reasonably expect that he, with all other philanthropic souls, will seek to help and to save there no less than they did here; and it would be irreverent and blasphemous to assume that God, our Father, will *ever* cease to welcome repentance and reformation.

Considering the uncertainty of the authorship as well as date of the Gospels, and the probability of error in the record of traditions penned from thirty to sixty years after the period described, we cannot wonder at the amount of error and inconsistency there incorporated with the wisdom of Jesus. How much of the error is his, and how much that of the reporters, cannot probably now be discovered.

If now it be asked, Why should we interfere to rectify the exaggerations now current concerning Jesus? the answer is that in his case they transcend saintship and amount to idolatry. By the great majority of people in all lands called Christian, Jesus is assumed to be not only *The Christ* of Hebrew prophecy, but also God, the Supreme Being, the Lord of heaven and earth, to whom chiefly worship and obedience are due. So thoroughly has this sentiment permeated Christendom that Henry Ward Beecher merely voiced the popular opinion when he declared that to him Christ was God, and that God the Father seemed to him only a dim and shadowy effluence. When the official teachers of religion take this ground, it is quite time to bring forward such testimony as the New Testament itself contains of the manifest difference between the Sovereign and his messenger. If Jesus prayed to the "Lord of heaven and earth," addressing him as "my God," calling him also "my Father," and instructing his disciples to call him "Our Father," can he approve of our transferring our worship from his Father to himself?

I repeat, to say of a man eminently great and good that he

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fell into some errors of judgment is surely no great reproach. Nevertheless, such claims of infallible wisdom have been made for Jesus by the religious teachers of Christendom, that criticism of him, even to this extent, will seem to many people irreverent and calumnious. Still, having firm confidence that truth is better than error, and that it will ultimately prevail, we need not fear to seek it diligently, to hold it fast when found, and openly to declare it.

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

REFORM IN THE REPRESENTATIVE SYSTEM.

Students of political institutions complain that only great emergencies develop anything like great leadership in our system of politics. In the practical working of both our national and State governments, they say, the care of public interests is left to men who have made no adequate study of social and political institutions; who are inexperienced in practical legislation; who seek political preferment for its honors and emoluments; who make politics a means for advancing their own personal interests. The want of leadership, on the one hand, in the ordinary emergencies of government, and the want of sufficient knowledge and experience, on the other, among many of those who are intrusted with legislative powers, are evils for which both philosophers and statesmen wish a remedy.

To correct one of them at least, a recent writer ("G. B.") has urgently advocated the admission of the President's cabinet to the debates and deliberations of Congress. The professed object of this is to supply the present want of leadership in the House, occasioned by the distribution of its work among forty-two or forty-three committees. Unquestionably, a few able leaders could give more unity, directness, and expedition to the business of Congress, and without doubt also the presence of the cabinet, with power to influence the action of Congress, would effect some very desirable ends. But at the same time it would increase the power and influence of the executive to such an extent as to counteract many of the checks which the separation of the legislative from the executive function of government is designed to supply. No doubt the present system of innumerable committees is anarchical and unmanageable; and no doubt also the executive, being most familiar with the practical wants of public business,

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should have some means of bringing the attention of Congress to the pressing and immediate consideration of the most important matters, if the absence of organizing leadership in the legislative power only delays and confuses the action of government. But the very fact urged in favor of cabinet representation — namely, the want of adequate leadership on the floors of Congress — shows how much the influence of the executive upon legislation would be increased by cabinet representation. There would be few guarantees against the dangerous growth of centralized and executive government. We admit, however, that the scheme, with proper qualifications, has some very commendable features. But, even if it were free from objections, it would require to be supplemented by other constitutional provisions, upon which we cannot enter at present. The want, however, which it is intended to supply has suggested to us a reform in our representative system, which is also a modification of the English system, and which will insure opportunities for able political leaders, and encourage such moral and political independence as a representative is entitled to have, if his knowledge and experience qualify him for the possession of power at all.

In the representative system of Great Britain, a member of Parliament may be chosen from any borough or district in the kingdom, and requires only that he be a citizen of the country at large. Practice and custom may impose some qualifications upon the actual working of this system, but its general character and purpose are as we have represented it. The system, the general principle of which we commend for the United States, may be comprehended in the following three provisions: *first*, that candidates for the United States Senate may stand for election from any State in the Union without reference to their place of residence in the country; *second*, that candidates for the House of Representatives shall, as at present, be confined to the State from which they are elected, but will be allowed to stand for any Congressional district in that State without reference to their place of residence in the State; *third*, that candidates for either house in the State legislatures may stand for any district in their State without regard to anything but their citizenship of that State.

The difference between the first and second of these provisions, as students of constitutional questions will readily remark, is designed as a concession to the fundamental principle of our

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government, a compromise between central and local interests; while in both of them the enlargement of the constituencies before which candidates can appear increases the opportunities for leading men to serve their country, and confers a premium upon political sincerity, consistency, and independence. We shall not enter into any consideration whether present constitutional provisions make such a system possible or not. Whatever they may or may not permit, it is certain that practice does not conform to the policy we have outlined. Hence we shall discuss it solely upon its merits. Under the present system, a change of constituency requires the removal of a man's business, which is often an impossibility, or involves a larger sacrifice than can be expected, the lapse of some time to obtain a resident citizenship, and perhaps a longer time for identifying himself with local interests and cultivating the special favor of the electorate by other means than the knowledge, experience, and abilities of a statesman.

The advantages of the scheme we have suggested will be evident when we have remarked the evils which attend the existing system. At present, a representative can seek no adequate vindication of political independence. He is at the mercy of a single constituency. His whole course must be shaped for its support. There would be no objection to this if only the support or opposition of such a constituency were always the spontaneous expression of its own will. But politics is everywhere a game of balances, and often the balance of power is held by electors who can be either corrupted or deceived; and hence corporate interests can use their power in such cases against every representative who will not serve them. A man above reproach, who will not sacrifice the larger interests of the country for his personal gain or for the interest of a class, may be easily deprived of his power and influence by concentrating opposition upon the only constituency before which he can appear. To re-enforce this possibility, we have a great superstition: that a political defeat after once holding an office, or while holding it, must mean political retirement, generally permanent. As soon, therefore, as a man becomes obnoxious to some particular interest, it may combine all its forces to defeat him and to elect a more subservient representative; and the defeated party is allowed no opportunity for vindication before another electorate. A man whose duties are connected almost solely with federal and national interests ought to have some right of appeal when a political accident or political corruption has

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deprived him of power. If it were his business only to uphold local interests against all others, it would be a different question. But, when his position requires of him some support for interests that are larger than merely local, he ought to enjoy some freedom from the pressure of those influences which never see, or never care for, the more general principles of public policy and justice, or he ought to be able to appear before some constituency that is willing to respect a political conscience.

At present, with no possibility of obtaining the support of any but a single electoral district, a Senator or Representative is in a constant conflict between his public duties and his interests, with no prospect of adequate reward for pursuing his duty and sacrificing his personal interests. Hence the present system of representation, according undue power to all agencies which can concentrate their influence upon the small balance of power in a single constituency, and giving comparative finality to any verdict which their influence can purchase, is a premium upon lobbying and corruption, or it allows the consequences of an accident to be entirely too great. It accords far greater advantages to the dishonest forces of politics than to moral courage and a truly disinterested statesmanship. There are plenty of men who would sacrifice opportunities for wealth and devote themselves unreservedly to the welfare of their country, content with the study of politics and the exercise of a statesman's powers and duties, if only they could be assured of any reasonable chances for support, or of getting the public to see and appreciate disinterestedness. But men of high character and with the purposes of statesmen will not sacrifice their integrity or their usefulness to a system which will not respect moral courage, or tolerate convictions that are on the face of them public-spirited and honest. They will remain by preference in private life. As it is, a man's whole public conduct may have to be a contradiction merely to conciliate the favor of his constituency. But a man who can rise no higher than the fluctuating balances of local caprice and prejudice, or who has to live in perpetual fear of pressure which is not the spontaneous expression of his constituents' will, is in many cases, if not in most, a man whose political principles can be tampered with by all those interests that seek special favor from legislation. It is the man whose convictions and conduct are independent of this kind of pressure that ought to be regarded as the safest person to intrust with power. But

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the present system does not favor this. It offers all its prizes for political obsequiousness and none for political independence. It is a system, therefore, which gives political virtue little opportunity to survive in the struggle for honor and power.

We could increase the interest in the question, and give more directness to the argument, by referring to numerous instances in the history of this country which would forcibly illustrate the need of the policy we have suggested. But, in addition to the exhaustive discussion which they would require in order to make them fully appreciated, they would be seen in that partisan spirit, and would most likely invoke that kind of comment and criticism, which are entirely irrelevant to the real issues of the problem. We shall be content, therefore, to select an instance outside of our own politics, and which none can fail to appreciate. We refer to the case of Mr. Gladstone. That great statesman could never have led the career in this country which he has led in England. Unquestionably, a man of his abilities, both as a statesman and as a party leader, would make his influence felt in any country. Unquestionably, he would anywhere occupy a high place in the councils of party and the estimation of a people. But it would be at the expense of the two most important elements in the fame, the character, and the influence of Mr. Gladstone. Those two elements are his undoubted sincerity amid all the changes of political policy and opinion which mark his eventful life, and the vast power which his freedom, and his exemption from the consequences of local prejudice, of accident, or of the concentrated efforts of opponents to compel his retirement, accord to him for educating a people in moral and political truth, or for sustaining his position until the course of events has vindicated his judgment. These are advantages which cannot be lightly considered. Without them, a statesman can only follow in the wake of public opinion, with no power to guide the fortuitous and blundering course which it is certain to take unless it has a superior leader, although he may be perfectly conscious of the proper policy to reach the goal by a shorter way. With the possibility of resigning his seat in Parliament when differing from his constituents, and yet seeking a re-election where his political policy could be supported, Mr. Gladstone has enjoyed the very necessary power of proving the sincerity of his political convictions, and of retaining his political influence at the same time.

We have no machinery in our system adequate to the attain-

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ment of this end. A representative has every facility that he might enjoy elsewhere for proving his sincerity or his independence of party, but the chances are that he must sacrifice his power and influence for it. The only place where political independence counts for anything, or enjoys any adequate immunity from effective persecution, is among the voters. It is at least equally important that representatives should enjoy a similar immunity. But they do not. Every exhibition of independence is a risk. If they offend their constituents by taking larger views of public questions, they can expect neither a retention of their power nor a vindication of their sincerity. It is a remarkable and significant fact that no man resigns his seat in Congress on the ground that he differs from his constituency in opinion, when the course of events has compelled him to modify the party views upon which he was elected. Great emphasis ought to be laid upon this fact. For it indicates very distinctly the absence of that freedom and power which every legislator ought to possess. In England, a member of Parliament, if he finds his views on an important public and party policy at variance with the will of the borough electing him, can resign his seat and appear before another constituency for a reinvestiture of power. In such a case, a man is not the servant of those merely personal interests that are connected with public office, but he is able to elevate principle above expediency, or to prove that his convictions are not assumed in a political emergency to protect his private interest, as a representative, behind the support of an electorate whose opinions he ought to influence as well as obey. In other words, the English system puts political honesty at least upon equal terms with demagogy and subserviency to the superstition of party infallibility. But in this country the resignation of a seat in Congress, on such a ground as we have indicated, would mean, we suspect in every instance, absolute retirement from politics, and the sacrifice of all the power and opportunities which a reinstatement would confer upon moral earnestness, independence, and disinterested convictions. As it is, a statesman must await the developments of the future before unequivocally declaring himself. In the mean time, he can only be the pliant instrument, consciously or unconsciously, of party necessities which may be determined more by interests than by principles. His conscience must be pliable to every form of equivocation and obsequiousness, if he is to rest secure in the confidence of his party, or retain what little influence he may pos-

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sess as a legislator. The result is that the profoundest students of political institutions, and statesmen of an independent character, are debarred from position and power, while their places are taken by that subservient, and often utterly ignorant or unprincipled, class of legislators which we everywhere stigmatize as "politicians."

The situation is a grave one, and demands consideration and a remedy. It is true that the evil is made worse by the phenomenal ignorance of American electorates on the social, economical, and political questions upon which they are called to pronounce judgment, while their power is as great as if they were governed by intelligence in their votes. This offers a splendid feast of carrion for demagogues. The extent to which they presume upon that ignorance is exemplified in every political campaign. This is known and realized by every thinking man. Upon it we cannot comment here, farther than to remark the proof it presents, that a system is required which, while retaining a man's responsibility to his constituents, shall guarantee statesmen of the highest character some opportunity to vindicate themselves against all influences that operate to deprive the country of their services.

Of course, no remedy will be complete which does not go to the root of the matter and elevate the intelligence of the voter. But this cannot be done as long as demagogy and political obsequiousness are accorded the largest share of advantages in the struggle for power and influence. The policy which will go a long way towards making possible political education by those whose consciences are above the tricks of the politician is that which secures as much freedom of opinion and action to representatives as is possessed by the electorate. For by this means alone can any adequate encouragement be given to men who are willing to give their services unreservedly to their country, and whose integrity, independence, and non-partisan devotion to public interests ought to be protected against the contingencies of accident and conspiracy. It is a policy which will multiply the opportunities of able men in proportion to the number of constituencies before whom they can appear for a grant of power, while it cautions local interests against an abuse of their influence by ingratitude to public servants.

These are no small advantages to be gained. But chief among them would be that in which patronage would be made to play a less important part in politics. A man who seeks the suffrages

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of a community in which a purely personal following is a subordinate factor must rely for support upon the justice of his cause, upon his intelligence and appeal to principles, and not upon any political favors that he might bestow. He must stand largely, if not wholly, upon his merits as a public trustee of power. The elevating character which this would give to politics in this country cannot be exaggerated. It is of the very essence of that reform which is becoming more and more apparent to the intelligence of all parties; namely, that a man who has been faithful to the duties of his office and who refuses to be the servant of "lobbies," of "trusts," of corporations and special interests, against the general rights of the public, shall be retained in power, and shall not be placed at the mercy of a political retirement which has not been justly deserved.

J. H. Hyslop

LITERARY CRITICISM.

GOETHE AT LEIPZIG.

The residence of Goethe as a student at Leipzig was in many respects a crisis in the life of the poet. It is always a critical period in the life of a youth when he quits the shelter of his childhood's home and enters on collegiate life.

Goethe had expressed a preference for Göttingen, then the foremost, although the youngest of German universities. But the old-fashioned father preferred the older institution, and insisted on Leipzig.

Leipzig, then the largest inland city of Germany, boasted itself a second Paris; as the roystering student in Auerbach's *Keller* in the first part of *Faust* says,—

> "Mein Leipzig lob' ich mir,
> Es ist ein klein Paris und bildet seine Leute."

The change from the antiquated traditions of Frankfort to the fashionable life of Leipzig caused him some annoyance. His clothes, though of rich material, wanted the modish cut required by the local tailors; and his language had an archaic sound. These defects were remedied: his costly wardrobe was exchanged, not without a considerable pecuniary sacrifice, for more stylish habiliments, his tongue soon accommodated itself to the requirements of the Leipzig ear, and his social successes seem to have been all that he could desire.

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It is doubtful if he added much to his intellectual attainments by his attendance on the lectures of the professors, whatever he may have gained by private study. But he learned to understand and appreciate the native bent of his mind, which tended to observation of fact, to the study of nature, of art and life, and revolted against all introversive and metaphysical pursuits.

"I attended my *Collegia* [lectures] at first diligently and faithfully. Philosophy, however, failed utterly to enlighten me. As to logic, it seemed to me strange that I should take to pieces, isolate, and as it were destroy those operations of the mind which from youth up I had performed with the greatest ease, in order to a right understanding of their use.

"As it regards matter [*dem Dinge*], the world, and God, I believed that I knew about as much as the teacher; and, in more than one place, there seemed to me to be a mighty hitch. Nevertheless, all went on in tolerable order until toward Lent, when, in the neighborhood of Professor Winkler, in Thomas Place, just at the hour of the lecture, the most delicious pancakes, fresh from the griddle, made their appearance, which made us so late that our note-books grew thinner and thinner, and the last of them toward spring melted away and was lost together with the snow."

This confession of distaste for intellectual philosophy agrees with other known utterances of Goethe. He says, "I never cared to think about thinking." And in one of his conversations he declared, "I have metaphysics enough to last me till my blessed end, and I *could* do without any."

It is necessary to bear in mind this characteristic of Goethe's mind in order to appreciate the satire of that curious episode in the first part of *Faust* — the interview between Mephistopheles and the young scholar who comes to consult with Faust about entering college. Faust refuses to see him. Mephistopheles, disguised in Faust's gown and cap, receives and entertains the innocent youth. He recommends to him ironically precisely the studies which Goethe disliked: —

"My dear friend, I recommend to you first *Collegium Logicum*. By that your mind will be properly trained, buckled in Spanish boots, so that in future it may creep more deliberately along the path of thought, and not run this way and that way, backward and forward, like an *ignis fatuus*. Then you will often be taught that what formerly you performed with one stroke freely, like eating and drinking, requires a deliberate one, two, three.

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"To be sure, it is with the fabric of thought as it is with a weaver's masterpiece, where one tread moves a thousand threads: the shuttles shoot across and across, the threads flow unseen; one stroke makes thousand connections. Then comes the philosopher, and proves to you that it must be so: that the first is so, and the second so, and therefore the third and fourth must be so; and that, had it not been for the first and second, the third and fourth could never have been. That is praised by scholars everywhere, *but they have not become weavers.*"

"He who would understand and describe the living subject seeks first to drive out from it the spirit. Then he has the component parts in his hand; but, alas! the spiritual band that connects them is wanting. . . .

"Afterwards, first of all you must apply yourself to Metaphysics. Then look to it that with deep thought you seize what does not fit the human brain. Some magnificent word will serve for what goes into it and what does not go in."

A far more important confession than that of dislike to metaphysical study connects itself with Goethe's residence in Leipzig. It relates to his renunciation of all ecclesiastical interest, his complete withdrawal from the Church. Goethe's nature was essentially religious. He was religious in the sense in which Saint Paul characterizes the religion of the Athenians: he was δεισιδαιμονέστερος. His religion was mixed with what we call superstition, of which there are curious instances in his biography. But Goethe was dissatisfied with all ecclesiastical connections; and he endeavors, not very satisfactorily, I think, to explain and justify his divorce from the Church.

Apropos to his complaint that Gellert, of whom he speaks with the greatest reverence and affection, failed to exercise on him the religious influence which he might have done, he says, "I take this opportunity to recall something from my early youth to make it apparent that the great interests of ecclesiastical religion should be treated more connectedly and systematically, in order to yield the fruit which might be expected of them."

"The Protestant religion," he says, "has too little fulness and system to keep the congregation together: consequently, it may easily happen that members separate themselves from it, and either form small congregations or without any ecclesiastical connection lead their civil life quietly side by side. Hence, it was long ago complained that the number of church-goers diminished

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from year to year, and in the same proportion those who cared for the Lord's Suppers. In regard to both topics of complaint, the cause lies very near; but who will venture to declare it? We will attempt it." He proceeds to explain that Protestantism has too few sacraments,—properly speaking, but one, the Lord's Supper; for in the matter of baptism the Protestant is either an unconscious subject or only a passive spectator. But sacraments are the supreme thing in religion, the visible symbol of a divine favor and grace. But a sacrament ought not to stand alone. No Christian can really enjoy it unless the symbolic or sacramental feeling is nourished in him. He must be accustomed to regard the internal religion of the heart and that of the external church as entirely one, as the great universal sacrament which divides itself into many parts, and to all these parts communicates its sanctity, its indestructibility, its eternity. He then proceeds to show, by a beautiful description of the way in which the Catholic Church touches the individual life at every point from the cradle to the grave, that Catholicism answers this demand as Protestantism does not, breaking up as the latter does this beautiful spiritual whole into fragments, declaring many of the Catholic symbols to be apocryphal, and accepting a few of them only as canonical.

How much importance Goethe really attached to the Catholic ritual and discipline is a question. We may be permitted to doubt if in his secret heart he cared much for it. It is certain that he could never have been a Roman Catholic. It is amusing even to think of him as submitting himself to priestly control, and ordering his life in conformity with the requirements of the visible Church. The statement must be regarded as mere speculation, and, as such, be classed with other speculations of a mind that studied with curious interest every phase and aspect of life as something foreign from himself, and interesting him only as a part of the phenomenal world.

He closes the foregoing confession with a reference to his own boyish experience, by which he justifies his estrangement from the Church.

As a child, he had received the usual religious instruction from the family clergyman. He knew his catechism, with all the Bible passages relating to it, by heart; but, when at the close of these studies he was to be examined, he was disgusted by learning that the examination was conducted according to an old

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traditional form. He read what was expected from a paper lent him by an older friend, concealed in his hat. When the time of confirmation came, he was again discouraged by the humdrum, heartless manner in which the matter was conducted. A confession by the candidate was a part of the ceremony. He would liked to have made an honest confession of his religious doubts and difficulties; but the formalities he encountered discouraged him, and he read from a book a formal confession, the first that came to hand, received the customary absolution, and was accepted as a confirmed member of the church, partaking of the sacrament of the communion with his parents on the following Sunday.

Soon after, a period of great religious distress succeeded. Earlier in life, the saying of Paul, that "he who partakes of the Lord's Supper unworthily, eats and drinks damnation to himself," had made a terrible impression on him. This now returned to his mind and caused torturing anxiety; for who could count himself worthy to partake of the sacrament? Forgiveness of sins was promised, but the forgiveness was conditioned in many ways; and who could feel safe in appropriating it to himself?

It is curious to think of Goethe, as we know him, suffering these torments of conscience. "This gloomy scruple," he says, "tormented me so, and the answer which was usually made to it seemed so bald and weak, only giving new authority to the terrible fear, that as soon as I reached Leipzig I sought to separate myself entirely from all ecclesiastical connection. . . . And at last I left this strange distress of conscience, together with church and altar, completely behind me."

Goethe made valuable acquaintances among distinguished men in Leipzig, outside of the professorial staff. He made a visit to Dresden, where he studied art in the choicest specimens which Germany could offer, and had some curious experiences. But, when we ask what was the net gain of his three years in Leipzig, we shall find it to be not so much enlarged literary acquirements as increased knowledge of the world, and, more and better than that, increased knowledge of himself. It was an intellectual regeneration. He had passed from childhood to manhood.

His pedantic father was sorely disappointed. He had expected that his Wolfang would have "*promovirt*," and taken his degree of Doctor of Law. Instead of that, the son returned to Frankfort a helpless invalid. Improper diet and irregular habits had brought on a disease of the throat from which he was long in

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recovering. And, when he did recover, his Leipzig experience lay behind him like a dream, less vivid in his memory (at least it seemed so in the "Aus meinem Leben") than the years of his boyhood.

F. H. H.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Book of Psalms; or, The Praises of Israel. A New Translation, with Commentary. By the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, M.A., D.D. Thomas Whittaker.

In our October issue, we quoted, under "Recent Foreign Books," from the eulogistic notice of Professor Cheyne's admirable volume by Professor J. Estlin Carpenter. We are happy, now that an American edition has been brought out by Mr. Whittaker, to be able to call our readers' attention again to one of the most thoroughly enjoyable and profitable volumes in the study of the Bible which have appeared for a long time. The translation is the same as that included in the "Parchment Library" four years ago, with numerous corrections not materially affecting the style. The translator's aim was to reveal more sufficiently than does the Revised Version "the thoughtful, radiant beauty of Hebrew poetry." To reproduce this in our tongue, an "independent, individual effort" is necessary; but the person must also have the poetic sensibility and the wide culture which distinguish Professor Cheyne. He has deviated often from the Masoretic text, to correct its obvious corruptions and to supply its defects. The result is usually a vast improvement upon the more literal translations of modern scholars and often upon the versions read in the churches. The beauty and true significance of these Praises of Israel are brought home to one emphatically when we put aside for a moment the even too familiar common version, with all its excellences, and read, for instance, the noble eighth psalm, put into language new and for that very reason impressive: —

"Jehovah, our Lord,
How glorious is thy name in all the earth!
Whose majesty is raised above the heavens.
With the mouth of little children and sucklings hast thou founded a stronghold
Because of thy foes,
To still the enemy and the revengeful.
When I behold the heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon and the stars which thou didst establish,
What is mortal man, that thou art mindful of him,
And the son of the earth-born, that thou visitest him?
Yea, thou madest him scarce less than gods,
And didst crown him with honor and with state,
And madest him to rule over the works of thy hands.
All things hast thou put under his feet,—
Sheep and oxen, all of them,
Moreover the beasts of the plain,
The fowl of the heaven and the fish of the sea,
That which traverses the paths of the seas.
Jehovah, our Lord,
How glorious is thy name in all the earth!"

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Dr. Cheyne's method is to preface each psalm with a brief introduction on its general characteristics and to follow it with notes on each verse that can be elucidated by comparison with other psalms or with the literature of any time and country to which the translator's extensive reading has led him. Thus in the notes on Ps. viii., Job and Paul, Shelley, Milton, and Dante are quoted in exposition of the thought; and the notes often take a wider range. Thus illustrated, the Psalms take on a new and more living interest, connected as they are with the aspirations of all mankind. Critical notes justifying the translation occupy some forty pages at the end of the book, but the larger theological and critical questions will be handled in the Bampton lecture of next year. But, on the matter of the Davidic authorship of Psalms, Professor Cheyne notes Ewald's acknowledgment of only eleven entire psalms and some fragments as Davidic, and declares that "the probability is that Ewald's is the most conservative view of the headings at present tenable." He neither indorses this view nor attaches any special weight to Ewald's authority. Awaiting with interest Dr. Cheyne's Lectures, we trust that many will make a closer acquaintance with the Praises of Israel through this fine translation and its admirable notes.

History of the Christian Church. By Philip Schaff. Vol. VI. Modern Christianity. The German Reformation, A.D. 1517-1530. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Dr. Schaff continues his learned and elaborate Church History with a volume on the Reformation in Germany, promising to bring out the concluding volume on the Middle Ages later. Luther, of course, is the central figure of the book before us, which is almost a new biography of the great reformer. But Dr. Schaff is not a blind worshipper of the foremost of German men. His conduct in the case of the bigamy of Philip of Hesse "admits of no justification." "Nothing can justify the spirit and style of Luther's polemics" in his controversy over the Eucharist, "especially his last book against the Sacramentarians." In the Peasants' War, "Luther had once for all committed himself against every kind of revolution and in favor of passive obedience.... The Lutheran Church has ever since been strictly conservative in politics and indifferent to the progress of civil liberty." Yet, "with all his faults, he is the greatest man that Germany produced and one of the very greatest in history." Dr. Schaff has told the story of the Reformation to Luther's death with that clearness and precision, that fulness of scholarship, and that scrupulous endeavor to be fair to all sects and systems from his own stand-point of moderate Orthodoxy which his readers have learned to expect; and his English style seems to us to have improved decidedly, although it has always been good. Decided Protestant as he is, many persons would do well to bear in mind his judgment on the Roman Catholic Church in controversy over our public school system: "For good and evil, she is the strongest conservative

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force in modern society; and there is every reason to believe that she will last to the end of time."

A characteristic example of Dr. Schaff's ample and exact scholarship will be found in the note on the origin of the famous sentence, "In necessariis unitas, in non-necessariis libertas, in omnibus caritas," which he traces to Rupertus Meldenius, an otherwise unknown divine, the author of a remarkable tract that appeared in 1527. This volume is provided with numerous illustrations, among the most important of which are a fac-simile of the Bull of Excommunication and a reproduction of Giorgione's picture of Luther playing on an organ and looking dreamily to one side. This has recently been identified as intended for Luther, and is an addition of striking value to the portrait gallery of the reformer.

The Roman Catholic Church and the School Question. By Edwin D. Mead.— The city of Boston is at present much excited over supposed aggressive movements of the Roman Catholics against the public schools. A large number of women have been registered as voters this fall, chiefly under the impulse of a Protestantism which shows little sign of approaching either questions of fact or questions of principle in a reasonable spirit. Mr. Mead has here printed an address before the Woman Suffrage League, which is one of the few strong voices that have been raised in favor of cool judgment and religious comprehensiveness. He considers that the vexed statement in Professor Swinton's history is correct, and he confirms it from his own careful studies of the Reformation period. But he holds that there is at present more danger from Protestant bigotry than from Roman Catholic aggression; and he would very properly banish the religious test from the choice of members of the school committee. Alike for the information it conveys and the counsels it imparts, Mr. Mead's pamphlet is thus far the most valuable contribution to the controversy as it has gone on in Boston. (George H. Ellis.)

The Life of Young Sir Henry Vane, Governor of Massachusetts Bay and Leader of the Long Parliament. By James K. Hosmer. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.— This beautiful volume, adorned by a fine portrait of the hero whose life it tells, is a very interesting addition to the helps within our reach for understanding the great crisis of English Puritanism; and this interest is increased by the author's motive, which is, in part, to show how American ideas of republicanism went back, through Roger Williams and Henry Vane, to shape the structure of the Commonwealth. As a biography, and as a piece of literary work, the book would have been much improved if a third of its bulk had been cut away on revision. But then this revision would have cut away just the things which are likeliest to give it readable interest and value. We should have been sorry to miss the writer's tricycle exploration of the fields of Mars-

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ton Moor and Naseby, though it has led to the expansion of an episode hardly touching the main topic into two long chapters. Again, we are a little wearied with *doctrinaire* citations from letters or other documents of the day; but Mr. Hosmer has had most rare opportunities of access to such material (as he well explains in the Preface), and certainly they are the most lifelike presentation we could get of a picture that fades so rapidly in the distance. His temptation must have been very great to give ten times as much; and so we thank him for what he gives as well as for what he has withheld. The last chapter of this strongly written and noteworthy book is occupied with a forcible statement of that grandest of political dreams,— a world-federation among all the nations, or colonies, of English-speaking men. This, if attainable, would surely be the nearest conceivable realization of Tennyson's grand line,

"The Parliament of man, the federation of the world!"

Franklin in France, from Original Documents, most of which are now published for the first time. By Edward E. Hale and Edward E. Hale, Jr. Part II. The Treaty of Peace and Franklin's Life till his Return. Roberts Brothers. 8vo, pp. 470. $3.00.— We noticed pretty fully the first volume of this handsome work when it appeared (see this *Review* for April, 1887, p. 375). Its general characteristics are as there described, except that in the present volume the proportion of letters is more and that of the narrative less. The reader who takes it up should also bear in mind its *complementary* character, furnishing to the historical student a large amount of most interesting material serving to fill in the canvas already sketched from sources more easily within reach, rather than to the general reader the adequate biography which he needs first. A fine head of Franklin in old age is given as frontispiece. There are also numerous rude but effective vignettes upon the page. The points of interest in this volume include (besides those suggested in the title) several curious illustrations of the pre-revolutionary state of things in France,— balloons, Mesmer, and Count Cagliostro among them,— and a valuable chapter illustrating what seems to us now the singular blindness of intelligent opinion in France as to the signs of the times which at this distance look so plain.

Emanuel Swedenborg, Servus Domini. By John Bigelow.— Mr. Bigelow's fifty-page pamphlet gives a well-proportioned sketch of his life and teachings, from the stand-point of a believer. As an introduction to a knowledge of this very remarkable man and his system of thought, we are not acquainted with any brief biography which is more likely to incite a desire for fuller acquaintance with the great Swedish seer. The style of Swedenborg unhappily infects too many of his disciples, but Mr. Bigelow writes in plain and direct English, level to the comprehension of all. The wisest may indeed learn much from Swedenborg's writings, "while no one can afford to make light of his extraordinary influence." (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

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Sharing the Profits. By Mary Whiton Calkins, A.M.— Miss Calkins sets forth in this neat pamphlet of some seventy pages the principal arguments for the introduction of industrial partnerships, and confirms them by the best of witnesses,— actual experiments. Her matter is very clearly arranged in six sections, which consider the theory of profit-sharing, the trials made, the methods followed, the relations of the system to pure co-operation and to industrial reforms, and the more common objections. Miss Calkins has had the advantage of a personal inspection of noted business houses pursuing this method in Paris, Guise, and Geneva. She has studied the literature of the subject with care, and her argument is candid and well fortified with facts and figures. The subject itself is one of extreme importance to the industrial world; and we wish that many employers of labor would bring to the reading of such arguments as this for a better relation with their employees an open mind, and a simple willingness to consult experience. (Ginn & Co.)

Three recent issues in G. P. Putnam's Sons' series of "Questions of the Day" are concerned with the tariff, a subject by no means disposed of by the recent election, but which must occupy the chief place in American politics for some years to come. These are Mr. J. S. Moore's *Friendly Letters to American Farmers*, Mr. H. J. Philpott's *Tariff Chats*, and Mr. D. A. Wells's catechism on the *Relation of the Tariff to Wages*. All three are very readable, but Mr. Wells's is the most substantial and best calculated to persuade. No. Fifty-one, in the same series, is a paper containing much matter in small room, by Mr. F. H. Wines, on *American Prisons in the Tenth United States Census.*

Messrs. Lee & Shepard send us two poems by Dinah Maria Mulock (Mrs. Craik), "A Friend stands at the Door," a psalm for New Year's Eve, and her well-known Christmas carol, "God rest ye, Merry Gentlemen." Each is printed on heavy gilt-edged cards, daintily ribboned, and prettily illustrated, by J. Pauline Sunter, in sepia tint.

Miss Lou is Rev. E. P. Roe's latest novel, which he left unfinished, although plain indications of its intended conclusion are given in a letter to a friend. It is a story of the Civil War, and written in the author's familiar vein. Of Mr. Roe's work all who know his modest estimate of his own worth would speak kindly now that he is gone. It is surely fortunate that the faults of an author whose books have had so great a circulation should be in his art, and not in his morals. None of his volumes, it is probable, will endure the tooth of Time, and *Miss Lou* does not rank among the best of them; but they can do harm to no one, and they are very likely the best kind of intellectual pabulum for a certain stage of development. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

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Tales of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. By Margaret V. Farrington.— Miss Farrington has made a comprehensive selection from the cycle of Arthurian legends, which she has put into good English, well adapted to please young folks still too young to appreciate Tennyson's *Idyls* or to cope with the diffuseness and repetitions of Sir Thomas Malory. Handsomely gotten up, the volume is an excellent gift book for a bright boy or girl not yet spoiled by reading an over abundance of books about children,— their small doings and their childish prattle. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The Stories Mother Nature told her Children, by Jane Andrews, are pleasing and ingenious tales of the Indian corn, the water-lilies, *Quercus alba*, golden rod, and asters, the frost giants, sixty-two little tadpoles, and other denizens of the world where Mother Nature rules. They have all that extreme felicity of touch and sureness of stroke which characterized Miss Andrews's writings for the young. In the new edition of the *Seven Little Sisters*, Mrs. Hopkins gives an affectionate memorial of her devoted life. (Lee & Shepard.)

Practical Politics, by Theodore Roosevelt, is a reprint of two articles which attracted no little attention on their first appearance in the *Century Magazine*. The first discusses the New York legislature in the light of the author's experience, and the second the "machine" in New York City. Mr. Roosevelt's temper is optimistic; but many of the facts he recites would be disgraceful to any form of government, and are especially disgraceful in a civilized republic. The author's aim is to inform his readers first of all concerning the existing situation. The remedies which he suggests in his preface are those upon which there is substantial agreement among good citizens not blindly wedded to any political party. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

In their new "Handy Library," Roberts Brothers issue a new edition of Sir Arthur Helps's story, *Casimir Maremma*. Helps was not a novelist born, nor — for that matter — made; but no one can read any of his books without feeling that he has been conversing with a pure, helpful, keen, and kindly mind.

Biding his Time, or Andrew Hapnell's Fortune, by J. T. Trowbridge, the second volume in the "Start in Life" series is a story of an old miser, whose fortune was hid in a cane, which Andrew was too honest to keep after it had been given him. (Lee & Shepard.)

Pen, by the author of *Miss Toosey's Mission*, is a charming story of the fortunes of Miss Penelope Brand. She is left motherless, and rather worse than fatherless, at fifteen. On the day of her mother's funeral, she says to her best friend, Sandy Maclaren, who is twenty years her senior, "I was

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thinking that, if I were older, you might have married me, and taken care of me and Tre, instead of father." Sandy remembers this *naïve* proposal a few months later, when the father has got into trouble, and he is about to take Pen as a child-wife; but, at the last moment, a rich aunt comes in, and they are separated for ten years. Then she proposes again, Sandy is so obtuse! (Roberts Brothers.)

Fagots for the Fireside, by Lucretia P. Hale, is a collection of over a hundred games for social entertainment, new and old, and strung upon a thread of narrative concerning the Fagot Club. Miss Hale's ingenuity in this line of beneficence for those who are often troubled to know what to do next in the way of amusement makes this volume a very acceptable hand-book. (Ticknor & Co.)

RECENT FOREIGN BOOKS.

Theology and Philosophy.

History of the Christian Philosophy of Religion. Vol. II. By Dr. B. Pünjer. Translated by W. Hastie, B.D. Introduction by Professor Flint. (Clarks.)

Das Buch Ezechiel und die Kleine Propheten. Von C. Orelli.

The Hallowing of Criticism. By the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D.D. (Sermons on Elijah.)

Isaiah: His Life and Times and the Writings which bear his Name. By the Rev. S. R. Driver, D.D. (The best popular book on the great prophet, in full accord with scientific criticism. Nisbet.)

Kritisch-exegetisches Handbuch über den Hebräerbrief. Von Dr. Bernhard Weiss. (This appears in the series of Meyer's Commentaries, but is an entirely new, independent, and valuable exposition. Dr. Weiss ascribes the epistle to Barnabas, and makes its date about A.D. 66. Vandenhoeck.)

Die Lehre der Zwölf Apostel in ihrer Verhältniss zum Neutestamentlichen Schriftthum. Von G. Wohlenberg. (Repetent Wohlenberg concludes that the *Didachê* knows and uses Matthew's and Luke's Gospels as canonical. The Fourth Gospel, the Epistles, the Acts, and the Apocalypse are not given as canonical writings, although they show acquaintance with some of them. The resemblance between John xvii. and the eucharistic prayers in the Teaching he explains as due to a common source in the original apostolic material of the *Didachê*. Westermann.)

History and Biography.

Life of Thomas Ken, D.D., Bishop of Bath and Wells. By E. H. Plumptre, Dean of Wells. (Isbister.)

Thomas Hill Green's Works. Vol. III. Miscellanies, with Memoir and Portrait. (To be noticed. Longmans.)

India. By Sir John Strachey. (Kegan Paul.)

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Two Centuries of Irish History, 1691–1870. Edited by James Bryce, M.P. (A composite work by W. K. Sullivan, George Sigerson, J. H. Bridges, Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, J. R. Thursfield, G. P. MacDonnell, and the Editor. Kegan Paul.)

Life of Lamartine. By Lady Margaret Domville. (Kegan Paul.)

Sims Reeves. His Life by Himself. (Sonnenschein.)

Principal Shairp and his Friends. By Professor W. Knight. With a portrait. (An excellent biography of the author of *Culture and Religion*. Murray.)

Sir Robert Peel. By F. C. Montague. (In the "Eminent Statesmen" series, by the author of the fine essay on the "Limits of Individual Liberty." W. H. Allen.)

Memoir of Principal Tulloch. By Mrs. Oliphant. (A biography of a Broad Churchman that cannot fail to be interesting. Blackwood.)

John Francis and the Athenæum. A Literary Chronicle of Half a Century. (Bentley.)

The History of Jerusalem, the City of Herod and Saladin. By W. Besant and E. H. Palmer. (A new edition. Bentley.)

Life of Lady Georgiana Fullerton. From the French of Madame Craven. (Bentley.)

Memoirs of the Comte de Falloux. (Chapman.)

Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator, with a Memoir and Notes by W. Fitzpatrick, F.S.A. (Longmans.)

Maitland of Lethington and the Scotland of Mary Stuart. Vol. II. By John Skelton. ("Cleverer and less discursive than the first volume, but not so interesting." Blackwood.)

Mélanges et Portraits. Par E. Caro. (The second volume treats of Maurice de Guérin, Joubert, Amiel, and the Abbé Roux. Hachette.)

Miscellaneous.

Practicable Socialism. Essays on Social Reform. By the Rev. S. A. Barnett and Henrietta Barnett. (Longmans.)

Capital and Wages. By the Rev. Francis Minton. (Kegan Paul.)

Lectures on International Law. By Sir H. S. Maine. (His last course of lectures. Murray.)

The Truth about Russia. By W. T. Stead. (Cassell.)

Lives of Alchemystical Philosophers. By Arthur E. Waite. (Based on material collected in 1815, and supplemented by recent researches; includes a great many famous names. Redway.)

Modern Methuselahs. By J. B. Bailey. (A series of short biographical sketches of a number of advanced nonagenarians, or actual centenarians, of distinction in art, science, literature, and philosophy. Chapman & Hall.)

Musical Memories, Past and Present. By Dr. W. Spark. (Portrait of Sir M. Costa. Sonnenschein.)

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John Standish, or the Harrowing of London. By the Rev. F. Gilliat. (Another story of Wat Tyler's rebellion, following close upon Professor Minto's *Ralph Hardelot.* Seeley).

The Chief Speeches of the Prince of Wales, 1863–88. Edited by Dr. Macaulay. (Murray.)

Australian Poets, 1788–1888. Edited by D. B. W. Sladen. (An anthology of little known poetry. Griffith.)

RECENT AMERICAN BOOKS.

The Personal Memoirs of Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, in two volumes. (Published by subscription. C. L. Webster & Co.)

Life of Raphael. By Herman Grimm. Translated by Miss Sarah Adams. (Insufficient as a biography, being in fact studies of Raphael's greatest paintings. Cupples.)

Young Sir Henry Vane. By James K. Hosmer. (A biography of the first order, on which the accomplished author has spent great care. Houghton.)

On the Senses, Instincts, and Intelligence of Animals. By Sir John Lubbock. (With special reference to Insects. Appleton.)

Proverbs and Phrases of all Nations. By Robert Christy. (Classified by subjects and arranged alphabetically. In two volumes. Putnam's.)

The Strophes of Omar Khayyám. Translated from the Persian by J. L. Garner. (One hundred and forty-two of Omar's quatrains fairly well translated, with a "readable introduction, judicious notes, and appropriate quotations" from European poets. Corbitt and Skidmore Company, Milwaukee.)

Indiana: A Redemption from Slavery. By J. P. Dunn, Jr. (The latest volume in the "American Commonwealth" series. Houghton.)

Springfield, 1636–1836. History of Town and City. By Mason A. Green. (C. A. Nichols & Co., Springfield, Mass.)

NOTES.

The second volume of M. Rénan's *History of the People of Israel* will soon be brought out in the English translation.— The deeply interesting volume of Secretary McCulloch, *Men and Measures of Half a Century*, contains numerous reminiscences of the Boston Unitarian pulpit fifty years back, and comments with vigor on the changes in theology, no less remarkable than the material changes, which have taken place in the interval. Mr. McCulloch was brought up a Unitarian, and has not abandoned liberal views; but his comparative isolation from our body in later years must be accountable for the judgment he passes on the supposed intellectual degeneracy of the Unitarians. A list of leaders to-day which leaves out Rev. Dr. Hedge and Professor Everett, to go no further, is very defective; while we are unable to perceive that most of the "great lights" of fifty years ago, mentioned by Mr. McCulloch, are shining now, in comparison with a much larger number of contemporary

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preachers and writers.— In *The Unitarian* for October, Mrs. E. R. Sunderland began a series of articles, intended to give a full abstract of the argument of Dr. Martineau's *Study of Religion*. The two papers that have appeared are carefully made out, and the series should be of no small benefit to the students of Martineau who have not time to make such an outline for themselves. It is also a positive benefit to have Dr. Martineau's argument apart from the rhetorical dress which he gives it. Although this dress is always in the highest taste, we sometimes desire a simpler and plainer statement, that we may weigh the prop sition without regard to the beauty of its expression.— The *Quarterly Review* discusses "Robert Elsmere and Christianity," with a result easily imagined by those acquainted with its conservative temper.— The biography of Peter Cooper will be written by Mrs. Susan Carter, principal of the Cooper Institute Art School.— The death is announced of Rev. Dr. Robert Young, of the Concordance.— Ticknor & Co. bring out a new edition, under the title of *Rachel Armstrong*, of Mrs. Celia P. Woolley's novel, *Love and Theology*, noticed by us on its appearance last year. The interest excited by *Robert Elsmere* and *John Ward* will not die out, we trust, without leading many to compare with these two noted novels Mrs. Woolley's book, which will bear comparison with them.— A new development of the Chautauqua University is the School of Political Economy, conducted by Professor R. T. Ely, of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. It aims to direct studies and furnish instruction in political economy by correspondence and by the work in the Summer School. There are two courses, for each of which certain indispensable books are named. A lesson paper is sent to each student the first of each month, and a series of questions at the end. It is not the design to teach the dogmas of any party or clique,— no partisan views will be inculcated; but the aim is to present the historical development of the science, to train the student in reasoning on economic and social topics, and to assist in the cultivation of the habit of observing the phenomena which fall within the domain of the science. This school offers an opportunity of which we should suppose many serious students, especially among our teachers and clergymen, would be glad to avail themselves. Full particulars may be obtained by addressing Frederick Starr, Registrar, Box 517, New Haven, Conn.

NOTEWORTHY ARTICLES IN THE PERIODICALS.

NOVEMBER.

The Genesis of the Puritan Ideal. By A. M. Fairbairn, D.D. (Principal Fairbairn is one of the leaders of the Independents in England, all whose utterances on religion and theology deserve the attention of liberal students. *Contemporary Review.*)

Studies of Factory Life: Black-listing at Fall River. By Mrs. Lillie Chace Wyman. (*Atlantic Monthly.*)

Missionary Finance. By Canon Isaac Taylor. (*Fortnightly Review.*)

Apologia pro Fide nostra. By F. Harrison. (*Fortnightly Review.*)

The Intellectual Life of America. By Professor Charles Eliot Norton. (Substantially the same as the lecture given last winter in Boston, and noticed at the time in our pages. (*New Princeton Review.*)

The Renewal of Barbarism. By George R. Stetson. (*New Princeton Review.*)

John Richard Green. By W. J. Loftie. (*New Princeton Review.*)

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

Roberts Brothers.

With Sádi in the Garden; or, The Book of Love, being the "Ishk" or 3d chapter of the Bostán of the Persian poet Sádi. By Sir Edwin Arnold. pp. 211. $1.00.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Life of Young Sir Henry Vane, Governor of Massachusetts Bay and Leader of the Long Parliament, with a Consideration of the English Commonwealth as a Forecast of America. By James K. Hosmer. 8vo. pp. 581. $4.00.

Ireland under Coercion: The Diary of an American. By William Henry Hurlbert. Post 8vo. pp. 475. $1.75.

Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries. By Rodolfo Lanciani, LL.D. (Harv.), Professor of Antiquities in the University of Rome, Director of Excavations for the National Government and the Municipality of Rome, etc. With 100 Illustrations. (A very beautiful, large 8vo, of 329 pages, containing the substance and illustrations of the delightful lectures given two years ago by Signor Lanciani in Boston and Cambridge.) $6 00.

The Critical Period of American History, 1783–1789. By John Fiske. With full Index and colored Map. $2.00.

Lee & Shepard.

Cambridge Series of English Classics: Chapters from Jane Austen. Edited by Oscar Fay Adams. (The chapters being from each of the favorite novels, connected by a condensed narrative.)

Stories Mother Nature told her Children. By Jane Andrews. Price $1.00.

Seven Little Children, etc. By the same. Price 50 cts.

Travellers and Outlaws. Episodes in American History. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Price $1.50.

From Ticknor & Co., Boston.

Rachel Armstrong, or Love and Theology. By Celia Parker Woolley. No. 47 of Ticknor's Paper Series. Price 50 cts.

From Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.

The Roman Catholic Church and the School Question. By Edwin D. Mead. Price 15 cents.

From Thomas Whittaker, New York.

The Book of Psalms; or, The Praises of Israel. A Translation with Notes. By T. K. Cheyne, D.D. Price $3.00.

From Ginn & Co., Boston.

Sharing the Profits. By Mary W. Calkins, A.M. Price 25 cts.

From Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston.

Introduction to the Books of the Old Testament. With Analyses and Illustrative Literature. By O. S. Stearns, D.D. Price $1.00.

From Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

A Gallant Fight. By Marion Harland. Price $1.50.—For sale by Estes & Lauriat.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The Story of Mediæval France. From the Reign of Hugues Capet to the Beginning of the Eighteenth Century. By Gustave Masson, B.A. Price $1.50.

True or False Finance. The Issue of 1888. By a Tax-payer. Price 25 cts.—For sale by Estes & Lauriat.

From Universalist Publishing House, Boston.

The Leaven at Work; or, Some of the Concessions of Orthodoxy in the Direction of Universalism. By J. W. Hanson, D.D. Price 50 cts.

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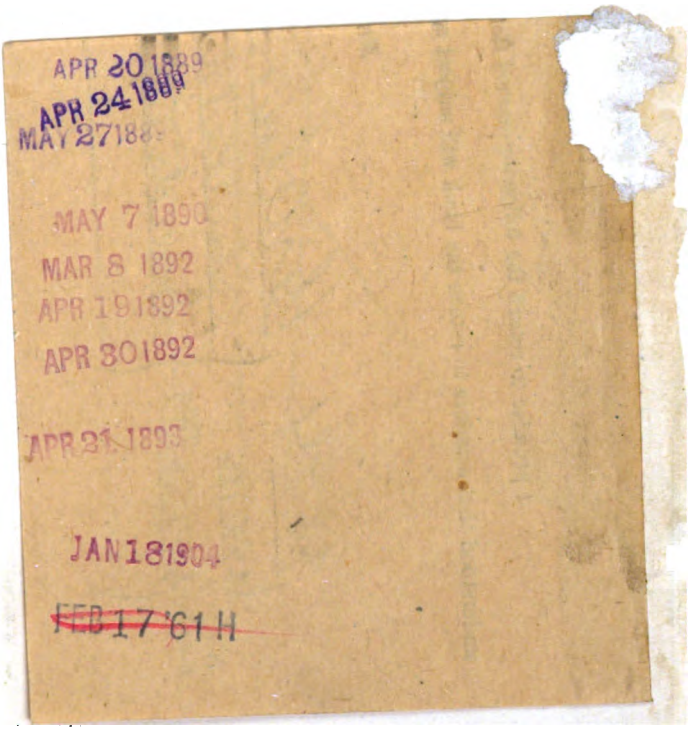

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